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**GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD'S YACHT
CLEOPATRA'S BARGE**

THE STORY OF
GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD'S YACHT
CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

ON

*A VOYAGE OF PLEASURE TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS
AND THE MEDITERRANEAN*

1816-1817

COMPILED FROM JOURNALS, LETTERS, AND LOG-BOOK BY
FRANCIS B. CROWNINSHIELD



BOSTON
PRIVATELY PRINTED
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PREFACE

ALTHOUGH this book is really a collection of facts and documents rather than a continuous and uninterrupted story, I trust it will prove comprehensive and readable. To this end, I have written first of all an introduction, giving a sketch of the owner, and telling something of his character, and how it was he came to build the "Cleopatra's Barge." I have told of the yacht's construction and launch — supplementing the account from time to time with various documents and letters, and carrying it down to the commencement of the voyage. From that time on I have entered into it as little as possible, and then merely to insert the few words which seemed necessary to connect the different sources of my information. The log-book, the private journal, and the letter-books belong to me personally. The letters of introduction and those from the yacht are copied from the letter-books. I am also in possession of voluminous files of family correspondence, from which many of the others are taken, so that I have not only copies of all these letters, but many of the originals as well. As the material from which this book has been compiled is sometimes involved, I have seen fit to make what slight changes seemed necessary to clarify the meaning.

The log-book supplies us with numerous extracts, but as they refer almost entirely to the vessel herself, I have had to seek elsewhere for what happened on shore. This I have found in the private journal and in the yacht's, or more properly speaking, the owner's journal. This book, though presumably by George Crowninshield,—for he is the "I" running through it,—was not actually written by him, but by Samuel Curren Ward, the ship's clerk. It is in his unusually handsome writing,

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very elaborate, and is bound in red morocco with letters and tooling of gold. The cover of this volume is almost a facsimile. Here we have another account of the voyage, and the water colors and plans of the different harbors and roads that were visited. Who painted them we do not know. One account mentions "an excellent painter taken along to help entertain the company," and another tells us that one of the stewards was very artistic. Is it not probable that the "excellent painter" and the steward were one and the same person? The pictures of the yacht are by Antoine Vittaluga, and were painted in Genoa. They, and many of the other pictures, are from the originals in the two marine museums of Salem. It is interesting to observe that in most of the water colors from the yacht's journal the Cleopatra's Barge appears in the foreground.

I wish to express my particular thanks to John P. R. Sherman, Esq., of Boston: had it not been for his kindness in lending the yacht's journal, the compilation of this book would have been rendered immeasurably more difficult, if not altogether impossible. I am also indebted to William Crowninshield Endicott, Esq., of Boston, for permission to reproduce the ring which belonged to the Princess Murat, Queen of Naples, and was given to George Crowninshield at Rome by her sister, the Princess Pauline. And I am indebted to Dr. John Collins Warren, of Boston, for the illustration of the tortoise-shell snuff-box presented at the same time and by the same person.

F. B. C.

October 1st, 1913.

I

INTRODUCTION

TELLING OF GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD
AND THE STORY OF THE YACHT TO THE BEGINNING OF
THE VOYAGE



George Croninshield

INTRODUCTION

MANY short accounts have been written of the “Cleopatra’s Barge,” but never before have all the facts pertaining to this most interesting vessel been brought to light or given the publicity which they seem to deserve. I have therefore decided—as I am in possession of the original papers—to combine them all in this volume. I am taking the general story of the yacht, as told by my father in an address delivered by him before the Essex Institute in Salem in 1888, and am supplementing it with the “Private Journal” of Benjamin Crowninshield, Jr., written on the cruise and published now for the first time. I am also inserting various documents,—everything I can find, in fact, which throws additional light on the subject. As the “Private Journal” forms most of the new material, it seems proper to tell who Benjamin Crowninshield, Jr., was, for the Journal itself certainly needs no one to speak for it.

When George Crowninshield selected his cousin Benjamin Crowninshield to command his yacht, he at the same time invited his son Benjamin, Jr.,—or “Philosopher Ben,” as he was commonly called,—to accompany him on the cruise as his guest. Just why he should have chosen such a man seems strange indeed, for certainly if men’s tastes, as expressed by their lives and letters, are any indication of their character, it would be difficult to imagine two men more dissimilar. For while the one found it little to his liking to write at all,* and then mostly of how she headed, the strength of the wind, or what sail she had on,—in regular log-book style,—the other wrote all the time and of almost

* By far the greater part of the owner’s letters, though signed by him, were written by Ward.

everything except the ship. We have, therefore, two accounts of the voyage, which are hard to reconcile, so different are they in style and in the things they describe. However, the story of the cruise would be very incomplete if either were omitted; hence the publication of the "Private Journal," and incidentally of this book.

Benjamin Crowninshield, Jr., the son of Benjamin Crowninshield and Mary Lambert his wife, was born in Salem in 1782. He was consequently thirty-five years old at the time of the voyage. That he was a most peculiar and prejudiced individual will shortly be seen. The special object toward which his virulence was directed was the Roman Catholic Church in general and priests and friars in particular, of whom he never misses an opportunity to say something scandalous and insulting. Such remarks, I know, cannot fail to be very offensive to many who may read them — and I myself am among the number; yet, as they furnish a vivid picture of a certain type of man of the period and the way in which his mind worked, they are instructive. I am therefore including them.

To understand his point of view, we must know that he was taken on the voyage as much for his literary ability* as because of his relationship to the owner, but unfortunately his quarrelsome disposition caused him to be left behind on many of the side trips which were made from the vessel. Consequently, as the others of the party were little given to "observing," and even less to writing, we have only very incomplete accounts of them. This is especially unfortunate in the case of the visit to Florence and the later one to Rome, of which we have only the most meagre description, and that mostly from word of mouth.

* He frequently wrote for different papers.

Philosopher Ben's lack of personal funds prevented his availing himself of many opportunities enjoyed by his less literary but more agreeable and pecunious companions.

When the yacht left Civita Vecchia her company was augmented by four French officers, and although he does not say so in so many words, yet it is easy to see, by reading between the lines, that he must, in consequence, have been put to more or less personal inconvenience. He was probably asked to share his stateroom—possibly to give it up altogether. At any rate, the officers seem to have been the last straw, for on arrival at Gibraltar, he left the yacht. This closed his journal as far as the voyage was concerned, but did not prevent him from arriving at some most uncomplimentary conclusions concerning the owner. As these do not seem to be well chosen, and as he was certainly not then in a proper frame of mind for rendering a judicial opinion, I have thought it best to omit them.

For the enlightenment of those who may wish to follow his subsequent career, I will add that beyond the facts that he held a commission in the army, commanded ships, lived to be eighty-two, and never married, I have been unable to obtain any further information.

There is a general belief in certain parts of this country, especially among writers about our first yachts, that New York Bay was the birthplace of the sport and that John C. Stevens was the father of it. For instance, it is said in chapter vi of the "Badminton Library," in an article by Lewis Herreshoff, "Yachting in America," that "the first craft of any importance owned by John C. Stevens was 'Diver,' built in 1809, but of her there exists no record, save of the fact of her being 20 feet long;" and again in "American Yachts," by J. D. Jerrold Kelly:

"Our first yacht or pleasure boat after the days of 'Onrust'* was the 'Dive,' built in the year 1802 by the late John C. Stevens, Esq. This fact entitles that gentleman to be regarded as the father of American Yachting." It may be inferred from the above that the "Dive" of Kelly and the "Diver" of Herreshoff were undoubtedly one and the same boat. Additional light is thrown on the subject by W. P. Stephens, who in his "American Yachting" mentions the "Diver" as belonging to John C. Stevens, as being twenty feet long, and as having been built in the year 1809. On the principle of two against one, "Diver" would seem to have been her name, and 1809 the year of her birth.

We find, however, on turning to the records of Massachusetts Bay, or of Salem Bay, to be more accurate, that some eight years earlier (1801) Captain George Crowninshield, Jr., had built in Salem by Christopher Turner a sloop of twenty-two tons burden which he christened "Jefferson," and which he used for many years as a yacht.† She was

* The "Onrust" is said to have been the first boat ever constructed in this country.

† See *Diary of William Bentley, D.D.*, pastor of the East Church, Salem, Massachusetts. It is very voluminous, and is now being published by the Essex Institute. Three volumes have already been printed.

"June 15th, 1801. Capt. G. Crowninshield jun^r carried me in his remarkably fast sailing Boat from Salem into Beverly Harbour. We made the whole course in 15 minutes & returned in 34, wind fresh at S.W. We made no tack in going, & one in Salem Harbour upon our return. I never did sail so much at my ease in any other boat.

"July 26, 1803. Went to Cape Ann in a noted boat of Capt. G. Crowninshield. We left the wharf at 4 o'clock and with very light breezes and some use of the oars we reached the wharves in the Cape Ann Harbour at 11 o'clock. Then we walked over to Oldtown to the Mills and found Capt. G. Gibaut gone to Sandy Bay to be present at the raising of a Meeting House in that place. We were regaled by the berries which grew in this place & after dinner returned to our Boat. We sailed upon our return from the Cape Ann Wharf at 2, & opposite to Norman's Woe we had a good breeze & were in Salem before five o'clock.

"Aug. 17th, 1803. I went with three Crowninshield sons, George, Jacob & Benjamin to sail in their fast sailing two mast Boat [she was first rigged as a schooner, *Ed.*] & this was the first time that I ever was 15 miles from land. We saw a sail and made for her which drew us beyond our first intention, & we found her from Maine & a Brig lately from her voyage to Liverpool England. They appeared surprised to find us in an open

a fast sailer, and when in 1812 the second war with Great Britain broke out, she was commissioned a privateer.* She straightway put to sea in command of Captain John Kehew with a crew of thirty men, taking three prizes, and sending to Salem the schooner "Nymph," the second prize of the war. It is not, however, of the "Jefferson," our first yacht, that this account is written, but of her celebrated successor, the "Cleopatra's Barge." Before proceeding further it will be instructive to give a short sketch of the owner, a most peculiar and eccentric individual, and tell how he came to build such a vessel.

George Crowninshield, the son of George Crowninshield and Mary Derby his wife, was born in Salem on May 27, 1766, and was educated with his five brothers (of whom he was the eldest) to be a merchant. A mercantile education in those days was something very different from what it is now ; in fact, the old race of merchants may be said to have died out. Captain George Crowninshield's father and grandfather were both merchants of Salem, doing a large business, which developed rapidly, owing to the opening of the East India and China business about 1785, when these children first became old enough to enter it.

The old gentleman — a man of remarkable character — determined that his sons should thoroughly understand all that pertained to commerce, from the duties of a common sailor to those of the captain of the ship, and that afterwards they should learn everything relating to the counting-house and its management.

When little boys they were sent to a common school until about

boat so far out in the Bay. The Brig was the Jane, of Bristol Maine. We left Salem at 9 & returned at 2 in the afternoon, soon enough for dinner."

* See Part IV of this volume — Account of the "Jefferson" . . . when she was a Privateer.

their eleventh year, when they began their first particular study which should develop them as sailors and ship captains, for to be a sailor and ship captain was the first step toward becoming a successful merchant.

In those days, when merchants owned their vessels and often built them as well, no one was thought fit to be a merchant who had not gone to sea and worked his way up from the hawsehole to the quarter-deck, which was the stepping-stone to the counting-room.

As little chaps of twelve these boys studied navigation, and were required to master the subject thoroughly before they were sent to sea. It was common then to pursue one's studies by much writing out of problems, many of which exist to-day as a written record of the education of the boys. Several such* are among our family records, and are interesting in the extreme, beautifully written without blots or dog's ears, with all the problems of navigation, as practised then, drawn out neatly, and often very handsomely. The designing of vessels and the general principles of construction were also studied. Nautical instruments were often copied, and frequently we find as the masterpiece a full-page drawing of the mariner's compass, done in colors and with much ornamentation.

To-day at Washington, in the Library of the State Department, we are shown such books made by George Washington. They are beauti-

* The *Diary of William Bentley, D.D.*, under the date of January 6, 1809, has this entry: "Received from President Jefferson a very respectful notice of the specimens which I sent him of penmanship from the children of Mr. B. Crowninshield, son of my landlady. He says 'I have certainly never seen anything in either way equally perfect, & I esteem them as models which will not, I believe be exceeded.' He afterwards adds 'Be so good as to present to the young artists the assurances of my thankfulness for these acceptable proofs of their uncommon talents. If my testimony of their eminence can be any gratification to them it is offered with sincerity as justly due to them.' These specimens were sent at the request of General Dearborn."



Blepharibus's Barge
(Starboard side)

fully done, neat and handsome, and constitute a monument to his education as a surveyor. Yet the books of these Salem children, written while studying their navigation, are some of them as creditably done as George Washington's, and one in particular, the work of a girl,* excels that of him who, we are told, was "first" in almost everything.

As soon as the theory of navigation was mastered, these youngsters were sent to sea, sometimes as common sailors, but most often as captain's clerks, in which position they were enabled to learn everything concerning the management of a ship. I find on looking over the family records that Edward, the youngest of these six sons, on his first voyage to the West Indies, in one of Mr. William Gray's ships, died at Guadeloupe, aged only fourteen years. This does not seem the proper age for sending a boy to sea. I fancy, though, that boys brought up to hear of the departure and arrival of ships, and listening to the details of voyages, with their many interesting particulars of shipwrecks and battles with pirates,—for in those days vessels went to sea fully armed and prepared to fight,—must have been inspired to go and do likewise.

Mercantile pursuits at the present time are carried on in an office in the centre of a city, and a merchant is surrounded by different scenes from those of former generations. He may carry on a large business without ever seeing the goods he deals in. All buying and selling is done by brokers, and his office usually gives little or no indication of his business. Counting-rooms used to be in buildings on the wharf, from the windows of which the ships of the firm could be seen moored alongside. Some vessels were getting ready to put to sea, while others were unloading their various cargoes. Storehouses full of all kinds of produce

* Hannah Crowninshield, daughter of the yacht's captain and sister of Philosopher Ben.

were on the wharves, and a merchant was necessarily familiar with all his goods, the very names of which to-day are strange if not unknown. The atmosphere itself was "spicy from the East." Each vessel brought curious things from all parts of the world, often curious animals. The brother of Captain George, for example, brought to New York in 1796, in the ship "America,"* the first elephant which came to this country. He then commanded that ship, though he was only twenty-six years of age. What could be better calculated to stimulate the imagination of a boy than the routine of commerce then? All these brothers were old enough to recollect the closing years of the Revolution, in which Salem rendered conspicuous help with her privateers. Frequently a vessel would leave for the East and nothing be heard of her until her arrival in Salem again, often after an absence of two years or more. Sometimes she would not come directly home, but would proceed to some French or Mediterranean port, dispose of her Eastern cargo, and take in another.

It is a fact that all of the brothers except Edward commanded vessels before they were twenty, and at one time all were absent, five of them in command of ships in the East Indies. To pursue such voyages, it was customary to sail loaded with ballast, and with Mexican dollars put away in kegs and boxes with which to buy the cargo of pepper, or tea, or coffee. Not the easiest part of fitting out the vessel was to draw up the letter of instructions, usually an elaborate affair, prepared in the

* Four ships named "America" were owned by the firm of George Crowninshield & Sons. The first (1783) was formerly the ship "Pompey," a prize of the privateer "Grand Turk" of the Revolutionary War. The second, the one here referred to, was a French vessel purchased from Elias Hasket Derby. The third was originally the "Blonde," a frigate-built ship of 654 tons, formerly of the French navy and then (1798) the largest merchant ship owned in the United States. The fourth (built in 1803 by Retire Becket, under the direction of George Crowninshield, Jr.) was afterwards the famous privateer of the War of 1812.

counting-room and carefully considered by all the partners, and taking into consideration not only the ordinary risks of the sea and markets, but foreign wars which might break out after the vessel had actually started. These young men made enough voyages — as supercargo and captain — to understand thoroughly all that pertained to the command of vessels: the cargoes to be bought and sold, foreign governments, moneys, weights, measures, and the various products of the different countries to which their vessels might go. A practical knowledge of all these things constituted the equipment of the successful ship-master, and only after he had thoroughly mastered them was the young man taken into the counting-room and made a partner in the business. Seldom again would such a man go to sea, unless indeed he was impelled by a real love for it.

Captain George, developing a peculiar taste for the handling of ships and a remarkable eye for their building and outfitting, had as his particular duty in the firm—at that time doing a large business—the building and fitting out of its vessels.

He was a short man, five feet six inches in height, remarkably robust and strong, and was always considered very bold and courageous. He was fond not only of the sea, but of ships and sailors also, and no man was better known among the ship captains of Massachusetts. Shortly after his admission to the counting-house in Salem he built the “Jefferson,” which he used as a yacht. Although the rig of a sloop is simple, yet he had on her many contrivances of his own, and took pleasure in sailing about in Massachusetts Bay with his friends. Particularly after a storm would he set sail, taking with him extra men and stores with which to render assistance to vessels which might have been disabled.

Such duty, now done by revenue cutters, was to him an exceeding pleasure.

One would not associate with such a man the idea of fastidious taste in dress and belongings. Yet Captain George was a great swell and dandy. His clothes were of the latest cut and the most advanced pattern. He dressed in small-clothes and Hessian boots with gold tassels. His coat was wonderful in cloth, pattern, trimmings, and buttons, and his waistcoat was a work of art. Dandies were known by their waistcoats in those days.

*“The collar of his coat was high!
His waistcoat rolled, a wide expanse!
To wear two vests, in days gone by,
Was no uncommon circumstance.”*

He wore a pigtail, and on top of all a bell-crowned beaver hat.* It was his custom to drive about in a remarkable equipage which was one of the wonders of Salem, a curricule,† painted yellow. When Captain George drove forth everybody stopped in the streets and the children ran from the houses to look. He was very fond of children, and delighted in driving them about and showing them his yacht.

When emergencies arose requiring a man of daring he was often called to the front. Three times he jumped overboard to rescue persons in danger of drowning, for one of which he received the gold medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society. He was a skilful fireman and made several brave rescues from burning dwellings. When the “Constitution” was chased into Marblehead by the British frigates “Tene-

* Not what is called a beaver to-day (made of silk), but a hat made of beaver-skin, and shaggy like a terrier dog.

† A two-wheeled vehicle, hung upon C-springs, with a pole to which a pair of horses are harnessed.



Eleopatra's Barge
(Port Side)

dos" and "Endymion," great was the excitement, for the crew of the "Constitution" was largely composed of men from Salem and Marblehead. This happened on Sunday morning, April 3, 1814. It is related that Parson William Bentley, while preaching his sermon, noticed that one after another the men of the congregation* would rise and go out. Seeing that something unusual had occurred, he beckoned up a member, from whom he learned the facts; then, stopping his sermon, and reciting a short prayer, he announced that the "Constitution" had been chased into Marblehead and added, "I don't know what the rest of you are going to do, but I'm going to Marblehead." He went where Captain George had already gone with guns from the gun-house† in Salem. As it was Sunday, the stage horses‡ were having their day off; so Manning's teams were harnessed to the guns and took them to Marblehead, and it is said that Captain George rode over on one of them. In those days every town on the sea-coast had its gun-house and powder magazine.

On the first day of June, 1813, occurred the unfortunate action between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon" in Boston Bay, in which, besides the loss of the "Chesapeake," most of her officers were killed and wounded, and among them Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow. The captured vessel was taken to Halifax, where these officers were buried. Captain George Crowninshield thereupon chartered at his own expense the brig "Henry" and, after selecting a crew of well-

* The proportion of men who attended church was then much larger than it is to-day.

† The gun-house occupied the northeast corner of the Common, where the fountain now stands.

‡ The stable was on the right-hand side of Union Street from Essex and next to the Union Building.

known ship-masters of Salem* and procuring the necessary papers from Washington, he sailed for Halifax, where he was well received, and brought back with him to Salem the bodies of Lawrence and Ludlow. As recently as 1888 an old gentleman in Salem still recalled the thrashing he received at the hands of his Federalist father because he stole away and watched the funeral procession of those heroes. It was a memorable day in Salem for the Republicans. Sidewalks and house-tops were black with spectators. Federalists refused the use of the North Church for the service, and would neither look at the procession nor allow their children to do so. The service took place in the Howard Street Church, where a famous eulogy was pronounced by Judge Story.† Captain George was eminently a public-spirited man.‡

* The *Essex Register* of August 25, 1813, gives the names of the gentlemen who so honorably volunteered their services with Captain Crowninshield to perform the voyage to Halifax in the "Henry:" Captain Holton J. Breed, Captain Benjamin Upton, Captain Jeduthan Upton, Jr., Captain John Sinclair, Captain Samuel Briggs, Captain Joseph Lee, Captain Stephen Burchmore, Captain Thomas Bowditch, and Mr. Thorndike Proctor.

† See the *Bulletin of the Essex Institute*, vol. xx, pp. 84-89; also J. B. Felt's *Annals of Salem*, vol. ii, p. 340.

‡ The diary of Dr. Bentley contains the following entries:

"Dec. 30th, 1803. Capt. G. Crowninshield applied for aid & direction in the distribution of his annual donation of wood to the poor. I enclosed to him the accounts of the Committee & represented that I believed that as impartial & charitable a guide as could be given him."

"Sept. 7th, 1805. Mr. George Crowninshield Junr. has been active this week in the public service. Repeated attempts have been made to fix buoys upon the sunken rocks of our harbour but without effect. This generous navigator is now trying at his own expense beacons as in the Beverly harbour. Upon the Upper or Great Aquae Vitae he has fixed one upon the highest part which is out of water upon early ebb. Some fears are entertained whether this will stand. They are framed at bottom as Cobb wharves, & loaded with stones, with a staff & barrel as beacon. That upon the little Aquae Vitae, or outer, or eastern, allows the eobb to stand lower in the saddle of the rock & it appears to be more secure. Upon the Haste, a pyramid of stones laid in mortar & white is erected beyond the reach of the sea."

"July 25th, 1807. Mr. G. Crowninshield Junr., instead of the loose stones which were around the beacon on the height of the Neck below Salem, has this day finished a more permanent work. Upon a square of 9 feet of solid stone work on the ground, he has raised a brick cone of 12 feet by which a good appearance is preserved & convenient seats are

In 1809 the firm of George Crowninshield & Sons was dissolved, owing partly to the Embargo, which put an end to commerce for the time being, and partly to the death of George's next youngest brother, Jacob.* Two of the brothers went into business on their own account, and from that time the firm consisted of the father and his sons Benjamin and George. In 1814 Benjamin was called to Washington by Mr. Madison to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy, in which post he remained four years. In the following June, 1815, old George Crowninshield died, aged eighty-two years, after a most eventful life, being actively engaged in business until a month before his death. This event terminated the business of the firm, and George Crowninshield, at that time forty-nine years old, robust, full of energy, unmarried, and possessed of a liberal fortune, determined to build a yacht in which to visit foreign ports. Being passionately fond of the sea and its belongings, he decided to make this vessel not only superior in all respects to anything previously built, but also fit to serve as his home.

When the War of 1812 broke out, business in Salem, from being in a languishing condition, may be said to have died. Some merchants, notably those who were Democrats, changed their vessels into privateers. George Crowninshield & Company's favorite ship, the "America," † of

provided for all who amuse themselves at that place, or look out for vessels. The work is solid. The whole was finished and the materials provided in less than two days."

* Jacob Crowninshield died in 1808 in Washington, where he had served eight years as member of Congress from Massachusetts. In 1805 President Jefferson appointed him Secretary of the Navy, which office he was obliged to decline, owing to the fact that his wife and children would not live in Washington.

† The "America" was built as a merchant ship in 1803. She was 114 feet long, of 30 feet 8 inches beam, and 15 feet 4 inches in depth. In 1812 she was converted into a privateer. During that war she made five cruises, in which she captured British vessels which safely arrived in this country and sold along with their cargoes for \$1,100,000. Her battery consisted of twenty guns and she was manned by a crew of one hundred and fifty men.

six hundred tons, was so altered by cutting her down,—“razeeing,” as it was called,—increasing her sail plan, building higher bulwarks, and so on. She was undoubtedly the fastest as well as the most successful privateer of the war, and whether as merchant vessel or as privateer, she was never outsailed.

Captain George, whose pride and pet this vessel had been, took her as the model for his new yacht, and chose Mr. Retire Becket,* or “Tyrey” Becket, as he was commonly called, as her builder.

* “The ship-yard of the Becketts was situated between Phillips Wharf and Webb’s Wharf, and its eastern portion is now occupied by the Essex Marine Railway. This place has always been known as Becket’s Beach, and is directly in front of the old mansion-house built by John Becket about 1655. It has been occupied by the Becketts as a ship-yard from 1655 to 1800, a period of 145 years. After 1800, Retire Becket built his vessels on or near the site of the brick store occupied by Volney C. Stowe as a bakery.

“Retire Becket was descended in the fourth generation from John Becket, shipwright, who is first mentioned in the History of Salem, in 1655, as a ship-builder. From this date to the present generation, all the males of this family have been distinguished in this or kindred occupations; probably each generation becoming more expert in the art, until it culminated in the productions of such masterpieces of skilful workmanship as the ships ‘Mount Vernon,’ ‘Active,’ ‘Hazard,’ ‘Margaret’ [the ‘Margaret’ was also built for the Crowninshields, *Ed.*], ‘America,’ and the brigantine ‘Cleopatra’s Barge’ and ‘Becket.’ This brigantine ‘Becket’ he built for John Crowninshield [John Crowninshield was a brother of Captain George, *Ed.*] in 1818, when he was sixty-five years old; it was his last work, and it was also one of the neatest specimens of ship-carpentry that ever issued from any ship-yard in Salem. The pilot, Joseph Perkins, said of her, that ‘she worked as easily as a pilot boat.’ She was named ‘Becket’ by John Crowninshield, her owner, in honor of the builder, as a testimonial of respect for, and admiration of his high character as a ship-builder, and a worthy, honest and faithful man.

“The ‘Cleopatra’s Barge’ was certainly his master-piece; she was universally acknowledged to be one of the best built vessels in the world, and as the owner, Capt. George Crowninshield, possessed unlimited means, Mr. Becket was at liberty to give full scope to his genius; his age at this time was sixty-three. No expense was spared to render her the best built vessel in the world. She was built for a voyage of amusement and travel, in the Mediterranean, and her accommodations were the most convenient that could be placed on board a vessel. Her large dining-room was in a style of richness and elegance never surpassed. She was an honor to the taste and skill of the Salem mechanics. She was completely rigged, and had her sails bent while on the stocks, and at the time of her launching, was highly decorated with flags. After she was finished Capt. Crowninshield devoted himself for a week to the reception of company, on board, to view her; she was visited by thousands, who expressed their admiration at this singular and splendid exhibition, and their gratification at the politeness with which they were attended. The ‘Cleopatra’s Barge’ was the second yacht built in Salem.” *Historical Collections of the Essex Institute*, vol. vii, pp. 207-213.



*The Privateer "America"
When a Merchantman in 1806*

The work was started in the spring of 1816, and the launch took place October 21 of the same year. It required time to collect the proper timber, and it was July before the keel was laid. Meanwhile her furniture was being made, and her plate, glass, and other furnishings were being prepared, so that she should be ready to sail by Christmas, the time originally decided on.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD TO
MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD

Washington, June 12th, 1816.

Is Uncle George then actually building a ship—to voyage to the *moon*—in pursuit of happiness—“Unwise are those who roam”—I wish him every good, and most certainly would not dissuade him from any object that would promote his happiness, but one may be permitted to doubt if the means be proportioned to the *end*.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD
TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD *

Salem, Thursday, June 20th, 1816.

To-day Uncle George had our Philadelphia horse to go to Boston. . . .

He is so taken up with his new vessel. Her keel is not yet laid, but the timber is all ready. He is now getting furniture — thinks of having chairs made like those two of ours you bought at Norrises, and is talking about carvings for his sofas. Is going to have his cabin as large as our parlor. Lighted on the top — false windows and doors — looking-glasses in abundance. Is getting his spoons and tumblers made. It is all

* Mary Boardman Crowninshield was Captain George's sister-in-law, and Benjamin Williams Crowninshield was her husband. He was then serving in Washington as Secretary of the Navy in President Madison's Cabinet.

his conversation. He will have it smart. I tell these particulars as you seem to doubt all about it.

If the name "Cleopatra's Barge" sounds strange to-day, what would be thought of "Car of Concordia," the one first given her? Fortunately this name was never painted on her stern. Yet, for all that, it was her owner's first intention to call her by it, and the actual changing of it gave him no small concern, as appears in the following letter:

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Dec. 2nd, 1816.

BROTHER BENJAMIN—I have received your letters and observe you mention you wish to know how the brig progresses. She is all but ready to get under weigh. She has all her stores on board of every kind. In short everything is on board but her boats. Her accommodations are very stilish indeed. Benjamin I am very sorry that the proper name of the brig had not gotten to you before the Secretary of the U. S. Mr. Monroe wrote the passport for me. Her name was changed almost immediately after you left home. Now what is to be done I don't know, but you must judge for me, as I am afraid to ask for another. Here is Col. Lee's certificate to prove all this. I would have sent the State paper back but I was afraid I should get no other.

It has been so cold it has been impossible to do anything to ship or vessel, but before I go away if the weather should moderate I shall try and have it attended to.


I am in hopes of sailing in about 20 days if I'm not frozen up.

United States of America.

To, all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting.

The bearer hereof George Crowninshield, Esquire, a distinguished Citizen of the United States, being about to embark on board his Packet, the "Cleopatra's Barge", with a view of visiting foreign Ports and places on the Continent of Europe about his lawful affairs, and for objects not commercial.

These are, therefore, to pray all whom it may concern, to permit him to pass wheresoever his pursuits may call him, freely and without molestation, in going, staying or returning; and to give to him all friendly aid and protection, as these United States would do in like cases.



In faith whereof, I have caused the Seal of the Department of State, for the United States, to be hereunto affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this seventeenth day of November, in the year of Our Lord 1816, and of the Independence of these States the forty first.

J. Monroe. Secretary of State.

Have had many applications for passengers — but all refused as yet. It's ten o'clock at night so must give up writing any more at present, so now good-bye.

Your brother

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

You will observe her name is now Cleopatra's Barge of Salem.

Finis.

COLONEL LEE'S CERTIFICATE

This may certify that George Crowninshield has altered the name of his Yacht prior to her passing Custom House forms, from Car of Concordia to Cleopatra's Barge.

WM. R. LEE COM.

Salem 2 Dec. 1816.

It is interesting to notice his brother's observations on this subject as shown in the following letter.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD
TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Dec. 5th, 1816.

Uncle George was in on Monday and invited us all to go on board his brig on Friday—tomorrow—wanted all his own folks to go first, and then it will be opened to strangers some days, but it is almost too cold to go. He told me he had received his letter & Passport—but unfortunately the name was Car of Concordia and would not do. How many times you have said he would get some foolish name that would be laughed at.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Sunday, 29th December, 1816.

BROTHER BENJAMIN—It's a long time since I undertook to write to you—but better late than never—

I have received Mr. Monroe's paper. Please thank him kindly for the same—and you also for your trouble in getting it—I am now ready for sea but I delay the time as much as possible on account of the season in Europe. The last of February in the Straits is good weather but not before—

You would be astonished to see the multitudes that visit my brig—or yacht—as they call her. I have had 1900 women & 700 men in one day, and an average of over 900 per day for the past two weeks—

I dined last week at Richard Derby's in Boston with Commodore Bainbridge, Dearborn, Davis, and a number of others. We examined the 74 in all her departments, and much gratified I was I assure you. The Commodore has given me letters to all the consuls in Europe and to all the Commanders in the fleets as well. I have now more than 300 letters packed away and am expecting many more.

Mr. Gray sent letters to his agents abroad authorizing that I should draw on them to the amount of 30,000 dollars, and if his funds with them are out to let me have whatever I want on his account and he will answer for it. Very good indeed!

I wrote him back—so he should know more nearly my ideas on the subject—that I thought \$5000—with what I took with me—would suffice me on my travels.



Crowninshield's Wharf, Salem, during the Embargo of 1808

The Commodore has been down & dined with us, and Davis and Derby also, as well as Otis, Thorndike, Perkins, Prince—all the “great men” in short.

Bainbridge declares he has seen all the yachts in Europe—but that there is no other brig like her in existence.

I expect to sail in ten days — tho’ should the weather continue good I may tarry longer.

I shall leave with Samuel Webb & James Brace—my agents—arrangements about my property—but I want you and Silsbee to also have an eye to it too.

If I should die on my voyage, it’s my wish & desire that Sally Crowninshield my sister and John Crowninshield my brother should have only one 10 dollar bill apiece for their good will toward me. The America is stript and all things taken care of, but not caulked. It’s too cold. Caulk her in the spring, if you like, or anything else you want to with her.

I remain your brother

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

The yacht was built south of Derby Street and to the eastward of Crowninshield’s Wharf, where the “America” and the “Fame”* had been constructed. Her repute so spread abroad that before she was launched people came from far and wide to see her. In every respect she was a peculiar vessel, and in her hull and rigging nothing was spared to make her surpass everything which had preceded her. †

*The “Fame,” like the “America,” was built for and owned by the Crowninshields.

†The *Salem Gazette* of October 18, 1816, under the heading of “Ship Building,” says: “The new brig building in this town, by the order and under the direction of Capt. George

As there were in those times no yachts on whose rig and fittings she might be an improvement, her prototype came from commercial vessels, but particularly from vessels of war or privateers. In appearance she very much resembled a small man-of-war.

While on the stocks she was not only completely built as to her hull, but her inside fittings and furniture were well along; all her spars were on end, her yards crossed, her rigging set up. Her sails were bent and all the running rigging rove; so when she was launched and went into the water she was completely ready for sea, except her heavy stores. It would have been possible even to have had them on board as well, and she might have sailed the day of her launch. It is customary now to finish the hull of a vessel and rig her after she has been launched, and sometimes the rigging and inside fitting occupy as much time as the building of the hull.

Even the attention of her owner could not prevent some delay in the cabin furnishing, and it was not until December sixth that she was finally completed; then, having first been shown to the family and friends, she was thrown open to the public at large.

During her construction Captain George passed all his time in and about her. Most of her fittings were made from his own designs, and particularly in the rigging was his individuality shown. Her wheel and capstan were also made according to his own ideas.

Crowninshield, exceeds everything of the kind we have ever seen. Her model, by Mr. R. Becket, is pronounced by competent judges to be his *chef d'œuvre*. The workmanship is in the best manner, and as no expense has been spared, it is probable she is the best built vessel in the country. The science and taste discovered in her rigging, is beyond anything we ever had an idea of. As she has been built for a voyage of amusement and travels in the Mediterranean, her accommodations have been rendered the most convenient that can be placed on board a vessel. Her large dining-room is in a style of richness and elegance never surpassed. She does great honor to the taste and skill of the mechanics and genius of the town. She is completely rigged, and her sails bent, as she now stands on the stocks; and must afford a grand spectacle at her launch, which, we understand, is to take place on Monday next."



Launching of the Tamer, Salem

Dr. Bentley, in his Diary, December 6, 1816, says: "By invitation I visited the Hermaph. Brig. 'Concordia,' lately built by Capt. G. Crowninshield, and now fitted for sea in a manner never before observed in this Town. Her model is excellent and her naval Architecture the best. The rigging is in the highest improvement as to its form and complete & of the best materials and workmanship. The best patent horizontal windlass with two stations just aft of the foremast. A rudder fixed to move with great ease and safety upon a new patent. The belaying pins of the Mast of brass. Below is the berth for the officers. Next is the dining-room finished of the best materials & furnished with the best carpets, elegant settees with velvet cushions, chairs with descriptive paintings, mirrors, buffets loaded with plate of every name, and the best glass and porcelain. Adjoining are the berths for the owner and passengers with apartments having all the articles for the ship assigned to their own particular vessels and beyond about midship the kitchen with all the necessary furniture for all its purposes. In the forepart of the vessel are the berths of the seamen. The expence must have been very great but the aid to improvement and enquiry is great and extensive. Nothing has been suffered to enter not in the highest style of excellence. I should have been very glad to have had an inventory of the contents of this vessel."

On deck and as a pendant to the capstan was the wooden statue of an American Indian, life size, and splendid in war paint and feathers. When they were in the Mediterranean the sailors used to impose upon the simple peasants by telling them it was alive and introducing them to it;* and in Genoa, noticing the many statues of saints in the

*See pages 67 and 209.

churches, they said this was the statue of an American saint, whereupon some would kneel to it and even kiss its feet. Many of the ropes about the quarter-deck were served with velvet, and some were of different colors. Everything above and below decks was not only peculiar, but very elegant. The furniture and fittings were in mahogany and bird's-eye maple, and were of the style known as "First Empire," with gilt bronze ornaments. In her cabin were two sofas of mahogany and bird's-eye maple, ten feet in length. One of these is in the Crowninshield house at Marblehead, and is considered not only a remarkable piece of furniture, but a very handsome one as well. Her saloon, which was nineteen feet by twenty feet, had a chandelier, a sideboard, two large gilt mirrors with gilt eagles above, imitation windows and draperies, and furniture covered with red velvet and gold lace. She was fitted out with a complete and very large service of silver, and the china and glass were made for her. The staterooms were also elegantly fitted up.

The "Salem Gazette," January 14, 1817, gave this account of the "Cleopatra's Barge:" "The elegant equipment of this vessel, by Mr. Crowninshield, for a voyage of pleasure, as it is an entire novelty in this country, has excited universal curiosity and admiration. Whilst she was lying at the wharf in Salem, we have heard she attracted company from various surrounding places to view so perfect a specimen of nautical architecture and sumptuous accommodation. Eighteen hundred ladies, it is asserted, visited her in the course of one day. 'Cleopatra's Barge' measures about 200 tons, and is modeled after one of the swiftest sailing ships which was ever driven by the wind. Being introduced on board, you descend into a magnificent saloon, about 20 feet long and 19 broad, finished on all sides with polished mahogany, inlaid with other orna-

© 1844. 2nd.



Gate from Bath

mental wood. The settees of the saloon are of splendid workmanship; the backs are shaped like the ancient lyre, and the seats are covered with crimson silk velvet bordered with a very wide edging of gold lace. Two splendid mirrors, standing at either end, and a magnificent chandelier, suspended in the centre of the saloon, give a richness of effect to it, not easily surpassed. Instead of berths on the sides of this hall, there are closets for the tea equipages and a suit of plate for the dinner-table, which are finished in a style of superior elegance. The after cabin contains sleeping accommodations for the under officers of the vessel. The owner's and captain's staterooms are very commodious. The conveniences for the kitchen and steward's apartments may be considered models in their way. There are aqueducts in all parts of the vessel which require them. The intention of Mr. Crowninshield, we understand, is to proceed in the first instance to the Western Islands, thence thro' the Straits of Gibraltar, and following the windings of the left coast of the Mediterranean, will touch at every principal city on the route, which will be round the Island of Sicily, up the Gulf of Venice to Trieste, along the coast of Albania and the Morea, through the Grecian Archipelago to the Dardanelles; if permitted by the Turkish authorities he will proceed through the Sea of Marmora to Constantinople; thence coasting along the ports of the Black Sea, to the Sea of Asov, he will return by the way of the Isle of Cyprus, upon the south side of the Mediterranean; stopping at *Acre*, *Jerusalem* and *Alexandria*, on his way, and sailing by the Coast of the Desert to that of the Barbary States. Emerging from the Straits he will proceed through the British Channel and North Sea, up the Baltic to Petersburg, thence along the Coast of Norway to the North Cape, and perhaps into the White

Sea ; from this point he may go to Spitzbergen and Iceland, and thence crossing an immense ocean to the Coast of South America touching at various ports he will complete the tour of his destination, and arrive at Salem."

Some idea of this elegance can be obtained from the fact that when, after Captain George's death, the vessel was sold at auction, the furniture removed from her was appraised in his estate at from \$7000 to \$8000. The vessel itself cost him \$50,000, and was sold at auction for \$15,400.* She was eighty-three feet long on the water line, twenty-two feet eleven and a half inches wide, and eleven feet five and a half inches in depth. She tonned one hundred ninety-one and forty-one ninety-fifths. The "Cleopatra's Barge" was painted in different patterns on her two sides: one side† in horizontal stripes of many colors, and the other side‡ in a herring-bone pattern. She had a wide stern with little cabin windows opening out on it, a wooden figure head, and was rigged as a hermaphrodite brig,—that is, "square" on the foremast and "fore and aft" on the mainmast. She was provided with every species of light sail known in those days, and with some that have become a curiosity to-day—notably the ringtail and water sail, which have gone out of existence. Instead of a spinnaker she had studdingsail-booms, and we shall see later that she used these light sails to good advantage.

The day she was launched people came to see her in a multitude from Salem and the surrounding towns. She was straightway taken

* "The famous Cleopatra's Barge belonging to Captain George Crowninshield deceased, was knocked off yesterday at 15,400 dollars, to his brother. Her extra furniture, valued at 7000 to 8000 dollars, was first taken out." *Salem Gazette*, July 28, 1818.

† See plate facing page 8.

‡ See plate facing page 12.

alongside the wharf, and then and afterwards, when in the stream, she was visited by many thousands of people. Many presents of ornaments and useful things* were received from friends, among the latter being “a barrel of mince meat expressly prepared by Mrs. Smith, a cousin of the owner,”—at least so it was stated in one account. The accompanying letters, however, shed a slightly different light upon the subject.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD
TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Jan. 2nd, 1817.

Uncle G. has gone down the harbour today. That looks something like getting away. On Monday eve. he received a beautiful little silk flag† for his barge. The stage man brought it. So he concluded it came from Boston & Mr. Silsbee thought it smelt strong of India and that it came from Thorndike. I don't think he has yet found out who sent it. He often gets presents from people who have visited his brig.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, Dec. 8th, 1816.

I passed an evening at Aunt Silsbees‡—went early and saw Uncle George. So full of his brig he could not see us on Friday, but we are all going tomorrow morning.

He has an elegant chandelier for which he gave more than one hundred dollars and several lamps. He was in Boston last week and made

* Commodore Hull sent a chart of a harbor he had himself surveyed on the Barbary coast and Commodore Bainbridge a patent log suitably inscribed.

† This is now on exhibition in the Peabody Marine Museum.

‡ George Crowninshield's sister married the Honorable Nathaniel Silsbee, at that time United States Senator from Massachusetts.

these purchases—with some others, silver cream pitchers and butter and fish knives. Commodore Bainbridge, Captain Derby and others are coming down on Wednesday to see this famed barge, and are to dine at Captain Silsbee's—George must dine with them. Hanson and three boys have new suits of clothes, liveries green and gold, and each to have his station on board to receive in. I don't know how long George expects to receive Company but I suppose a week. We are to be the first soon after breakfast on Monday morning.

The only thing I have heard George complain about is a barrel of mince meat put up by his cousin Smith—which she charges him 160 dollars for. At this rate he thinks his money will all go for stores.

I had on a smart dress the day I went to George's vessel. He told Mrs. Silsbee I more than equalled his cabin. My dress so elegant. It was my Washington pelise, a white bonnet he had not seen. Now this from him was something.

By the first of the year all was in readiness, yet for one reason or another they kept postponing the start. Doubtless the very cold weather had much to do with it, for it must be remembered that the winter of 1816–17 was remarkable for its severity and Salem harbor was frozen over for many months. While the yacht was imprisoned in the ice many parties were given on board, and great crowds of people came to see her, —some of them in sleighs, for the ice was often strong enough to bear the weight of horses.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, Feb. 5th, 1817.

Uncle George called in this morning to tell me of yesterdays adventure. He had more than twenty down from Boston. Ladies and gentlemen. Captain Hull & his lady with their sister, Hasket Derby, &c. He could not tell me the names of all but I saw many officers pass. How to get the ladies over the ice to the brig—they thought of sleighs—but George would not allow it—for if they broke through, they would be upset. So he got his boat & fixed it on to a sled, & his crew and others to near a hundred took hold of the roap after the ladies had seated themselves. About half way out the ice broke—but there was no accident. When near the brig they got out and walked the ice bending under them. They returned safely all much gratified and invited George to take dinner with them at the hotel. This he had to decline but he did go and take a glass of wine with them acompanied by his esquire Captain Ben.

You see of how much consequence I am without my secretary* for no one called to see me. I should have thought Mrs. Hull would have done so—but was thankful she did not, as I could not have seen her.

Every vessel must of necessity have a trial trip; and the “Cleopatra’s Barge” was no exception, though it was after the new year that the first sail was taken. This event, as is so often the case, proved somewhat of a trial for owner and guests, as well as for the yacht, but that it was highly successful can hardly be doubted after reading the following letter:

* Mrs. Crowninshield was continually upbraiding her husband for living in Washington and leaving her and her children alone in Salem.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, Jan. 15th, 1817.

George has been to Cape Ann. Had a high time. Everybody in the town went on board. Some stayed to dine. Captain Beach for one was so badly off they had to put him to bed, and in the morning he found himself in Salem Harbour. They begged George to stay—Said they would have a ball in the evening if he would—but he chose to return. This is his first expedition—If all should prove as favorable he will do well or ill. He is not going I hear till next month.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, Feb. 6th, 1817.

Uncle George has been in again today all powdered & dressed in his fur coat going to ride out to his brig in a sleigh today. This has not been done in this town in fifteen years. He appears so happy and satisfied with himself, much as our boys are with their new sled. I envy him his feelings. We never had colder weather they all say. For myself I am quite warm sitting all the time by a good fire. I received several papers today, but no letter. I see they notice George's vessel in the Richmond paper. He says that almost every day he receives letters from Washington, Philadelphia, and every part of this union from people wishing to go as draftsmen, historians, &c. &c. He thinks Ward will answer all purposes.

It was well into March before the harbor became free of ice and the weather favorable enough to make one think of voyaging for pleasure. The delay was such a long one that people could not be blamed for wondering if they really meant to go.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, March 20th, 1817.

Yesterday Aunt Silsbee came and passed a sociable afternoon with me — talked a good deal about George — says he grows old, don't know how to get away — keeps putting it off week after week. He has become quite dissatisfied with his folks — Ward plagues him and he would be glad to get rid of him. Says he calls too often for money and he has already let him have more than he can earn. So that now if he turns him off he will never get it back again.

Old Ben does not give satisfaction — Does not do anything toward getting away. I suppose he would rather be at home in pay than go away. George has desired him to clear out already several times but he always offers excuses for delay. Mrs. S. thinks George very much plagued but supposes he will get away soon — wants that I should write you all about it. So do write to him as soon as you receive this, for he has not had a letter for some time. Good him up a little. I don't believe he will go this month. So not even the celebrated "Cleopatra's Barge" confers happiness — indeed where is it to be found?

In the meantime Captain George had accumulated many letters to the most eligible people at the different ports he intended visiting, — to our consuls,* to the commanding officers of the French and British fleets, and to those of our own. All together, he had over three hundred of them. Here are four which give a good idea of the rest.

* At that time the office of consul was of vastly greater importance than it is to-day.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE TO ISAAC CHAUNCEY

Boston, 20th December, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR

The bearer George Crowninshield Esq. brother to the Hon^{ble} Secretary of the Navy, visits Europe on a voyage of pleasure in his elegant "Cleopatra's Barge" which will exhibit honor to his country by her style of Architecture, and the elegant taste displayed in her equipment.

I have much pleasure in introducing Mr. Crowninshield to your acquaintance; and when I inform you that he is the gentleman who brought the Corpses of our gallant and lamented Officers — "Laurence and Ludlow" from an hostile land to their native shore, I am confident I need not add to the fact of so philanthropic a deed to insure to him your most friendly attention.

Your sincere friend

WM BAINBRIDGE.

COMMODORE ISAAC CHAUNCEY

Commanding the U. S. Squadron in the Mediterranean.

JAMES MONROE TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

Washington, Nov. 27th, 1816.

SIR

Mr. Crowninshield a brother of our Secretary of the Navy intending to visit Europe, I take the liberty to introduce him to your acquaintance and kind attention. Independent, in his fortune, he travels for information and amusement only, and to the innocent and honorable nature of his pursuits he unites in his personal character every fair claim to the protection and good offices of our ministers in foreign countries.

With great respect and esteem I take the honor to be your very obedient servant

JAS. MONROE.*

Honorable

JOHN Q. ADAMS

Envoy Extra. & Minister Plenop^y

of the United States

At London.

ISAAC COFFIN TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL DORR

Boston, 3 October, 1816.

DEAR GENERAL

Though many years have elapsed since we met—I trust you have not forgotten me. Capt. Geo. Crowninshield being about to leave this country for Gibraltar in his yacht on a tour of the Mediterranean, permit me to request you will have the goodness to offer him any civilities in your power while he remains under your protection. He is brother to the Secretary of the Navy and a gentleman of much respectability.

I have the honor to be Dear General

Very truly yours

ISAAC COFFIN†

Admiral.

LIEUT. GENERAL DORR

&tc. &tc. &tc. Gibraltar

ISAAC COFFIN TO LORD EXMOUTH

Boston, 3 October, 1816.

MY DEAR LORD

Should you meet my friend Captain George Crowninshield about to leave this country for the Mediterranean in his yacht be civil and kind

* James Monroe was then Secretary of State.

† Sir Isaac Coffin, though born in Boston, was an Admiral in the British Navy.

to him. He is a worthy good man, and the more you know of him the better you will like him.

Health and success to you my old friend.

Very truly yours

ISAAC COFFIN

Right Honble

LORD EXMOUTH

&c. & 'a.

Saturday, the 29th of March, was officially decided on for the departure, but it was not until Sunday, the 30th, that the event actually took place. The following good-bye letters are inserted, also those speaking of the sailing and the night before.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD
TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

March 27th, 1817.

Uncle George has just been in—the first time I have seen him since my confinement. He says he goes tomorrow or next day. His vessel is at the wharf and his things all packed up. He would have gone before but for Old Ben. Says he has lived on board for some time and had much company. I hope his voyage will answer his expectations.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, March 26th, 1817.

BROTHER BENJAMIN—It's a long time since I wrote you for you well know what an aversion I have to writing—

I have waited all winter—partly on my own account & partly on account of the ice. Our harbour has but just broken up. Five sail arrived

today from the Vineyard, among them Capt. Cheever from Calcutta—a long passage. 50 sail left the Vineyard with him.

The winter has been very severe indeed, ice down to Baker's Isle. People often down to the Haste. Horses and cattle are known to have frozen to death, and even men as well in a few instances. . . .

I remain your brother

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD
TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, March 30th, 1817.

Cleopatra's Barge sailed from the wharf this morning at 9 o'clock. George called in to bid us good-bye last eve. as we were having tea. So sat down with us. It so happened the boys were not at home.

Benjamin & George got up early this morning and went down to see him before he left. Carried down a basket of potatoes and nuts. He told me he should not stay away long—would return and go again. He did not offer to get us any pretty things and I did not ask him.

MARY BOARDMAN CROWNINSHIELD TO THE SAME

Salem, April 2nd, 1817.

I wrote you George sailed on Sunday. He even took young Ben as well as Old. Much is said about his choice of companions—and I am sorry—but they may appear better abroad than at home.

FROM DR. BENTLEY'S DIARY, MARCH 31, 1817

Yesterday sailed from Salem the celebrated Cleopatra's Barge. The delay had been so long that the intention of a voyage was fully doubted.

My landlord and eldest son have gone in the vessel. The first as Captain. Mr. S. C. Ward has gone as Clerk, and Mr. Strout as assistant navigator. The whole company 14 persons, boys included. I mentioned to Mr. Crowninshield that I wondered as our Minister John Adams was to return in a private vessel, that this vessel was not sent, as his Brother was at the head of the Naval Department. It did not appear the thing had been thought of.

ISAAC COFFIN TO GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD

Boston, 3. Oct., 1816.

MY DEAR SIR

A pleasant cruise to you. Before you set up your rigging for the last time, trice up the collars of your stays or it will never settle well down until you get to sea and begin to pitch heavy, when you may have to sheet it under unpleasant circumstances. Take with you a Dredge for oysters, Grains of all kinds—Whale and porpoise harpoons & lance lines & hooks of every kind. The former with your deep sea lines & trawl should be steeped in boiling hot liquor from the strongest in the tan yard, *twice* if necessary—You will see its effect: a good cook and plenty to drink, *molasses and water* at sea, and wine and strong waters when in Port. I long to go with you, but must be off Monday next for Nantucket.

Very truly yours

ISAAC COFFIN.

WILLIAM GRAY TO GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD

Boston, December 27th, 1816.

DEAR SIR

I have received your polite letter of yesterday. if anything I can do will accommodate you, it will give me great pleasure. I have a son John C. Gray who, I hope, will spend the ensuing winter and spring in Italy. If in your travels you meet him any kindness or civility to him will be gratefully received by him, and long remembered by his friends. I have written him by you. It is possible he may have a sail in your beautiful yacht, which I hear much of. Your countrymen are proud of your nautical skill and taste.

Now Sir, I most sincerely wish you a pleasant passage—a successful tour. May you be preserved from all dangers, and be blessed with health and happiness, and safely return to your Native land where I shall be happy to take you by the hand and hear that you have had all the amusement and experience you can wish for.

If you should want funds while abroad, I should be glad to have you take those of my own—where I have them—and give you bills at fair exchange, and I do request that you will give my friends your bills for my account to the amount of what they may hold for me.

I am with sentiments of esteem

Your sincere friend

WM. GRAY.

CAPTAIN GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD,
Salem.

Before proceeding further, it seems proper to tell something concerning Benjamin Crowninshield, the captain of the yacht. The son of Jacob

and Hanna (Carlton) Crowninshield, he was born in Salem, February 15, 1758. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War he was serving as midshipman on board a British man-of-war then stationed off the coast. His captain, with proper consideration for the change in affairs, allowed him to leave the ship, whereupon he tendered his services to the Massachusetts militia and was wounded at the battle of Bunker Hill. He later became a ship captain and commanded many of his cousin's vessels, among them the ship "Prudent," captured by the French. In the War of 1812 he commanded their ship "John,"* which had been converted into a privateer, and in which he made a very successful cruise. He was always considered a good officer and a clever sailor. He died December 22, 1836, at the age of seventy-eight.

Although, as has already been stated, the distinction of being the first American yacht rests with the "Jefferson," the "Cleopatra's Barge" has not only an undisputed claim to be called our first sea-going vessel of that class, but is the heroine as well of a considerable romance which has always centred around her,—to wit, that she was built with the special object of rescuing Napoleon. Before we take up the circumstances which gave rise to this belief, we must bear in mind that it was only two years before that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He crossed over to the neighborhood of Cannes, and after the "hundred days" of preparation, ending in the battle of Waterloo, he found himself a prisoner again, and straightway was sent in exile to St. Helena, where he then was.

Without doubt the "Cleopatra's Barge" was admirably adapted for

* The "John" was subsequently captured by the British.



Benjamin Crowninshield
Captain of Cleopatra's Barge

such a purpose, and just as surely was George Crowninshield, a Democrat in politics and an ardent admirer of the Emperor, of the type and temperament for such an undertaking. Moreover, there are these suspicious circumstances connected with it: the visit to Elba; the meeting with Napoleon's suite, some of whom still resided there; the letters of introduction to the Bonapartes, and the letters and packages to them entrusted to his care; the fact that after touching at Elba no letters were written from the yacht; the visit to Civita Vecchia; the journey to Rome and the reception there by the Bonapartes; the strict watch kept on the yacht by the guard ship;* the orders from the owner to have the vessel in readiness to sail fifteen minutes after he should arrive on board; her pursuit by the guard ship when she finally did sail; and the fact that she took away with her from Civita Vecchia four French officers.† Yet, in spite of all these circumstances, I am convinced that no such idea ever seriously entered his head. The latter events are purely circumstantial, and the cessation of letters can be explained by the fact that as he knew he was shortly sailing for home, and as his yacht was much faster than any vessel likely to be entrusted with them, there was no use in writing letters which in all probability would not arrive before him.

Captain Ben begins his Log January 23, 1817. Here is a copy of the first page:

* The European dread of Napoleon, augmented by his recent escape from Elba, was the cause of great attention from the French Bourbons to the members of that family then residing at Rome; and four fast men-of-war were kept constantly watching the port of Civita Vecchia.

† Two of these officers, the captain of the vessel in which Napoleon escaped from Elba and a surgeon on his staff, were taken to America in the yacht.

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

BRIG CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

Log Book, Vol. I, 1817

On the third page follows:

“Journal of an intended Voyage of pleasure in the Brig Cleopatra's Barge of Salem (Benjⁿ Crowninshield Commander) of the burden of one hundred and ninety-one tons. God Speed the Cleopatra's Barge.

“Salem Harbour Thursday January 23rd 1817.

“1817 Thursday January 23^d. Commences with fresh breezes from the N. W. and extremely cold. Middle part more moderate. Harbour froze over nearly to the Aqua Vitea. Sent up the Fore top Gt. Yard & listed the vessel to prevent the ice cutting the copper continually in the same place. Latter part moderate. At 10 p.m. came on to snow very fast.

“Friday, 24th Jan'y. Commences with heavy snow & moderate breezes from the N.E. Sent down the Fore top Gt. yard. Middle part snowing fast. Latter part the wind N.W. and more pleasant. the Pilot Boat breaking the ice in the harbour.

“Saturday, 25th Jan'y. Commences with fine weather & moderate for the season, employed clearing the snow off Deck, received on board 6 Galls. of Rum for Ships use & a sack of Bread. George Symms, — Thomson & Amos Perkins (Boy) on shore on Liberty. Discharged Nich. Charlson & sent him to the U. States Hospital Charleston. The Ice all clear of the Vessel.”

Journal

Of an intended Voyage of pleasure in the Brig
Cleopatra's Barge of Salem, (Benj^m Courinshiels
Commander) of the burthen of one hundred & ninety one tons
God Speed the Cleopatra's Barge. ~ ~ ~

Salem Harbour, Thursday January 23^d 1817

1817
Thursday
January 23^d

Commences with fresh breezes from the N.W.
& extremely cold. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Middle part rather more moderate, the Harbour
froze over nearly down to the Aqua Vitae, sent
up the Fore top Gt. Yard & listed the Vessel
to prevent the Ice cutting the Copper contin-
ually in the same place. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Latter part moderate at 10 P.M. came on to snow
very fast. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Friday
24th Jan^y

Commences with heavy snow & moderate breezes
from the N.E. sent down the Fore top Gt.
yard. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Middle part snowing fast. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Latter part the wind N.W. and more pleasant
the Pilot Boat breaking the ice in the harbour

Saturday
25th Jan^y

Commences with fine weather & moderate for
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Deck, received on board 6 Gall. of Rum for
ships use. & a sack of bread, George Symmes,

Thomson & Amos Perkins (Boys) on shore
on Liberty. Discharged Rich. Charlson & sent
him to the U.S. Hospital Charleston. ~ ~ ~

The Ice all clear of the Vessel. ~ ~ ~

II

THE VOYAGE

FROM LOG-BOOK, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS

THE VOYAGE

THE voyage having now actually begun, we must needs turn to the Private Journal, as it is from this source chiefly that our information is derived. We find this inscription on the cover of the volume:

“Journal on board ‘Cleopatra’s Barge’ on a Voyage of Amusement and Travels to the Western Islands and the Mediterranean in the year 1817.”

Journal on board the Cleopatra’s Barge, 1817

“On Sunday, March 30th, at 9 o’clock a.m., we were underweigh, having started from the end of India Wharf, in the presence of a great concourse of spectators, who gave us three hearty cheers, on our departure. At 3 o’clock p.m. Meridian the lights on Thatchers Island bore North distant seven miles.

“Before we proceed to notice the occurrence of events during this voyage we shall mention the names of the persons on board.

George Crowninshield, Esqr., *owner*.

Benjamin Crowninshield, Esqr., *captain*.

Joseph Strout, Jr., *1st mate*.

William C. Dean, *2nd do*.

Samuel C. Ward, Esqr., *clerk*.

B. Crowninshield, Jr., *passenger*.

SEAMEN

Mark Lervee, *boatswain*.

Hanson Posey, *blackman, steward*.

Wm. Chapman, *blackman, cook.*

George Symmes.

Sewall Thompson.

Richard Davis.

Frederick Boles.

David Oliver.

James Moor.

Nathaniel Blunt.

Boys

Augustus Newhall.

Samuel Hodgdon.

Amos Perkins.

Edward Allen, Jr., *passenger to St. Michael's.*

“As we have mentioned the names of the company on board our yacht, it would seem necessary to accompany them with a characteristic mark of distinction. We feel competent, even now, to give the characteristic features of the minds of the principal personages on board, but we shall defer talking of them at this time.

“We find Hanson Posey, a blackman, born in Washington, and educated a slave, emancipated by the liberality of Jacob Crowninshield Esqr., while member of Congress from Essex South.

“After the death of Mr. C., Hanson came to Salem and remained in the family till the present voyage. Accustomed to wait for the command of his master, he is incapable of the least foresight, and without this estimable quality of mind, the department of the cabin has been kept in hurry, disorder, and confusion.



*List of Persons Composing the Crew of the Brig Cleopatra's Barge
of Salem whereof is Master Benⁿ Croninshield and for West and Standish & Martin*

NAMES	PLACES OF BIRTH	PLACES OF RESIDENCE	OF WHAT COUNTRY CITIZENS OR SUBJECTS	DESCRIPTION OF THEIR PERSONS				
				Aged	Height		Complexion	Hair
					feet	inches		
Benjamin Croninshield	Salem	Danvers	United States	Fifty eight	Five	six	light brown	thin body
Joseph Strout Jr.	Salem	Salem	Do	29 years	5	10 1/4	dark	dark
William C. Bean	Salem	Salem	Do	27 "	5	7	light	light
Hanson Percy	Washington	Salem	Do	33 "	5	5 3/4	dark	dark
William Chapman	Philadelphia	Philadelphia	Do	29 "	5	8 1/2	dark	dark
George Symmes	Ipswich	Danvers	Do	19 "	5	5 1/4	light	brown
Swall Thompson	Moburn	Andover	Do	22 "	5	6 1/4	dark	dark
Richard Davis	Newburgport	Newburgport	Do	20 "	5	8	light	red
Frederick Boles	New London	New York	Do	26 "	5	5	dark	dark
Lucid Oliver	Boston	Boston	Do	34 "	5	5 3/4	light	brown
James Moore	Newbury	Salem	Do	26	5	7 1/4	dark	brown
Mark Seroe	Genoa	Salem	Do	45	5	6	brown	black
Augustus Newhall	Salem	Salem	Do	14	5	0	dark	dark
Samuel Hodgdon	Salem	Salem	Do	14	4	7	light	brown
Amos Perkins Jr.	Salem	Salem	Do	14	4	6	dark	dark
Nathaniel Hunt	New Hampshire	Salem	Do	30	5	7 1/2	light	brown
Samuel C. Ward	Salem	Salem	Do	50	6	0 1/2	light	brown

I *Benjamin* do solemnly, sincerely, and truly swear that the within List contains the Names of the Crew of the *My Cleopatra's Barge* together with the Places of their Birth and Residence, as far as I can ascertain the same. this *twenty fourth* day of *March* 1817 (Signed) Before me *Will R Lee* Collector. *Benjamin*

I do certify that the within is a true Copy of the list of the Crew of the *My Cleopatra's Barge* whereof *Benjamin* is Master, taken from the Original, on File in this office. Given under my Hand and Seal of Office, at the Custom-House, *Salem* this *twenty fourth* day of *March* in the Year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and *seventeen*

Will R Lee (orn)

I do hereby further certify that the within named *Benjamin*, *Joseph Strait Jr.*, *William & Dean*, *Hanson Percy*, *William Chapman*, *George Symmes*, *Sewall Thompson*, *Richard Davis*, *Fredrick Bales*, *David Oliver*, *James Moore*, *Mark Searce*, *Augustus Newhall*, *Samuel Hodgdon*, *Amos Perkins Jr.*, *Nathl. Blunt* & *Samuel C Ward*

who compose *all* the Company of the above mentioned *Cleopatra's Barge* whereof *Benjamin* is at present Master, have produced to me proof in the manner directed in the Act entitled "An Act for the Relief and Protection of American Seamen." And pursuant to the said Act and to the Act Supplementary to the Act concerning Consuls and Vice-Consuls, and for the further protection of American Seamen, I do hereby certify that the said

Crew

are citizens of the United States of America.

Given under my Hand and Seal of Office, this *24th* day of *March* 1817

Will R Lee (orn)

“How different the character of our cook born in freedom and acting from the impulses of his own mind. We have been forced to rely on him for every convenience and comfort on board for the last twelve days. ‘Whatever day makes man a slave takes half his worth away.’

“I ought to speak more of the cook as this man lived three years in Owyhee,* where he took a wife, according to the customs of the country. He is an intelligent fellow of 40 years of age, and has given many interesting particulars of the manners, customs, religion, history, state of learning, etc., etc. of the people. He was told that their priests were lineal descendants of some Portuguese mariners, which were cast away on that island, long before the arrival of Capt. Cook.

“An old man who lived near Chapman the cook informed him that through accident he had eaten some of the entrails of Capt. Cook. He found them in the woods and took them for the entrails of a hog, and as the natives always devour this part of that animal Capt. Cook’s entrails met with this fate.

“The cause of Cook’s death, as related by the old natives of the island was this. A party of sailors went on shore to procure provisions, and imprudently began to pull down one of their churches. This brought on a contention between the natives and English, which ended in the death of that illustrious Commander.

“’Tis the policy of the English to cultivate the friendship of these benevolent Islanders. They trade with them liberally, and have promised Tamaamaha a small gun brig. Such conduct, contrasted with the faithless conduct of some Americans, in taking cargoes of sandal wood of the king and never returning the payment, has produced a marked

* In the Sandwich Islands.

distinction in favour of the English. A liberal policy is favourable to National wealth. Temporary evasions may benefit individuals, but injure the character of their countrymen, and disgrace the nation."

On Tuesday, April 1st, the vessel encountered a northeaster, as we find from this entry in the Log:

"P.M. Cloudy obscure weather with a brisk breeze and Southerly swell. At 2 Double reefed the Mn sail and Foretopsail, at 5 sent Down the Fore top Gt. Yard, took 2 Bonnets off the Main stay sail—

"At 6 fresh gales with snow, rain and hail, at 6.30 tacked to the South-ard and Close reefed the Foretopsail. Very Stormy. At 10—in Main-sail. A.M. A heavy snow storm with a high cross sea running. At 7 out all reefes from the Foretopsail, set both topmast studs—& start'd Lower Do—up Fore top Gt. Yard & out the sail. Set the jibs and 2 reefed Mn sail & Mn staysail—Ends pleasant brisk breezes & a heavy swell from the N.E. Lat. Obs'd 42.23 N.

"A water spout passed within a half mile of us.

"Monday, April 7th. Saw an uncommon large shark alongside.

"April 10th. This morning succeeded in taking a distance between the sun and moon, from which we deduced our longitude 38° 6' 5" from Greenwich. We find our dead reckoning varies us two degrees—farther to the eastward. Since discerning this method of ascertaining the Long., little else is wanting to perfect the art of Navigation. How much we are indebted to the English Government for this useful discovery, without whose continual aid we should be still without the necessary calculations.

"Friday, April 11th. The luminous appearance of the ocean when

agitated has always excited the attention of naturalists and philosophers, but has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The mystery in which the subject lays envolved, and the singular sublimity of its appearance on a dark night, when the sea is violently agitated, causes the most sublime emotions. This evening I was called up by Mr. Dean, our second mate, to witness this phenomenon. The night was dark and rainy, and the sea ran wonderfully high, and the wind being ahead, it kept continually dashing over the bows of our vessel. She appeared to be moving upon waves of fire. Upon looking over the stern, a bright stream of light seemed to dart from her rudder, and extend itself to a great distance behind. On each of the quarters other streams proceeded parallel with that from the rudder. They gave light enough to read the name on our stern.

“The appearance of this light resembles the milky-way more than anything else I can compare it to. It is a large broad belt of faint and indistinct light, interrupted with brilliant stars of every magnitude. Upon going forward and looking over the bows, there appeared nothing but rows of brilliant fire, sparkling and foaming under the bows, and moving off in right angles on both sides of the ship, and fading into the darkness of the surrounding sea. As I stood looking forward, two large grampuses came up under the bow and sported there for two or three hours. Sometimes they gambolled across the bows, sometimes proceeded in lines parallel with the bowsprit. They appeared to draw our vessel over clouds of light ‘powdered with stars.’ Then they would rise to the surface and spout a brilliant stream of fire, and the motion of their tails threw around them a sudden flash of light. As I stood wondering at this singular scene, a sea came over our bows and drenched

me from head to foot. Upon looking down on our deck, I found it covered with brilliant stars, and my shoes were ornamented with several studs, that shone elegantly. In a few moments they all disappeared and I went below to shift myself, and soon after retired for the night."

"Cleopatra's Barge — Sailing.

"This vessel, rigged as an Hermaphrodite brig, is of about 185 tons, and sails remarkably well. A moderate breeze drives her eight knots, and a stiff breeze sends her along ten, and eleven, miles per hour. One day having a stiff breeze she ran off eleven, and eleven and a half, from the log line. Upon some doubts being expressed as to the correctness of the line and glass, the line was measured very accurately and $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet given to the knot. The glass was tried by a time keeper and upon turning it 12 times, it measured exactly three minutes. Having a good Goulds' patent log on board, we put it in order, and at 12 o'clock veered it astern. At 6 o'clock p.m. took it in, when it indicated a distance of 68 miles. This is rather more than eleven miles per hour, and agrees nearly with the log line and glass. The glass was 14 seconds and the line divided into knots of $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and then we have the proportion, 14 seconds is to $47\frac{1}{2}$ feet as 60 minutes is to 12214 feet. Half of the last product will be the proportion of feet to 14 seconds, because when the short glass is used 23 feet 9 inches is the length of the knot. Half of 12214 feet is 6107 feet. Now 5280 feet being a mile we actually went faster than the line and glass gave.

"French Vandalism.

"As to some burnings when the army followed Massena, it was un-

avoidable from the rapidity of the retreat and pursuit.' Cockburn then adds: 'Amongst the instances of French vandalism is the destruction of the fine convent of Alcobacca, excepting its library, which they did not touch—they wrote over the door: "Bonaparte protège les Arts!"' The convent was burned.'

"If this was French Vandalism, what shall we say of the English Vandalism, in burning the library at Washington, and destroying our legislative Halls?

"April 18th. This morning at three o'clock the seamen from deck discerned land, and at 4 o'clock Flores was plainly in sight. Soon after we saw Corvo."

Extract from the Log:

"Monday, 14th of April. Cloudy with fresh flaws—At 5 saw a Brig to windward standing to the N.E. Set the jib. At 7 saw a schooner to leeward standing to the N.E. At 10 saw a schooner off the lee Bow. At 11 while passing our Beam he set his topsail & Flying Jib. Fired a gun to windward & set his colours. We being suspicious that he was a Carthaginian, kept on our course and at meridian he was nearly out of sight. Lat. Obs'd 39.03 N."

"We lay near to Flores becalmed, and had a pretty distinct view of this island. High abrupt cliffs, broken into ravines, with a valley near the sea, where stands a small village. Opposite our vessel there are two or three runs of water, slender streams, falling from cliff to cliff into the sea.

"Our lunar observation proved correct. The dead reckoning over-

ran two degrees. Calculating from the lunar, the land appeared within one hour of the prediction.

“The rock appears to be between 12 and 1300 feet in height, and almost perpendicular. As our vessel approached the little village, we hoisted the American ensign at the peak, and were answered from the shore by a small Portuguese flag, which a person tied to a small flag-staff, having no halliards.

“The inhabitants had cultivated every little plot, where there was earth, and the freshness of the green formed a beautiful variety with the dark brown of the rocks, which rose almost perpendicular back of the houses. The waterfalls, which seemed to pour out of the clouds, fell at the foot of the cliff, almost into the sea. The two principal runs appeared to be not less than 10 feet broad, and the white lines down the side of the cliff enriched this wild and singular scenery.

“It rained incessantly all the morning and the clouds hid the head of the mountain. At 2 o'clock p.m. the wind increased and the rain poured down most copiously, and thinking it better to stand out to sea than to come to anchor, the brig hove about, and we stood from the land.

“At 12 o'clock, midnight, we again stood for the land, and at 7 a.m. the high cliffs appeared in sight, but the wind heading us off we wore ship, and made again for the land. At 6 o'clock came to anchor under the highest cliff opposite the scattered houses in a cultivated vale, near the village we first spoke of.

“April 20. Sunday. At 8 o'clock Mr. G. C., my father, Mr. Ward, and myself, went on shore. The surf ran very high, and as we approached the rough and rocky projections, we began to be alarmed for our safety.



View of Tajiam Lintu on the Island of Flores

We perceived on shore a squad of the inhabitants making signs to us to come on shore in a particular place. We directed the boat towards a small inlet, and running between the breakers, we came into an exceedingly small harbour of two or three acres.

“The inhabitants had appeared in considerable numbers. The principal officer had stationed four ragged wretches with muskets on different points, and several men with spears, so it appeared afterwards, to secure us if necessary.

“Upon landing I perceived that the inhabitants were greatly alarmed. They soon informed us that they believed us to be a Corsair, and that it was our intention to plunder. The cause of their fear was that four days ago a Carthaginian privateer, with American colours, had cut out a brig from Santa Cruz and had conducted itself towards the inhabitants with great insolence. They gave us to understand that we could not be permitted to go about the island, but that we had permission from the Governor to ask for any refreshments.

“We carried none of our papers on shore, as we thought it best not to suffer them to go out of our hands, fearing detention.

“Without paying any attention to the orders I took the liberty to walk toward the town, and was invited into a decent house by a young priest who understood the Latin language, by means of which I was enabled to inform him of our intended voyage, and other particulars. When I took off my hat he saw my bald head, and asked if I was a Priest, whether I was married, etc., etc., but with every assurance to the contrary, he still had suspicions respecting our character.

“This little village, called Tajam Grande, stood on the declivity of a small hill. Its site was the most hilly I had ever seen. The roads were

not more than ten feet broad, with stone walls, very thick and five feet high, built of the porous black stone which lays scattered around.

"The houses were of one low story, thatched with cane-poles and coarse grass, standing in mud and dirt. I saw no glass windows. The people squalid, ragged, and half naked. They crowded to the walls of their gardens, and to the windows of their houses, and into the streets to see us.

"I saw figs, vines, flax, wheat, cabbage, potatoes planted in beds, and onions. Not a tree to be seen, but we were informed that back of the mountains cedar trees abounded. I saw loads of red cedar wood lying in different places."

The Log, under the same date, has this to say of the inhabitants:

"Of all nations, kindred and tongues, I never met with such a miserable set of beings as here offered themselves to our view, filthy, ragged and uncouth."

To return to the private Journal:

"On the approach of night, having a favourable wind to proceed to Fayal, and finding nothing at Flores worthy of delay, we weighed anchor and set sail from the land. On the 22nd saw the high land of Pico, and the next afternoon, came to anchor in the harbour of Fayal. A boat soon came alongside, having the health officers, together with the American Consul and several gentlemen belonging to the place. They had been expecting us every day, having learned from the American papers everything respecting us. Our Consul took us immediately to his house and gave us a most hospitable reception. He had made



View of Jugal and the Peak of the Agores

preparations for a splendid ball, and, as we informed him that our stay would not be more than two days, he instantly gave the necessary orders for carrying his design into effect. The British Consul, who has resided at Fayal for 40 years, was at table with us while at the Consul's house. He has six children alive, all daughters, his son having died in America.

“At this port we met some of those recollections which always give respect to National character. Captain Reid's defence of the *Armstrong* is one of the most memorable battles to be found in the history of Naval transactions. He had anchored close inshore, directly under the guns of the fort, from which the inhabitants saw the battle. The moon gave all her light and enabled our seamen to direct their large gun with such precision as to kill 70 men, in the boats which came to attack her. Afterwards the brig approached, and having received a shot between wind and water, hauled off. Captain Reid judged further defence a useless waste of lives and gave orders to scuttle his privateer.

“The next day some officers from the British fleet came to the American Consul's house and enquired for Capt. Reid, and declared their high sense of this gallant action. They asked to see the Captain that they might have the honour of shaking hands with him.

“The British Commodore—Loyd—was in his gig, and after the battle did not come on shore. He gave as an excuse that an ox had trod on his foot, but I have reason to think—as the British Consul has intimated—that he was wounded in the affair.

“An incident happened in Fayal which shows the spirit of these gallant Americans who defended the privateer. Two of them passing along the street, were met by a British Lieutenant who, mistaking them for

British seamen, demanded what vessel they belonged to. They gave him a careless answer, to which the Lieutenant made some offensive reply. Whereupon the American seamen returned, clapped him on the shoulder, told him they had taken him prisoner, and as a pledge of his parole, took his hat from him and walked off.

“The garden of our Consul is an enclosure of about three acres, subdivided into smaller apartments conforming to the character of the ground. There are three principal gradations, on one of which the house stands with a small postern ornamented with myrtles, roses, jessamine, grape-vines, Pride of India, pomegranates,—with their beautiful red flowers,—passion flowers, and geraniums. In the lower garden there was a field of wheat, a cluster of sugar-cane, olive trees in blossom, several plants which produce the gum Trajacanth, tree of Paradise, mimosa, two small magnolias (imported from St. Michael's), pears, apples, citron trees, the camphor tree, soft shelled almonds, and lemon trees.

“In the back garden were weeping willows, poplars, supporting grape-vines, Faia trees (a shrub which gives name to the island), sycamore, fig, bananas with fruit, coffee trees, English walnut, and orange trees, one of which produced last year 12000 oranges.

“Our Consul built his house during the late war. The stone work was done by the Masons of the country, but he sent to America for his carpenters. It is of two stories. The Faia produces the same effect on the soil of Fayal, that the prickly pear does on the soil of Sicily. The climate is very equable, the thermometer seldom going below 56 in winter or rising higher than 76 (of Fahrenheit) in summer. Twenty degrees is an exceedingly small variation. In North America—from 42 to 30°—North latitude—the inhabitant frequently experiences a greater change

in 24 hours. During the last winter the thermometer on St. Valentine's Day descended to 16 below zero, in the open air, while very often it goes to 100 and sometimes to 103, in summer, making a variation of 119 degrees. I should remark that the Fayal thermometer on which the above observations were made, was suspended in the long entry way of our Consul's house.

"The produce of this island is small. The soil appears poor, and indeed, the inhabitants acknowledge it. Last year 19000 pipes of wine were made on this island and shipped from Fayal. The wine we drank at the Consul's table, and he is deeply engaged in the wine trade, is not comparable to Madeira, it being thinner and not so finely flavoured. It can be bought for £20 sterl'g a pipe. We saw two extensive rooms formerly a part of the Jesuit College, each containing 300 pipes put there to ripen. Large Russian stoves were placed in the corners, and tubes of earthenware conveyed the heat through every part of these spacious receptacles. The heat is raised to 112° Fahrt. and continued for three months, when the wine is considered fit for market.

"Fayal itself is a small town, the streets narrow, the houses in general mean, and the populace ragged. The streets are not so dirty as those of Lisbon, nor the beggars so numerous. The only curiosity one heard of in the place, was the long Tom of the Armstrong, now in the fort. That fort which saw the neutrality of the port violated. That fort which was a refuge for cowards to peep through the loop-holes, and view one of the most glorious defences to be found in the records of Naval warfare.*

"Well!!! There let it remain. That people who have consecrated it to fame, so can confer equal glory on any other.

* The defence of the privateer "General Armstrong."

“Thursday. Last night our Company went on shore and were entertained in handsome style at the American Consul's. The air was mild, the moon shone pleasantly, and Pico was distinct almost to his summit. We enjoyed this scene from the piazza in front of the House. At nine o'clock the Company had assembled, and we had a small circle of ladies, principally the daughters of the three consuls residing here. The British Consul, Mr. Parker, with his three daughters, the French Consul with his four daughters, in black, and the daughter of the American Consul. The gentlemen were numerous, the Governor and the principal merchants of the island, together with several American gentlemen then in port. Contra dances, cotillions and waltzes were the amusement of the evening, accompanied with the piano-forte. The English ladies, and the French Consul's daughters, each in turn, sang us their songs. Good humour and hilarity prevailed. At one o'clock the Company retired and left our little party with the Consul's family. We partook of light refreshment, and soon after took our leave for the night. As we passed along the rugged and abrupt streets, the clock announced to us the hour upon a cracked bell. My father fell from the sidewalk into the street, a height of four feet. Mr. Ward, while crossing the street, stepped into a gully, and almost dislocated his knee.

“When we arrived at the quay, we found our boat had not been sent ashore, and as the ship lay at a considerable distance, it was almost impossible to hail. We sent to call up some Portuguese boatmen, when to our great joy, our boat appeared coming round the point where the Armstrong privateer had laid and we were soon on board, pleased with our reception, and the hospitality of the people of this island.

“The ladies and gentlemen of the place visited us during the day,

and as the sea was rough, several of the ladies were sea-sick, and none of them could walk upright. It became necessary to put them on shore and, unfortunately for them, soon after they were placed in the boat, a heavy shower of rain drenched them most unmercifully. The ladies were doomed to pay dearly for their curiosity. The Portuguese gentlemen, on this occasion, I think, behaved most ungallantly. They suffered these ladies to go on shore almost alone, only one person was so polite as to accompany them, and had it not been for a gentleman from New York, they must have been consigned to the wind, waves and rain, unprotected, unsheltered. So much for politeness. The gentlemen remained on board, charmed with our accommodations and fascinated with our wine. They poured their libations to Bacchus, and at dark left us in good humour.

“The manners of this place are stiff and unsocial. The ladies, who embellish all genteel society, have here no inducement to display their charms. They are born to a cruel fate. The island is already overstocked with inhabitants, and every inch of cultivated soil in possession of some rich landholder. Each wealthy individual has just sufficient to maintain his family in the style suited to the place. The climate is favourable to population, and ten and twelve children are frequently the product of a marriage. What can the father do? He has several daughters and as many sons. If he divides his estate, the parts are too small to support his children. He must render it entire into the hands of one.

“I was sad when I saw the young and beautiful daughters of the French Consul unable to marry and forbidden by the father to receive the address of any young man without fortune. I at first condemned it as cruel of the father, but his reasoning was to me conclusive. I have,

said he, an income from my vineyard, sufficient to support my numerous family, in the comforts of my house. If I permit you to be married, my girl, I must maintain your husband, and if you be granted this indulgence, your brothers and sisters must have a right to do the same thing. You must therefore continue single, unless you can obtain for your hand a man of competence. How inestimably better is the condition in America, where we have an extent of country sufficient for our dependents to the thousandth generation. American ladies are, therefore, ready to display all the charms of female excellence. Ever prompt to appear in public at the ball, at church, in their walks they are always social, always amiable; if not beautiful, they cultivate the mind; if not wealthy, all else that renders them desirable. Everyone is full of hope, everyone is happy! Alas! This is not true of ladies who inhabit a country of crowded population. They must waste their lives in single blessedness, in a nunnery, or wither! wither! under their parental roof.

“The climate here is very favourable to agriculture. They keep a continual procession of crops, and they dig their potatoes for nine months of the year. At the end of the season they turn up the ground and sow it with lupins, which are plowed in in the spring of the year. This is the method of manuring. There are few vineyards in the Island of Fayal. The inhabitants have built here to avail themselves of the harbour. Their property is in Pico. To this place they retire during the summer months, and spend their time in shooting, visiting, cards, and dancing. In October they return to Fayal. The vine flourishes luxuriantly on Pico. They make a hole in the pliable lava of this mountain with a pickax, and place a vine in it, which they surround with earth scraped together wherever it can be found. They get 5 cents per bushel

from the owners of a plantation. Last year Pico produced 43 thousand pipes of wine.

“One of the largest buildings in the place is the Jesuits’ College. At present it is used as a cooperage and wine depot, by the American and British Consuls. What a reverse! The nunnery is in decadence. An order has been received to permit no more nuns to take the black veil, without an order from the Prince Regent of Portugal. The nunnery is at present of some use as a college for the education of young ladies.”

In another account I find this description of Mr. Dabney’s house:

“After dinner he conducted us through his elegant mansion which is two stories high, each of them being sixteen feet in height. The rooms are large, consisting of a spacious hall, a large dining room, a handsome drawing room and a large kitchen, together with china closets, store rooms, &c., &c., all of them finished and furnished in superb style. This mansion was built by Mr. Dabney five years since on lots of land purchased from the Peasantry. The house is in the centre of the lot, and is wholly surrounded by a wall, in superior style. It is 14–17 feet high, 4 feet thick, and is painted slate colour with a white top. All around are superb gardens in the laying out and arrangement of which, more taste is discovered than I have ever before witnessed in the art of gardening.”

“This day, the sea being smooth, and the weather fine, we are full of ladies and gentlemen, in their best bibs and tuckers, drinking our health in bumpers, and a pleasant tour to the Cleopatra’s Barge. Surely they cannot refuse to be delighted.

“The Government of these islands is administered by a resident Governor in each of the islands. These are all accountable to the Governor General. He resides in Terceira. He left Fayal the Saturday before our arrival.

“The number of inhabitants on the island of Fayal is conjectured to be about 22000—15000 of them in the city. A labourer receives about 20 cents per diem.

“In clear weather the top of Pico is seen to emit a faint smoke. We did not see it from our vessel but we were told by the A. Consul that we might have observed it the day before we arrived.

“We arrived at Fayal on Wednesday. On Thursday it rained and the sea was rough; on Friday the weather was mild, the sea smooth, and Pico was clear and defined to its summit. It was St. Mark's Day and the bells of the churches were rung.

“The fort greeted the rising sun with a salute of 21 guns, and at 10 o'clock the harbour was covered with boats coming and going from our vessel with the inhabitants. The British Consul's boat with 12 oarsmen, and an awning astern; the boats of the Portuguese authorities; and the French Consul in the same style were continually plying back and forth. The oarsmen 'struck the sea so strong that the hoar waters from the frigate ran and the light bubbles danced all along.' All the inhabitants were in their best attire on the occasion—the gentlemen with their new coats and new hats, and the ladies with waving plumes, and bunches of artificial flowers in wreaths round their bonnets, all harmonized with the clear air and bright sun. Mr. C. and my father went on shore at 2 o'clock to dine with our Consul, with the intention of coming on board at 4 o'clock and sailing for St. Michael's.

“Accordingly the brig was got underweigh at 3 o’clock and we stood over towards Pico and then back again into the harbour of Fayal (called St. Cruz). At 4 o’clock the boat came off with our ship’s company, and taking leave of our friends and visitors, we stood over again towards Pico, and then tacking, stretched towards the point of Fayal, and making one more tack we cleared the point of Pico, and with a fair wind and strong breeze steered for St. Michael’s.

“In about 18 hours we were in the harbour of this place, or rather in the open roadstead. The wind blowing almost a gale directly on shore, our boat was not able to land for the surf. After standing back and forth for two hours, a boat came off with the son of Mr. Hinckley, who received Mr. Allen,* and we immediately set all sail for Madeira.

“As we were about weighing anchor, the servant of the British Consul came on board with the compliments of Mr. Parker, and a basket containing some choice sweetmeats, accompanied by a very kind letter. Upon opening the basket it appeared ornamented with a profusion of roses and other flowers, evidently the work of his beautiful daughters.

“This day we dined on board on an excellent dinner of green peas and a boiled mullet. This fish is about as large again as mackerel and its flesh is more melting and delicious. The peas were of fine flavour. Our Consul presented us with 6 lemons from his own garden, the largest I ever saw, measuring eleven inches by thirteen, but thick skins.

“St. Michael’s is a larger collection of buildings than you see at Fayal, and in better repair. They are all built of stone and plastered.

“The British Consul at Fayal informed me that he knew the son of

* Mr. Allen was taken along as a passenger.

a Salem man, now a principal friar in St. Michael's. He is about 40 years of age and is the son of a Cabot Gerrish, who left Salem, and happening to be at St. Michael's, married a nun, one who had not taken the black veil. I regretted that we did not stop at this island.

"On Sunday we pressed our vessel forward with a strong and fair wind, but to our great disappointment on Monday morning it headed us off, and we are now steering to the South. Nothing is more disagreeable at sea than head winds. All hopes are extinguished and all energy is dead. We doze, go to sleep, wake up and ask each other how the wind blows, and go to sleep again. All is silence, and everyone is disposed to retire to some place of silence and solitude.

"Tuesday, 29th. Fair wind, smooth sea & fine weather.

"Wednesday, 30th. It is now one month since we sailed from Salem. Fair wind, beautiful weather. Looking ahead for the land. At one o'clock p.m. made the island bearing S.E. by E. As the sun descended, the full moon rose over the land, the sky was clear, and the weather fine. The breeze felt wooingly."

These letters were written from Fayal:

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO COMMODORE HULL

Fayal, 24th April, 1817.

COM. HULL

RESPECTED SIR: I have the great satisfaction of acquainting you that my vessel proves what I expected, being an excellent sea boat, sufficiently stiff, and sails fast—say from nine to ten knots, but not being in any haste to make my passage, shall not drive her.

The mode in which she is rigged, I am much pleased with. It exceeds my expectations.

We use Baker's patent Pump boxes—once in twenty-four hours. They fully answer what has been said of them, and I exceedingly regret that Mr. Baker did not forward me the hand pump he promised, as I am in great need of it.

I have the honour to be your friend and obedient servant

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO RICHARD DERBY

Fayal, 24th April, 1817.

RICHARD DERBY ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND & COUSIN: Perhaps you may be pleased to hear from me once in a while during my tour. I am seated now to give you a little sketch of my hobby. She proves everything I could wish. I met with a heavy gale from the N.E. twenty-four hours out, that lasted nine hours, and brought the vessel under foresail—close reffed topsail, main staysail, & two reffed mainsail. Two hours later an abundance of heavy snow fell which compelled us to take in the mainsail. The wind at that time verred two points northerly. She then being in the trough of the sea, going eight knots, & perfectly dry and easy. She met with no injury in the gale.

I am with high esteem

Your Friend

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

The following extracts are from the Yacht's Log:

“Sunday, April 27th. St. Michael's. Hove to under short sail. At-

tempted to land with our jolly boat, but found the surf too high. At 4 Mr. Hinckley, Jr., son of our Consul, came on board. At 5 left us taking with him Edward Allen, Jr., who was a passenger in my Brig.

"Tuesday, April 29th. At 11.30 saw a brig to leeward standing on a wind to the Eastward. Out-sailed her very much. Soon out of sight. Caught a porpoise, the first ever caught in this vessel."

"Thursday, May 1st. Early this morning we were under the high land of Madeira. When near the Loo Rock the sun rose clear and threw a charming radiance over the green hills and blue ridges of the mountains. A number of fishing boats were anchored about us, and many more sailing along the shore. A large English transport lay in the offing. She was bound to New South Wales. Nearer the shore lay an American ship belonging to Philadelphia and commanded by Captain Singleton with 70 passengers from Liverpool, who desire to try their fortunes in America. The Captain visited us and was so polite as to furnish us with files of English papers, and to take letters to America.

"During the day the garrison at the Loo Rock was amused by a band of music, and in the evening, the houses near this fortress were all illuminated. This was in honour of May day. The bells of all the churches were rung at intervals thro' the day.

"There is no harbour at Madeira, and vessels must lay at anchor in the offing. Although the wind was calm, such a swell hove in from the ocean that our vessel rolled almost as much as at sea. The surf broke along the shore and made it dangerous for a boat unacquainted with the landing places to attempt going on shore. What must it be in a gale of wind?



View of the City of Funchal and of the South Coast of the Island of Madeira .

“The roadstead is not so convenient as that of Fayal. The town of Funchal is situated in the bend of an extremely large circle, with a number of detached rocks on the left. These have been connected by masonry, and a square mass, about 60 feet in height, rising perpendicularly out of the sea, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, has been formed, on which are mounted 30 or 40 guns. In front stands the town commencing at the shore and rising suddenly among the hills. Farther back villas crown the summits of many more, but the most remarkable building is a large church with two towers in front and wings on each side. It stands at the highest cultivated spot. I could not learn whether it was a church or a convent. On the right at the summit of some hills are seen two or three copses, of what trees I could not learn. They are on the seat of the richest gentleman in the island. His gardens, I am told by an Englishman who has been there, are in excellent style, and were worthy the inspection of gentlemen. I regret that it was not in my power to view this cultivated spot.

“On all sides you beheld vineyards and gardens, and the white houses interspersed among them gave an agreeable air to the view.”

The owner seems to have fared better, for on looking over his Journal we find the following entry:

“Madeira. At ten went on shore and visited the Governor. Here we were received in a very handsome manner. Were shown into a spacious room in which were portraits of eight former Governors of the island, full length portraits all of them. In this room we beheld nine elegant mirrors—the windows are hung with blue satin curtains. Visited the Cathedral & convent, one room of which was covered with 8000 human

skulls. Went to Consul March's dwelling where we took horses and mules and proceeded up the mountain, with three men running behind, prodding the animals with spears, and hanging on to them by their tails. We passed many handsome country seats & vineyards. On arriving at the summit we visited the famous church, Señora do Monte. We saw two men busily engaged in removing bones from a vault to make room for a new tenant. Returned to our Consul's house, where we partook of a superb dinner, thence to the nunnery, where we conversed with the nuns but were not allowed to see them. The inhabitants were this day celebrating the birth of Saint Pauchos, with fireworks and music. Mr. March informed me that his neighbour José da Costa was this day married to a girl 18 years old. The next day I again visited the nunnery, where I was favoured with a sight of all the nuns unveiled. I conversed with many of them for some time."

"May 2nd. Rain and a heavy swell. This uncomfortable day did not prevent a considerable company from visiting our vessel. Such was the crowd of low people that Mr. Strout our mate was obliged to prevent them from coming on board. The priests were innumerable, dressed in the fashion of the beau monde, and wearing a hat rolled up in the form of a triangle. What particular tenet of their religion this represents I know not. They appear to be the first order of beggars and pilferers of the people. Another class of religieuse is the friars: 'In black and white and grey, with all their trumpery,' they came on board. They are habited in a coarse black gown, tied round the waist with a white cord, and go uncovered. A small spot on the crown of the head is shaven bald. They are fat, ignorant and disgusting beasts. I asked the princi-

pal friar, that is the fattest and rankest (estimated as we estimate hogs), what was the occupation of their order. He told me it was to beg and read the Evangelists for God's sake. He told me it was the pleasure of God Almighty that friars should walk at large, but that nuns should be confined for life in the cloisters of their convent. I told him I supposed it was as a punishment justly inflicted on the ladies for the original transgression. He did not relish my joke, probably not understanding it, and took care to inform me that the English were heretics.

“We brought with us an effigy of an American savage, which was placed on our forecastle. As he was painted very fine, and looked very fierce, he excited considerable curiosity among the lowest of the multitude. Our sailors, by way of joke, told them it was an American Padre — Priest — and this spread about with considerable interest, to the great annoyance of the Priests and friars. It served as an excellent caricature of this lazy and worthless class. They are bare-legged and shod with coarse shoes. In this guise they travel through the island and beg the scant earnings of the industrious. They are not, like our shaking Quakers, a community for good.

“Our vessel was filled with these characters, intermixed with hes and shes, all sea-sick, rolling from side to side, drinking wine and running to and fro from the after cabin to the cook's room, presenting a scene of confusion that I am altogether unable to give an adequate description of. The space from our vessel to the shore was covered with boats, and alongside never less than fourteen, and sometimes more, fighting and running one another down to get alongside first. Such was the confusion that none on board could get dinner regularly. At four o'clock to my great joy, we got underweigh and stood off with a light breeze.

In the morning still in sight of the town. This brings us to Sunday, May 4th.

“Beef, pretty good. Eggs 20 cents per dozen. Strawberries about $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per quart, small, sour and insipid.

“Monday, May 5th. Yesterday morning the wind sprung up favourably, and we soon passed the low rocky eastern point of Madeira. On the right the pyramid rock, which resembles a large ship under sail.

“May 6th. A strong and fair wind which wafts us with great rapidity towards Cape Spartel. In Cockburn's travels there is a pretty view of Cape St. Vincent, and if we are so fortunate to get a view of the opposite Cape we shall have seen the pillars to the vestibule of the Mediterranean. Rather Cape Trafalgar and Cape Spartel.

“You may sometimes see a tolerably good form among the Portuguese ladies. When such a rare occurrence attracts your attention, you approach the person in hopes of finding something favourable to your expectations. You look to the eyes, but like the traveller who hastens to some celebrated river, which runs now only in the verses of the poets, you find the channel dry. The genius of the stream has broken his vows and abandoned his favourite retreats. If you examine the mouth, expecting there to find the habitation of thought and sentiment, you turn away from its forsaken portals and mourn over its desolation.

“If we review the history of man, we find that some one peculiar Nation has always been possessed with the power to control and direct the affairs of the rest. Looking at the Powers of the Mediterranean, we find that Egypt first claims this power, afterwards Greece, then Rome, etc. In our own days England possesses this proud distinction. It has, however, always happened that some other nation, progressing

also in the knowledge of the arts and sciences, has been ready to dispute for the sovereignty. The superiority of one nation to another is caused by its superior knowledge. Knowledge, as the great Bacon says, is power, 'and they who think will govern those who toil.'

"It appears to me necessary for the safety of the world, that this superiority should exist somewhere; for it is impossible that all nations should enjoy the same perfection at the same time. This, however, is by no means a reason why other nations should not endeavour to attain the same advantages, and woe to the nation which neglects to strive for this. The first principle among a people ought to be freedom of opinion, and the next security to the reward of industry. A love of science, a restless curiosity for opinion will be sure to give intellect its full power. A respect for learned men, and a reward for their talents should be among the regulations of the government. The stimulus of reward is necessary to produce the hero, and surely it is not less necessary to encourage genius and learning. Whenever any of the studies of man have been brought to perfection, we may look to this cause as the great mover of them. Happy is the condition of that nation whose government, understanding these principles, has the power to overcome the prejudices which surround them! The light (of these principles) seldom breaks in upon the gloom which envelops Spain and Portugal, and then like a transient meteor, it seems only to make the gloom more terrific.

"The world may be considered a Republic in which each nation is an individual and, as among men in society, everyone is not equally enlightened or able, so among nations some one will have the superiority. If there be not this superiority, how is the world to be gov-

erned? If there were no superior power to regulate the intercourse of the world, confusion I think, would follow. Various laws would render everything uncertain, and a universal struggle would be the consequence. This doctrine is illustrated by the condition of the world before the Dutch, the Portuguese and the English assumed this control."

In the Log for Friday, May 2, we find:

"Received on board 2 Pipes of wine, a quarter cask of D°. Also one dozⁿ ducks, 1 dozⁿ fowls, 2 dozⁿ Porter, 5 dozⁿ bottled water, & eggs, lemons, & strawberries. Received a letter from the British Consul thanking us in a very handsome manner for the polite treatment he received on board the Cleopatra's Barge.

"Sunday, May 4th. At 2 the visit boat came alongside and we got underweigh. At 6 spoke and boarded the Brig Emstine of Bath from Richmond bound in. While lying to drifted on board us & injured our main Channels."

"Wednesday, May 7th, at 9:30, I got a lunar observation which places us in long. 6—54—30 from Greenwich W. If this be correct we must be about 54 miles from Cape Spartel.

"Pillars of Hercules. What poets mention them? Virgil must be quoted. They feign that Atlantis supports the heavens on his shoulders at these pillars. The Atlantic Ocean takes its name from Atlantis and Cadiz from Hades.

"What an amazing difference between the Moderns and Ancients respecting the knowledge of navigation and geography! Here am I, a man from a new nation and a new world crossing the Atlantic Ocean,

and entering the vestibule of the grand temple of the Mediterranean, where God has shown all his wonders, and produced changes among the inhabitants of the earth, that demand the profoundest researches and constant contemplation of man.

“Here God has spoken to man, here he has shown his creatures his power, by new laws given to matter! Here he has instructed man in his duty and expectations, and here you see his predictions of the fate of Nations verified. When I think of these things in this place I tremble.

“While we were at dinner, about one half after 12 o’clock, we were alarmed at the cry on deck of, ‘Boy overboard.’ We all ran up, hove the ship to, and endeavoured to lower away the small boat, under our stern. In doing this the stern tackle was found to be foul, and some one imprudently ordered it to be cut away. There were then four in the boat, Mr. C. among the number; at which time she filled, and three of those in the boat were thrown into the water. Mr. Dean hauled himself up by the boat tackle. Mr. C. held by the remains of the tackle, and a sailor sustained himself by holding on round the neck of Mr. C.

“While in this condition the boat suddenly turned bottom up, and it was found necessary to cast her off. It took nearly half an hour to get these men in. In the meantime, Mark was sent aloft, to see if the boy was yet afloat. He appeared to swim high out of water, and was making for the boat, which was then half a mile astern, and the boy half a mile beyond that.

“In the attempt to get ready the long boat, she nearly filled, and it was with great difficulty that a man could stand on her, to throw out the water. When this boat left the ship, the boy had reached the small boat, and mounted himself astride on her keel.

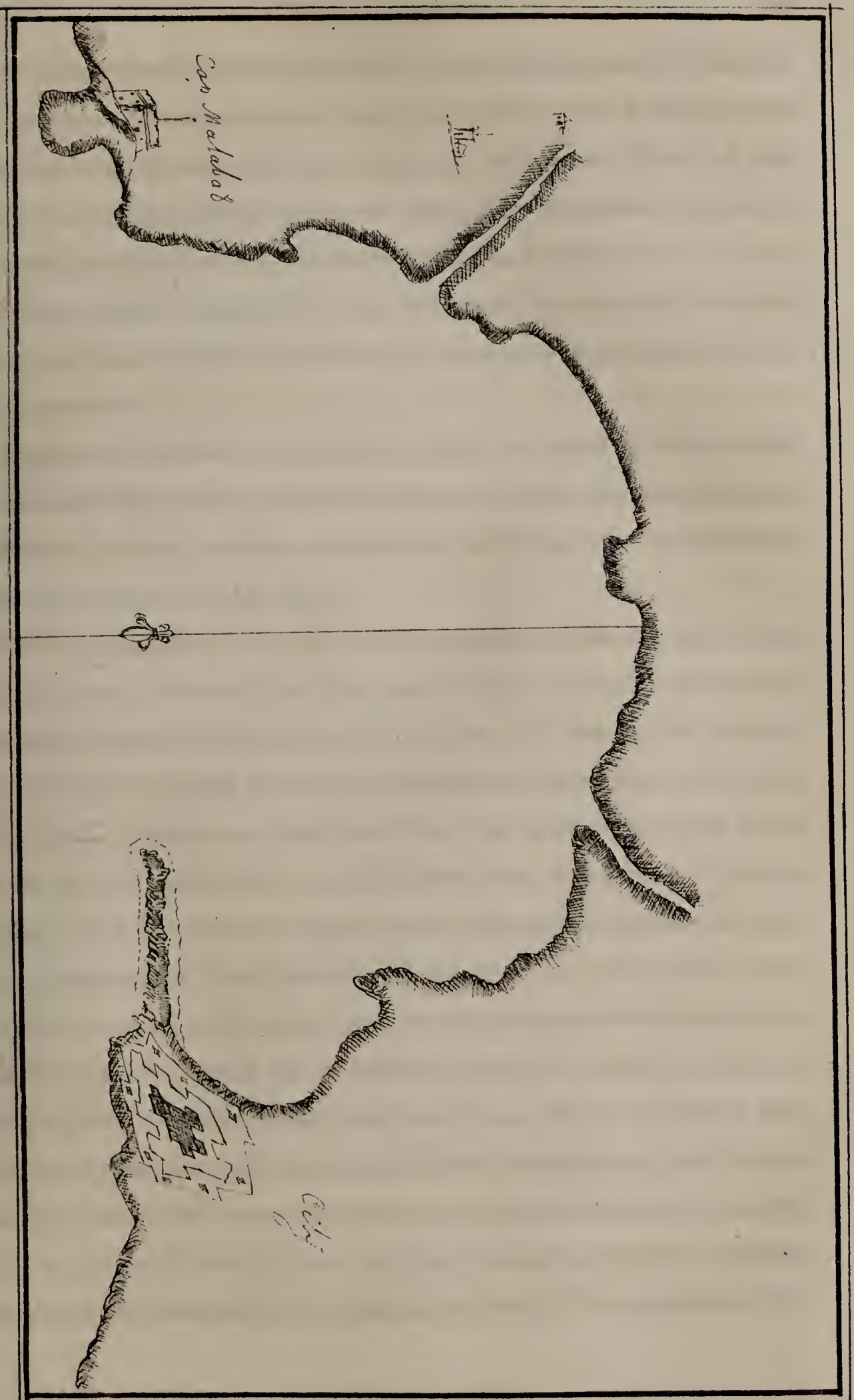
"Mr. C., who was in the long boat, turned the small boat over, and taking her bows across the gunwale (of the long boat) emptied her of half the water, and suddenly launching her, she floated sufficiently high to admit a man, who soon freed her of water. Then picking up our floating substances, such as oars, etc., we took the boats in and ran for the land. The boy's name is Perkins.

"Thursday, May 8th. Light winds all night. This morning at daylight, the land of Cape Spartel was in full sight. Fine weather and sea almost calm. Europe on the left hand and Africa on the right. The opposite coasts resemble each other. Both are hilly, rocky, covered with small stones and sandy. Such is the appearance at a distance of ten or twelve miles.

"At 5 p.m. came to anchor in the harbour of Tangier, in four fathoms of water.

"Everything we see reminds us that we are no longer among a people whose modes of thinking are like our own. The city is walled, and forts are placed without skill to defend the place. They are merely a truncated pyramid with guns surmounting its top. After coming round the reef of rocks, which commences at the foot of a hill and projects about a mile Easterly, we found ourselves in the harbour, opposite a circular beach fortified all along its shore. Along the seashore we saw two Moors driving twenty camels and afterwards a herd of cows coming along the same track. We saw a company of soldiers near the landing place, who resembled anything but soldiers. They were dressed, apparently, in long white gowns, and carried a very long weapon, probably a pike.

"A boat came from the shore bringing the harbour master, and a



Plan de la Baie de Tanager

person in the service of the American Consul. They were both habited in long scarfs with turbans on their heads. One wore a white shawl which he wrapped around him with an air of dignity. They had thin beards, and when coming off in the boat they reminded one of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl.

“It was rather ludicrous, but the noble and independent manners of this people, and their conversation, soon produced the most favourable impression.

“A very sensible Moor, who spoke English, informed me that to-morrow is their religious day, Friday being kept by the Mahommedans as a Sabbath. He said the Moors believed in one God who foreknows all things, even your very thoughts.

“He is not made of flesh and blood, continued he, taking hold of my hand, if he was, he would die. We do not believe in such a God nor in three Gods, like you Christians. We believe in Mahomet the prophet of the Moors. I replied, Friend, my belief respecting God is not at all unlike yours. I abhor the idea that there is more than one God. Well, said he, do you not believe that Mahomet was a prophet? I believe, replied I, that he was a very great man, who, perceiving the absurdities and idolatry of the Christian World, and the corruptions of the true faith, made a noble effort to stem the torrent which threatened to overspread the world. He taught the belief of one, and only one true God. But, said the Moor, interrupting me, do you not think that Mahomet spoke the truth when he declared himself a prophet? I went into explanation, but he perceiving me embarrassed between the alternative of either offending him or a disingenuous insincerity, continued with great warmth and zeal to defend his faith. Do you believe that

Moses was a prophet to the Jews? Undoubtedly. And that Jesus Christ was the prophet of the Christians? We believe so, continued I, and that all mankind are the descendants of one common parent, Adam. This is the general belief among Christians. Well then, said he with an air of triumph, as God is the Father of all nations, think you that he has neglected to instruct the Moors? Satisfied with his argument, he dropped the subject.

“What a difference between the Moors and those places we have already visited! Here not a Turk has visited us, and not even the consuls of the various nations, resident here, as if infected with Moorish indolence, have appeared on the scene.

“Friday, May 9th. The weather continues fine. Mr. Strout was sent on shore for provisions. He soon brought off two quarters of mutton, and some fine oranges, all purchased exceedingly cheap. At 11 o'clock a.m. went on shore in company with Mr. C. etc.; and was received with every mark of respect by our Consul, Mr. Simpson. We entered the city through lofty gates, and passed at the foot of a wall 40 feet in height. The streets were so narrow, that upon extending one's fingers they could be made to touch both sides at the same time. As the site of the city is uneven, the streets are necessarily tortuous and irregular. The houses are principally of one story, without a window, and nothing but a small crevice two inches wide and five or six in length admits the light. A narrow low door or rather a window served for an entrance. They must necessarily crawl in and out of their cells. These houses are built of stone and are flat on top, and plastered. At a little distance, a cluster of these buildings resembles a cemetery, and the few scattered fig trees that rise among them, contrasted with the white-

wash, give the whole picture a melancholy character. Everything is silence except the twittering of the swallow and the grating discord of the ass.

“As we walked along the streets the Moors took little or no notice of us. They sometimes eyed us with contempt. They pass straight forward, and all Christians must give them way, under a penalty, if there be any complaint. We met an unfortunate being in the market, deprived of his reason, whom the Moors considered a saint. It is one of the singular caprices of the Moors to consider such maniacs inspired, and to this indolent, hopeless, ignorant race, his ravings are more acceptable than wisdom dressed in all the grace of eloquence.

“The Moors sit at the corners of streets and have tables where they sell oranges, etc. Their dress is a turban, a loose pair of breeches, extending to the knees, and a white shawl called in Arabic *Alhaic*, several yards in length, wound round the body, and the end thrown over the left shoulder. It was curious to observe the tyranny of custom. As we passed a blacksmith shop, I observed the master standing at his forge, wrapped in this white mantle—his arms just appearing through the folds. Any civilized being, I think, would have thrown off this most inappropriate dress, and, the weather being warm, would have worked more comfortably and at the same time have preserved his garments clean.

“We walked out of the back gate of the city, where we saw Moors sitting in the shadow of hedges of cane-pole, and groups of “Jacks,” small and dirty. From this place we went to a small garden, hedged with cane and aloes, belonging to the Swedish Consulate.

“The alleys were bordered with a variety of geraniums all in bloom.

We walked round a slight declivity, and came to a small enclosure which is used as a Christian burial ground. The tombs are built on the surface, raised three or four feet, and whitewashed. The white lily, then just expanding its flowers, was intermixed with poppy, and all promiscuously scattered round. These beautiful emblems of the sleep of the grave, and the purity of the Christian doctrine excited sentiments the most delicate, and relieved for a moment the disgust excited by the haggard Moors. All the men were remarkably tall and stout. Both women and men wear Morocco slippers, and it is difficult at first, to distinguish the sexes. You soon learn, however, that women are more concealed, and never show their faces. When you pass, they lower the face, and nothing but a black eye can ever be seen peeping through the covering.

“The Jews, who are numerous, are distinguished by a black cap just fitting the crown of the head.

“Fig trees are numerous, but orange trees, small pear trees, and grape-vines are most frequently seen. Religion and Morality are distinct considerations. Morality is a system of rules adapted to the unalterable principles of human nature. Justice, truth, and mercy are essential requisites in the intercourse of man with man. Minor and artificial rules, however, are generally substituted for the great principle above spoken of. I question whether there be any new principle of morals introduced by Jesus Christ.

“The stork is a bird held sacred by the Moors. They are seen hovering over the city, or perched on the walls and battlements about the town.

“Some time in June last, the Emperor made a visit to Tangier. He

visited the fortifications and other parts of the city, mounted on his horse. He gave no intimation of his coming, although he was expected, so they were unprepared for his reception. It was on Thursday that he rode into the city. While on the beach (at the landing) he suddenly turned his horse, and, giving none of the attendants any notice of his intentions, he rode directly to the Mosque. The inhabitants expected that he would have waited till the next day, which is their Sabbath. Accordingly they had set servants to put the Mosque in order. They were employed in whitewashing and cleaning when the Emperor entered. He expressed great indignation and immediately quitted the place of worship. It was in vain the Governor attempted to excuse it by saying they were putting it in order for his reception. He told them it always ought to be in the best of order, not only for him but for all the faithful, and as a punishment for the neglect he ordered the Governor to have it pulled down and rebuilt at the expense of Tangier. At this time it is nearly rebuilt. The Emperor was on a tour through his dominions to dispense justice and execute judgment. A Moor who had shot a Frenchman was sentenced to a most singular punishment. Two round and smooth stones were placed in his hands, and the whole covered with green hide drawn tight about his wrists. As the hide dried it produced a most violent stricture that ended in mortification. The poor fellow thus escaped with his life, but at the expense of his hands, which seem to be of very little use among the lazy Moors. The marriage contract is simple—the parties making an exchange of certificates to that purpose. The young couple never see each other till after marriage. If a man wishes to take the daughter of another for his wife, he sends his sister or female friend to see the girl. ‘Oh hell! to make

love by another's eyes.' If everything is pleasing, the contract is made. A man is allowed to take four wives, in order, a Moor told me, to multiply more rapidly the number of the faithful.

"Saturday, May 10th. The fine weather continued, indeed nothing can be more delightful.

"All of us went on shore, and at 10 o'clock our mules and horses were ready for a little excursion to the villa of Mr. Simpson, the American Consul. We were accompanied by a Moorish soldier, on a sprightly horse. His turban and scarf made a noble appearance as he rode ahead of our cavalcade. Another Moor, who spoke French, Spanish and English, rode behind, and a Moorish boy walked by my side to prevent the sluggishness of my mule from leaving me behind. We wound through several narrow streets till we came to the back gate of the city which opens into the market. We continued our journey over an exceedingly rough and narrow way, bordered on each side with cane and aloes, till we came to the open country. Nothing was to be seen but uncultivated and rocky hills for a mile, when we descended into a valley, several miles in extent, with here and there a cultivated spot, but without fence, stone wall, or hedge. The soil appeared good. At the bottom of this valley we forded a brook, 6 or 7 yards in width, where we saw women washing clothes. As we proceeded the hills grew more rugged, and the path narrower, and almost impossible for our horses. The mules found less difficulty. The whole country before us presented a scene of wildness and rudeness just suited to so indolent a race. The whole ground was covered with a variety of shrubs, and a profusion of beautiful flowers. We came to the country seat of our Consul. It commands a view of the Atlantic Ocean, the Straits, and the Mediterranean Sea. On the

left I saw Cape Trafalgar, and further to the right Medina Sidonia, an old Roman town, made its appearance, then Coneil, then Tarifa. Still further to the right Gibraltar, one of the pillars of Hercules, raised its head, and though thirty miles distant its form could be traced.

“Crossing to the African Coast I first noticed Apes hill, a huge mass of whitish rock. Monkeys are found there and also at Gibraltar.

“The garden of our Consul contains about fourteen acres, enclosed with aloes and cane. I observed the chestnut tree, covered with ivy, oranges, Figs, cherry, cork, Peach, and Arbutus. The passion flower and geranium grow here and there, also the wild olive and the prickly pear, often to fifteen feet in height with a stem fifteen to twenty feet high and four inches in diameter. This was in bloom. It seemed to be a monstrous stem of Asparagus just budding. Apples do not thrive.

“After spending an hour at this villa, which the owner has named Mt. Washington, we mounted our mules and took another direction to reach the city. We passed a small village at the foot of the mount which receives its name from its being the burial place of a saint.

“I saw but two or three Moors as we rode through. We soon came to the brook we had already crossed, and forded it again at another place. On our left, I saw three tombs erected over the bodies of three Moorish chiefs slain in a contest with the English.

“The Governor had sent us a present of seven dozen eggs, a dozen fowls, and a sheep. As it was a very high honour, Mr. C. and my father resolved to call on him the next day and return the compliment. Mr. C. gave him a doubloon and a half wrapped in a silk handkerchief. As I was rather fatigued with my ride, I returned on board the brig,

and therefore had not the honour of seeing this respectable Moor. This was Sunday."

Captain George, under date of Friday, May 9, has this to say of Tangier:

"At 10 went on shore. Mr. Simpson heartily welcomed me, and conducted me three quarters of a mile, all up hill, to his house. This I apprehended would prove too much for a gentleman rising seventy and infirm. Visited many parts of the city with Mr. Simpson's son, and at 3 p.m. returned to our Consul's house, where we sumptuously dined. Tarried over a glass of wine till near sunset, when I repaired on board. The following day by particular invitation visited Mt. Washington, Mr. Simpson's country seat.

"At 11 o'clock we started, each person having been provided with a mule. One of the Emperor's Cavalry, well mounted, served as a guard, along with two other Moors. Our reason for taking a guard (and that a Moorish officer) was that oftentimes when passing through villages Christians were shot at. A few months since a surgeon in the British Navy and another Englishman, when within two miles of the city, were fired on by a Moor, and one of their horses was wounded. They immediately seized the man — and on the arrival of the Emperor made him acquainted with the circumstances, etc., etc. We soon passed three large monuments which mark the spot where three Moorish Generals fell in action with the British. Some years since they had been defeated there with great slaughter. We next passed through a burying ground where we beheld a Moor digging a grave for his child which had died. It is the custom here for a parent to dig such a grave, and if

the child be a daughter the parents rejoice. We soon reached the Consul's house where we dined, and at 6 repaired on board.

“Mr. Simpson informed me that every week 250 dozⁿ poultry were shipped from Tangier to Gibraltar.

“I this day received a present from the Governor consisting of a sheep, fowls, eggs, etc., an instance Mr. Simpson informed me that never happened before except in the case of Commanders of large ships of war.

“On Sunday repaired to the Castle to pay my respects to the Governor. I found him sitting on a cushion surrounded by soldiers. He received me very cordially. After thanking him for his present I put into his hands a silk handkerchief containing 20 dollars in gold. I afterwards visited the very handsome house of a rich Jew named Israel. I was informed that during the late war between Great Britain and the U. S. he was largely engaged in privateering — and under American Colours. He then resided at Gibraltar, but one illegal capture obliged him to choose between refunding the property unjustly captured and seeking the protection of the Emperor of Morocco, and like most Jews he chose the latter. The Customs Office declined receiving any money. One of the regular charges — excepting to vessels of war — is 16 dollars for anchorage.”

“Monday, 12th. Fine weather. Indeed, I wish some of my friends could be with me to enjoy it. The thermometer seldom rises higher than 86° in summer, or falls below 42° in winter.

“On Sunday, the Swedish Consul with his wife and daughter visited us, together with the Dutch Consul's wife, and the son and daughter

of Mr. Simpson ; and to-day the French cook of Mr. Simpson, several Spanish girls, and a well-dressed Moor. We requested him to perform the external ceremony of the Moors when in the attitude of prayer. He complied with my request. His scarf was drawn around him and one of its sides put over his head. He threw himself upon his knees, in a posture between sitting and kneeling, and lifting up his eyes, and at the same time clasping his hands, he suddenly threw himself upon his face, and kissed the ground. Then rising he made some motion with the forefinger of his right hand, as if in the act of writing, and threw himself (again) on his face, and kissed the ground. It reminded me of that passage of scripture: 'I will lay my hands upon my mouth and my mouth in the dust and cry unclean, unclean !' Of all external modes signifying prayer to God, this appears to me the most dignified, and the most expressive of humility and contrition. When Christ prayed he knelt down.

“ Hatch Hamet, our interpreter, gave me a letter in Arabic addressed to all the Moors. It begins : ‘ Praised be God for having sent us the Prophet Mahomet. God bless him, his family and all his friends.’ It then goes on and states that I am an American traveller, whose object is to see various countries and different men. That I have heard of the glory of the faithful in my own country, and have come a great distance to see them. It concludes with : ‘ Peace be to thee.’

“ Tuesday, May 13th. Fine weather. This morning several Moors came off to see us. After waiting till nine o'clock, Mr. Simpson, the son of our Consul, came on board, in order to accompany us to Gibraltar. We got underweigh with the wind to the Eastward, and at one o'clock we had gained about half the distance to Gibraltar.

“The tide ebbs and flows at Tangier about six feet at the full and change. Vessels sailing through the gut with a head wind ought always to avail themselves of this motion of the water. In beating to windward it is necessary to make short tacks near the shore, for on stretching into the middle of the gut, the current will sweep the vessel way out of her course.

“To the southward of the present city may be seen the remains of a bridge built by the Romans. One arch remains entire, and part of one abutment. This is the site of the old city. I know not what ancient author speaks of it, nor its history.

“The Moors, during their religious ceremonies, hoist a small flag at a staff erected on the Mosque. Among the Catholics all is noise, bustle, and confusion; here everything is silence, sedateness, and gravity. We saw but few Moorish women and they were of the lowest order.

“The shops of Mechanics are merely recesses of a few feet in depth, in the walls of buildings. I observed a few smiths, a shoemaker, a tailor and a book-seller, with a pile of old papers, which appeared to be manuscripts. These recesses have neither windows, fronts nor doors. As you pass the doors of the houses, if they be open, you may see that each house has a court, with a fig tree, or a few pots of flowers, standing on a clean pavement, and all the walls about them cleanly whitewashed.”

The sail to Gibraltar was a tedious affair, the yacht being hampered by light head winds and a troublesome tide, as is attested by the following extracts from the Log-Book:

“Tuesday, May 13th. Commences with calms & warm weather. At

nine a.m. got underweigh, having on board Mr. John Simpson the British vice-consul as passenger, & at sunset after a hard day's work beating to windward we passed Caverita Point when it became calm. Ends with light airs and variable. Employed bracing the yards.

“Wednesday, May 14th. Commences with light airs & calms, working up Gibraltar Bay. At Day light ran into 5 fathoms of water near the Queen's Bastion & let go the Kedge it being calm. At 9 a breeze sprung up from the East^d. Got underweigh and in a few minutes it fell calm when the tide took us nearly out of the Bay. At 11 a.m. the tide turned in our favour and at 1 p.m. came too with the small Bower and moored with the Kedge to the Northward. Cleared the Decks.

“Several gentlemen from the shore visited us.”

“Wednesday, May 14th. The fine weather continues. Yesterday in the afternoon we were off the rock becalmed, and this morning at seven o'clock came too with the kedge between the king's and queen's bastions.

“The Rock of Gibraltar presents a ragged and unsightly appearance. The whole surface, from the town to the top of the hill, is broken into ravines, abrupt precipices, perpendicular bluffs, and narrow passes. Every commanding projection is crowned with a battery from the water's edge to the very summit. The apex of the rock is perfectly naked and discloses a whitish stone, probably limestone; as a kiln for burning lime is now in operation about halfway up the side. As we sail up the bay, Gibraltar lies on the right. St. Roque before us crowns a hill which overlooks the adjacent country, and on the left stands Algeciras bordering the shore.

“Several Moorish towers are still standing along the coast, and a large



View of Gibraltar

Moorish castle overlooks the houses of Gibraltar. This is now used as the principal magazine of this garrison. About the skirts of the town are several cultivated spots. The grand parade is ornamented with clumps of trees. The blue barracks, with two wings for officers' pavilions, are in fine style. The houses are neat and in the best preservation. The roads, though narrow, as they must necessarily be over such hills, are perfectly smooth and even. There are three pinnacles to this promontory. The shores of Spain terminate in a narrow isthmus of about one mile in length, low, flat and sandy. At the end of it and rising perpendicular to the height of 1390 feet is a bluff of limestone rock. 'T is this form which constitutes the strength of Gibraltar. For in the side of this immense cliff there are to be seen three tiers of guns, placed in excavations begun many yards in the rear and advanced till the side of the rock is of proper thickness to admit the projection of guns. Above these tiers the mountain rounds itself into an almost inaccessible head.

“ On the top, and at different places down its steep descent, are placed batteries that command all the promontory. Upon casting your eye on shore, you first dwell upon the line of water batteries, admire the bastions, and endeavour in vain to count the guns. Then, raising your eyes, you come to the perpendicular cliff pierced with innumerable port-holes. At the termination of the perpendicular is constructed a battery of one gun that absolutely overhangs the rock. A narrow path winding round the hill is the only accessible approach. Above this, to the very top, you see inapproachable redoubts. A deep ravine separates this pinnacle from the middle pinnacle, presenting to the view a horizontal ridge. This also is crowned with guns. The third division of this rock towards the Strait is more level, and seems to be larger than

the others. The edges of this precipice are armed at all points, and command almost every approach below it. From this point the rock suddenly falls for about one-third of its height and thence gradually to the ocean, where it terminates in strong walls, bastions, and batteries of every form. Indeed, there is not a commanding point where there is not a gun, a mortar, or a battery. But to render the post still more secure, a strong wall has been constructed from the top of the middle pinnacle down its side and defended by guns. This wall, in case one side should be taken, would form an impassable barrier to an army, should they attempt to get possession of the other part. Thus strongly fortified the possessors of this fortress can never be driven from it, and nothing but a siege which should starve the garrison, could ever take it. To do this, it is necessary to possess the sovereignty of the seas. The British, thus doubly strengthened, must hold, without the possibility of a doubt, the key of the Mediterranean, and while thus rooted to the pillar of Hercules, they may, like the hero, bid defiance to the rest of mankind.

“Will it ever be the policy and pride of my country to direct the commerce of the world and regulate the intercourse of nations? Or will they be content to remain forever at the will and pleasure of other nations? I know not, but of this I am certain: that the knowledge and industry of Englishmen have enabled them to accomplish this immense labour, and that Englishmen on our side of the Atlantic have not degenerated. When we shall have advanced in strength and wisdom, and been inspired by proper ambition, great things may be expected of us.

“Thursday, May 15th. The sky is overcast with a thin covering of



2.^{ème} Vue des terres environnant la Rade de Gibraltar



1^{ière} Vue des terres environnant la Rade de Gibraltar

clouds, but the air is still pleasant. Some gentlemen and ladies visited us this morning.

“All who converse with me on the subject agree that a current always sets into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic. To suppose that there is an under-current setting the contrary way would be against the laws of hydraulics. We are therefore compelled to resort to some other hypothesis to account for the decrease of the water of the Mediterranean Sea. The many rivers which run into this reservoir, together with the current which continually flows through the Dardanelles, it seems, are not sufficient to supply the waste of evaporation. All the deficiency, therefore, must be made up from the waters of the Atlantic; and should this opening ever be closed by some great convulsion of nature, the Mediterranean must continue to lose a great deal of its water. I know not that such a circumstance ever existed, nor do I believe it ever will.

“The United States, a frigate belonging to the Americans, arrived and anchored in this bay. Her appearance did not justify my expectation. In symmetry she is surpassed by an Austrian frigate which lies here, having on board the Ambassador who is going to the Court of Brazil. The detail of blocks and rigging of the American is certainly neater than that of the Austrian, but as a whole, she does not present so beautiful a picture. The distance between the cross-trees and the caps is so great that it looks clumsy. But on board what a striking difference! An American would here indulge his pride. It ought to be observed, however, that this is the first frigate that Austria has ever had at sea.

“As I observed before, there are three pinnacles to this rock. The

most southern is called General O'Harrar's folly, the middle is named Signal Hill, and the bluff is called the North Pinnacle. The highest point is where O'Harrar's tower is placed and is 1470 feet high. Signal Hill is 1264 feet and the North Pinnacle 1390 feet. The length of the rock is $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles and the circumference is about five miles.

"There are vessels here of many nations, Greek, American, Dutch, Spanish, Moorish, etc., etc.; in short this place is the rendezvous of all the commerce of the Mediterranean. This concourse of traders, from all parts of Europe and America, has made this rock the focus of information, and a ready means of intercourse with any port in the world. It is evidently the policy of the Court of St. James to encourage it, for it gives them a complete knowledge of all the commerce of this sea.

"Friday, May 16th. Went on shore and entered at the water port gate. Saw Moors, Barbary Jews, Spaniards and Englishmen. The Jews are a cudgelled tribe, drawers of water and hewers of wood as in Egypt. The pavements are very fine.

"The Captain of the port, Sweetland, visited us, and his lady; and also the Judge Advocate and his lady. Major General Sir John Downie visited us in the afternoon. The Dutch Admiral arrived and was saluted by the Dutch frigate which lay in the bay. The coast of this bay presents nothing but uncultivated hills and rocky mountains. No stone walls, no hedges, no fences, no mills, nor beautiful clumps of trees, extensive forests, or dark green groves 'where Diana still delights to roam, and the genius of Liberty to reside.' There is no view here equal to the rich and beautiful scenery of the Hudson, the hills at Camden, which overlook the Bay of Penobscot, or the scenery around the Schuyl-

kill. What can we see comparable to the mighty Mississippi? or what so picturesque as the scenery around Richmond, in Virginia?

“The market is an irregular polygon and extremely dirty. Spanish merchants in their leather breeches and broad-brimmed hats; Moors in their native costumes, with eggs and fowls, etc., innumerable Jews, with their blue frock coats and black caps, are all equally promiscuous around the dirty area. In one corner there was a heap of garbage and fermenting offal surrounded by dogs. The whole place stunk abominably. The market stands without the walls of the city. We bought a red mullet and found it delicious.

“Sunday, May 17th. The fine weather continues. The adaptation of the religious ceremonies of the Roman and Grecian nations to the dogmas and circumstances of Christianity forms an interesting enquiry. To do this, it is necessary to review them and trace them to the Catholic ceremonies and the prevalent customs of Christianity.

“‘The liquefaction of St. Januarius’ blood is alluded to by Horace as practised in his time under a different name.’ The Pope or the High Priest of modern Rome appears in prototype — the Pontifex Maximus of the Romans. I wish it was in my power to pursue this enquiry further, for I feel persuaded that Christianity, as it is generally understood and represented, is merely old practice and opinions brought under the power and control of the new religion. The notion that Jesus was of divine parentage is the same prejudice that we see in the ancient poets, whose heroes were all derived from Gods and Goddesses. And the Virgin Mary is merely an adaptation of the worship of Venus to the Christian worshipper. It is an old saying that the conquerors always adopt the manners and customs of the conquered, and it must certainly have been

noticed by everyone that new opinions and new inventions have great difficulty gaining admittance to society. Even a mechanical contrivance, protected by Government, meets with opposition from many who are interested in the old practice. And it is well known that the Turks of Constantinople will not permit printing to be introduced because it would deprive many Turks of the means of earning their bread.

“But mankind is much easier changed politically than religiously, because temporal affairs must, in some measure, be under the control of reason. But abstract religious dogmas are an imaginary system upon which Government morals and political management depend; they therefore cannot be changed without the absolute destruction of society.

“General D. is a gentleman about 64 years of age, and is remarkable for his attention to the police and the improvement of Gibraltar. He has ordered the streets to be paved in a most excellent manner and is fond of embellishing the place with public walks, planted with trees. The parade is extensive and neat and is surrounded by a trellis work of wood painted green. An elegant new exchange is now building.

“Sunday, May 18th. This morning a little rain. Still the weather is very agreeable. Yesterday I landed on the narrow sandy isthmus which connects the rock with the coast. Standing there and looking eastward, you may see the Mediterranean and hear the roaring of its waves on the beach. On your right springs the Rock of Gibraltar, whose very summit (in some places) overhangs its base. The whole side is ornamented by scattered tufts of flowers growing from crevices of the rock. Battery on battery rise like towers from its side, and at the very top there stands a battery, which cannot be seen without a glass, pointing its guns upon us. It was a grand idea to excavate this rock, and after

forming galleries, to pierce them from the inside, and project guns which should command the only approachable point. In addition to this, there is an artificial projection of stone into the sea, mounted with 24 pieces of heavy cannon, which commands the sandy isthmus. This battery is called the Devil's Tongue. It was known as the Old Mole, and was the part that suffered most during the siege of 1782.

“On my left rises the hill on which stands the Queen of Spain's chair. It is the remains of an old Moorish Castle and is on the very top of the cone. Here sat the Queen of Spain during the seven days' cannonade [of the rock] by the Spanish forces. The Queen, when she took that seat, declared she would never remove herself from it, nor change her linen, till she saw the English flag struck. General Eliot, who commanded the rock, learning this circumstance, and in compliment to her majesty, ordered the flag of England struck during the siege, and after keeping it in that position a little while, hoisted it again. Her majesty was thus acquitted of her vow.

“Yesterday as well as to-day we were visited by a variety of men and women of all grades, Generals, Captains, Noblemen, and Commoners, all charmed with our accommodations, and pleased with the urbanity of the gentlemen on board. Indeed it cannot be otherwise, for everyone is made to think himself at home.”

From another account — that of the owner — we derive the following information:

“Wednesday, May 14th, Gibraltar. At noon went on shore and dined with the U. S. Consul. After dinner presented many letters of introduction. At 6 p.m. returned on board.

“Thursday, May 15th. At 9 a.m. a large party of ladies and gentlemen on board to breakfast. Left at eleven.

“In this port is an English yacht fitted to take Lord Gosport up the Mediterranean on a party of pleasure. She is commanded by a Lieutenant in the British Navy whose name is Tilley. On examining my vessel he appeared highly gratified and observed she was far superior to any yacht he had ever seen.

“This day I received a card of invitation from the Governor and his Lady to take tea and attend the ball to-morrow evening.

“Saturday, May 17th. Was visited by Commodore Shaw, and the Captains & Officers of the Dutch and Austrian frigates. In the p.m. I went on board the Austrian by invitation and found her extremely dirty.

“Sunday, May 18th. Visited Algeciras accompanied by many gentlemen from Gibraltar.”

At Gibraltar shore leave was granted to some of the ship's company. That they behaved themselves like regular sailors ashore cannot be doubted after reading this entry in the vessel's Log:

“Gibraltar Bay, May 18th, 1817. At 2 p.m. gave Boles, Symmes, Davis, and the boy Hodgdon, liberty to go on shore in the small boat, and remain until the gate was shut. At 6.30 Mr. Crowninshield and the Captain returned from Algeciras and gave orders to get underweigh. At sunset saw our small boat go alongside the Brig Cherub, & wanting the men to get the vessel underweigh despatched the other boat to get them. It was 45 minutes before they came on board, and when Mr. Dean asked them what kept them so long Boles abused him. Captain C. struck him. Boles threatened to stab Mr. Dean if he

came on the forecastle. At 8 p.m. gave up all Ideas of getting underweigh. Boles and the other men quiet."

Here we have the copy of an invitation to dinner, of two letters from the owner to his brother-in-law, and of another, to Commodore Shaw of the Frigate United States, in answer to a request for a loan of fifteen hundred dollars.

The Lieutenant-Governor
requests the honor of Mr. Crowninshield's Company
at Dinner on Tuesday next at six o'clock.
Convent 18th May 1817.

The favor of an answer is requested.

Major-General Sir JOHN DOWNIE.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO NATHANIEL SILSBEE

Gibraltar, 14 May, 1817.

NATH. SILSBEE ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND & BROTHER: I wrote you at Fayal 24 April & off Madeira the 3rd May. I arrived at Tangier in four days from Madeira where I met a most Kind and friendly reception from our Consul James Simpson Esq. After passing four days with him & his amiable family I left for Gibraltar where I now am. My time here will be short as I am desirous of proceeding up the Mediterranean.

I received your favour by Capt. Boardman, and am glad to hear you have found my green coat. I regret leaving it as the pantaloons of the same colour are rendered useless by not having the coat.

Commodore Chauncey has left word with Mr. Consul Henry, that

if I attempted to pass Mahon without stopping, he would stretch a line of Frigates across to Algiers. He need not trouble himself as my determination is to find our squadron at all events.

I met with a rich Jew at Tangier who invited me to his house, which is very handsome, where he presented me with a letter of credit on his Brother at Leghorn, which is unlimited.

With my best love to your wife & children

Believe me to be your sincere friend & affectionate Brother

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO SAME

Gibraltar, 18 May, 1817.

NATH^L SILSBEE ESQ.

DEAR FRIEND & BROTHER: I am lifting my anchor to proceed.

Every possible attention has been paid me here, as well as at all the places so far visited.

The Governor of this place received me in a very pleasing manner. All the officers of the Garrison have visited my yacht and numerous Ladies.

Three tables each forenoon for four days I have caused to be laid, by way of tiffin, and they have been well filled by the inhabitants of the Rock, which I find is very pleasing to the visitors.

At this place I find a yacht fitted for the purpose of taking two British Lords and their Ladies up the Mediterranean to pass the summer.

The Commander, who is a Lieut. in the British navy, has visited my yacht, & after examining her, he observed he sincerely hoped their Lordships would not visit my vessel as he knew full well they would

then be so dissatisfied with their own yacht as to give up their voyage & return to England.

With my best love to your wife, Nat. & Mary, I am your truly affectionate Friend & Brother

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO JOHN SHAW

Gibraltar, 18th May, 1817.

COMMODORE JOHN SHAW

RESPECTED SIR: Having as much money with me as I can possibly need on my tour—I am enclosing you a Letter of exchange for fifteen hundred dollars at twenty days' sight on my agents at Salem, Mass.—with a letter of advice to them, which after you have perused please seal & forward.

I have the honour to be very respectfully

Sir your most obedient Servant

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

Frigate U. States.

Gibraltar.

“Monday, May 19th. The weather is overcast and a light rain is falling. At 8 a.m. got underweigh with the wind to the westward, to visit Malaga.

“The view of Gibraltar from the Mediterranean is more striking than from the bay. At 9 a.m. we passed Europa Point, and with a fine wind we steered for Malaga, where we anchored at 4 o'clock p.m., having run the distance in seven hours, about sixty miles. We came to opposite the head of the Mole, where they had just constructed a new lighthouse. It is a Doric column, surmounted with a lantern. The head of the Mole is defended by several pieces of heavy brass cannon.

“As we passed along the coast I observed the Moorish castles standing within a mile or two of each other. They resembled the castles used on the chessboard, some square, others round. We passed several towns on the seaside defended from the north wind by a chain of rough and broken mountains, without cultivation or wood.

“The City of Malaga presents two distinct parts, evidently the work of different men under different circumstances. One cannot help remarking the similarity of the old part of this place, with Tangier. It is surrounded by walls flanked with towers, in the ancient manner of defence. The hills that surround Malaga are irregular and of every variety of shape. They appear barren and without the least mark of industry. One hill only, on the right of the town, appears to have been lately plowed and a spot of verdure on its side enlivens the dreary aspect.

“An English Sloop of War sailed this evening.

“The forts about Malaga fired a salute, but I know not the reason. We afterwards learned that it was the Queen's birthday.

“Tuesday, May 20th. This morning the fine weather continues. At 10 a.m. several English gentlemen came on board. After they had departed we went on shore and visited our Consul, Mr. Kirkpatrick, an Irishman. This is the second ‘American’ Consul we have found of that nationality. The vice-consul is a Scotchman. How many young Americans there are, who would do honour to this foreign service, and when they had acquired a competence, would return to their country, with stores of useful and commercial knowledge. This policy of the Government is therefore doubly erroneous. Our countrymen not only lose those advantages, but they are bestowed on others for the benefit of foreign nations. These Consuls too, being foreigners, have their own prejudices,



Plan de la Baye de Malacca

and you find their rooms decorated with such ornaments as do credit to their own country. This may all be very trifling, but I am inclined to think it deserves attention from the Government of the U. S.

“ From the Consul’s, we went to the large church, the most conspicuous object in Malaga. The two rows of columns which support the ceiling are of the Corinthian Order. Between them is the Nave, which extends nearly the whole length. At the Eastern end is an Altar at which High Mass is said. A lamp was burning before it. At the other end is the choir, an oblong square surrounded by the richest panel work in wood. Around the sides, and next to the floor, which is of marble, are seats for the Priests. Above our heads and on each side are two organs, which rise between the large columns to the height of fifty feet. The pipes are rich gilt. On the outside of the Nave are two aisles, which form a passage-way round the church. The large recesses round the walls have altars erected to different subjects of the Christian story. The pictures are badly executed, mere daubs. The statuary is antiquated and mean. The Annunciation, for instance, presents a most ridiculous group. A lady in the costume of our grandmothers, pinched almost off at the waist, sits reading, and before her, kneels the angel in the same costume, with wings sticking on his shoulders, most respectfully acquainting the old lady with some particulars. It would be a loss of time to continue a description of such ridiculous groups, badly executed, which are here resorted to by the pious to inspire devotion. There are several groups in other parts of the church, representing ‘miracles,’ wrought by the Popes. This is a sample of the mummary by which the story of Christianity has been transmitted to us. England was under this influence, and the whole paraphernalia of priests and friars, till happily freed

by the spirit of enquiry. Spain is now three centuries in the rear of England, but a new order of things must take place. Enquire into the history of the rise and fall of States.

“We mounted to the top of the tower on the front of the building by a flight of three hundred and twenty-nine steps. From this height we beheld the city of Malaga. This is the best view we have had; that from the sea gives but an inadequate idea. There were twelve bells in the tower; and, ascending a flight of forty steps, we came to another balcony, where was the large bell to strike the hour upon. The Bishop's Palace is near the church. His revenue is about \$120,000 per annum, wrung from the earnings of the poor peasants.

“From the church we went to the promenade. It is a straight gravelled walk half a mile in length. This great passage-way is lined with marble seats on each side, placed under a row of poplars, oleanders and rose-bushes. At one end rises a column, the shaft of which is embellished by three naked figures, probably representing the Graces. They are badly executed. This fountain was made to spout wine on the birthday of Napoleon. It spouts nothing at present but dirty water.

“As we stood there in the evening, all at once the bells of the great church began to toll, and everyone there took off his hat. This was for evening prayer. Thus the priests have continued to remind strangers of their influence, and to bind the people in the magic spell of their sorcery. As these men pass in their black robes, together with friars in black, white, blue, and gray hoods, with bare heads and shaven crowns, it reminds one of the witches of Macbeth deceiving ‘those who trust in them,’ and controlling destiny.

“ In the evening we went to the theatre, which was miserably lighted. I was scarcely able to distinguish the persons in the next box to us. There are four tiers of boxes and a pit. The orchestra was small, the musicians ordinary, and the play, together with the actors, was disgusting. The story was an incident from the conquest of Peru. A native chief joins the Christians and leaves his love in despair. The lady, finding her entreaties vain, resolves on vengeance. She goes among the Christian chiefs, who are aware of her intentions. Her purpose being defeated, she breaks into the most violent indignation, curses all the Christians and the Christians' God. At this, the devils surround her with lighted torches, and all mounting a car drawn by a horse spouting fire, go off together.

“ Between the acts a man and woman danced the Bolero, the Spanish national dance. Fatigued and sleepy, we retired about 10 o'clock, neither instructed nor amused, and soon after repaired on board.

“ The theatre, balls, and social parties are the principal amusements of the Spaniards in Malaga. The houses are built of stone and brick, intermixed and covered with hollow tiles. The whole city (excepting the old Moorish works) stands upon an extensive plain. This is surrounded by very irregular hills, uncultivated, rocky, and sandy. A river runs thro' the town. The channel is very broad and walled on both sides to guard against freshets. A small current at present runs through it.

“ The dress of the Spanish peasantry is a pair of leather breeches with a row of buttons from the knee halfway up the thigh. A short jacket — generally of velvet — is worn, and a black silk cap which covers just the crown of the head. Their breeches — from their dirty

and greasy appearance on the old men and their freshness on the younger men — must, I think, be worn for life. A cloak is often worn over this dress. Ladies wear short petticoats, and their clothes are pinched tight about the waist. Their shoes fit very close. On the head they wear a silk veil. Their legs, small arms, and full parts below, give them a resemblance to a spider, with two or three pairs of his legs pulled off. There is nothing graceful in their gait. Their heads and shoulders are kept stiff, their arms are drawn close to their sides, and in this constraint they waddle rather than walk. Their appearance is, however, superior to that of Portuguese ladies.

“The commerce of Malaga consists of the export of the produce of the country, and is well known for its sweet wine, excellent raisins, delicious grapes and almonds. They raise little wheat and no corn. Sugar-cane grows here and I saw many pieces in the market for sale. I have been told that pine-apple also grows here. The climate is very fine. A gentleman from London told me he had sat in his room with the windows open throughout December without the least inconvenience.

“As to the history of Malaga, Hannibal is said to have landed here on his way to Italy, and to have here made his vows. This place was in possession of the Moors until they were driven out, I think about 1492. For its history refer to various authors.

“They are a people without laws, education, colleges, libraries or government. An ignorant priesthood comprises all these.

“Wednesday, May 21st. Fine weather continues. Spanish gentlemen and ladies visited us in great numbers this morning. Amongst them I found a young man, formerly a servant in my father's family, whom

he took from Teneriffe in the year 1801. He had married in Malaga and brought his wife and boy on board.

“The roadstead is formed by a Mole projecting $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile into the sea; and a smaller one on the left hand side. There is no difficulty in navigation. The water here is not only very fine, but the place for watering very convenient as well. A spout conveys a stream from the Mole so that a boat may be placed directly beneath it. We found here a Danish frigate conveying presents to the Barbary Powers, commanded by Captain Krieger.

“At 11 o'clock a.m., notwithstanding the crowd on board, we got underweigh. They soon hurried away and we were left in possession, standing for Port Mahon, with a fine ten knot breeze. Afterwards we resolved to touch at Carthagen. The fine wind continued all night.

“As we passed along the coast we saw great bodies of snow laying on the mountains which separate Granada from Marcia.

“It should have been remarked that in Malaga every Spanish lady, of whatever grade and character, was dressed in black silk; the skirt very short and ornamented with a festoon of black beads, strung upon a thread. The sleeves were as tight as could be gotten on, and the cuffs, of those who can afford it, enriched with black beads and gold buttons. On their shoulders and around their backs and breasts were several rows of ribbons pinched into triangular plats, and intermixed with black beads. They wore white ornamented stockings and black veils.”

Captain George has this to say of Malaga:

“At 10 I went on shore and visited our Consul Kirkpatrick and afterwards the famous church. The money for building this noble fabric

was given by those who had accumulated their fortunes in Peru. Many gave as much as 450,000 Spanish dollars each. In the centre of the church was an eagle of solid gold on a stand weighing 700 pounds. Bonaparte took this to France to be coined, it being the only article he took from this church. Now there is another eagle of the same size but not of clear gold. I counted fourteen books three feet by two bound in iron and trimmed with brass. The chapel of this church, called by the inhabitants the 'little chapel,' is larger than any house of worship in Boston or Salem."

It would seem from the following letter of introduction given him here that the church could not have been the only place visited.

J. WEEKS TO A. ROSETT

Malaga, 20th May, 1817.

MY DEAR ROSETT: I know no one more ready or more willing than yourself to afford amusement to any one fond of it. Allow me then to introduce you to George Crowninshield Esq. who may perhaps visit Alicante on his way up the Mediterranean on an object of pleasure.

If you are not civil and attentive to him without further requests on my part, you will cause me to give you up as a gay fellow.

Please yourself on this occasion and believe me

Ever yours affectionately

J. WEEKS.

A. ROSETT Esq.
Alicante.

However, he was presented with this letter also:

WILLIAM MARK TO SIR CHARLES V. PENROSE

Malaga, 20th May, 1817.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES: George Crowninshield Esq., being on a voyage of pleasure in his yacht, called at Malaga and showed me much attention. I therefore in virtue of your wonted kindness to me take the liberty of recommending him to your notice, and as he means to call at almost every port in the Mediterranean he may be involved in many difficulties with respect to quarantine; which in addition to the many favours you have shown me, you may give him some good advice upon, provided he should meet you in his visits to the Coast States—being about to proceed in his yacht prevents my saying more.

Remaining always

My Dear Sir Charles

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM MARK.*

SIR CHARLES V. PENROSE K.C.B.
Rear Admiral and Commander
in Chief &c. &c. &c.
Mediterranean.

In reading the Log of May 22 we find:

“ P.M. Fresh breezes and fine weather. All drawing sail set. A Brig standing to the Eastward about 3 miles ahead. At 1.50 passed the Brig close to. Passed several sail of vessels bound to the westward.

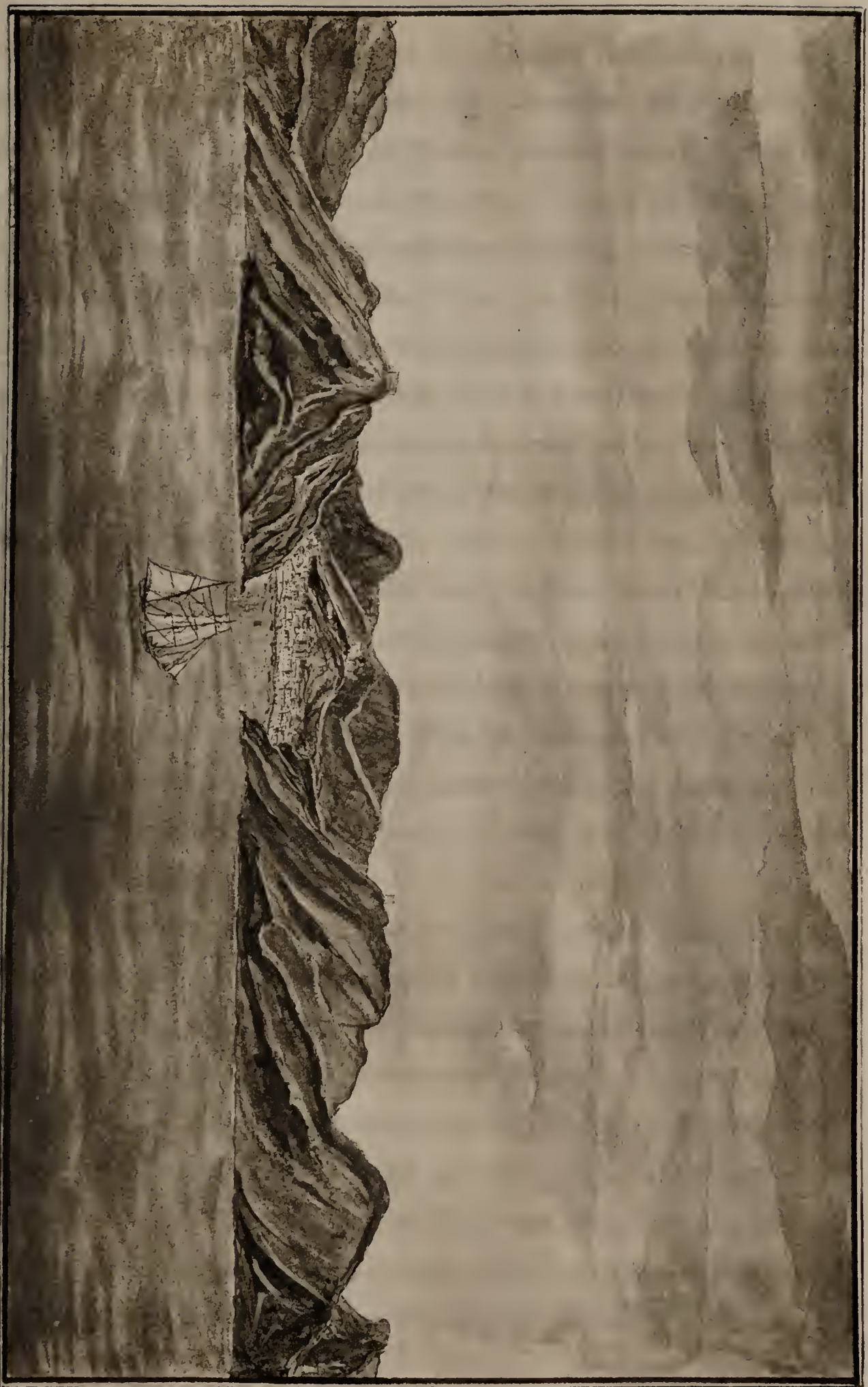
“ At 4.40 the Brig we passed was hull down, and at 6 out of sight astern. At 8 took in Gaff Topsail & Water sail. At midnight in M sail & top mast studding-sail.”

* William Mark was the British Consul at Malaga.

“Thursday, May 22nd. At 3 o'clock came to anchor in the fine harbour of Carthagen. The entrance is narrow and situated between high promontories defended by batteries. A defect in our charts nearly proved fatal to our vessel, for the wind obliging us to beat into the harbour, we crossed and re-crossed the mouth without the least suspicion that there were rocks about midway in the passage. After coming to anchor, we observed the swell breaking on this dangerous sunken rock. There was formerly a beacon placed on it, but at present everything is in decay, and there is neither enterprise nor wealth sufficient to replace it. After passing this narrow passage you enter an extensive harbour entirely surrounded by hills. The hill in front is surmounted with the remains of old Moorish works. At the foot of this hill and near the shore stands the Governor's house, the only dwelling not in decay.

“The hills about this celebrated harbour — and everywhere as far as the eye can reach — present nothing but barren, rocky, sandy deserts. Indeed, the whole coast from Gibraltar here is a succession of barren hills.

“Friday, May 23rd. Went on shore and visited the Consul. He is a Spaniard, young and very attentive. From his house we walked to the arsenal, which is a most magnificent work, but in a state of decay. Indeed, so extensive and perfect is this naval depot, that it is worthy of a particular description accompanied with drafts for illustration. The general form of the basin, for the safety and convenience of the Navy, is an elongated square. This is surrounded by barracks, a rope walk, stores and apartments for every particular vessel of war. In another part are slips, built of the hardest known stone, where ships of the line are built, and at still another part are other slips for building frigates. Near



Vue de Cartagene

each of them and directly back, are large arched structures in which carpenters hew timber, and prepare other materials for their work, sheltered from the rain and sun. In front of these structures and at the side of the slip for large ships, are two dry docks for repairing. They are in the form of a ship's bottom with graduations from the top, going all round, and projecting three feet from the sides. These serve as a staging on which workmen can be employed at every point of the vessel's bottom. A horizontal section of this dock would present a figure exactly similar to the same section of a ship, at any given point.

“At the end, where the vessel enters, there are two sets of gates. When the vessel has entered the gates are shut, and two steam engines in an adjoining building exhaust the water and the vessel then stands dry and ready for repair. Over the arched places for the carpenters there are two rooms 400 feet by 50. One of them is occupied for drafting. The other contains the moulds from which the Spanish Navy was built, all labelled. An opposite room of the same dimensions is occupied as a joiner's shop, where at present only one man is at work making a picture of the whole arsenal.

“We were then introduced into the most extensive store-rooms. We first saw the Armory, containing a few swords, pistols, and 300 stand of arms. From this we went to the apartments in which were kept models of their ships, perfectly constructed, every timber and all the upper works being made with exquisite skill. These models were all named, and the character of the vessel, as she proved upon trial, attached to some part of it. Some of these models were seven or eight feet in length. In an adjoining part were models of various kinds of machinery, and in miniature the construction of the wall of Cadiz. We returned

through the Armory and entered another set of apartments. The first was for copper used in sheathing. The different plates were in their respective recesses, with their weight and the kind of vessel for which each was suited printed over it. The next apartment contained receptacles for every kind of nail and spike. Continuing our walk we came to a room framed into many compartments. This was for various kinds of iron used in ship building. Afterwards we entered the block room, the oar room, canvas room, shot room, oakum room, etc., etc. We ascended a flight of stone steps, and entered the room for arranging the drapery of a ship's cabin, and opposite this room was a singular appendage to nautical affairs,—a sacred deposit of religious instruments used on board all Spanish ships. First, we were shown a large upright case, with folding doors, in which I observed crucifixes, cups for the Sacrament, waffling irons for making the Mass, or as the Catholics believe, God himself, books of Roman Ritual, etc., etc. We were next shown fine tablecloths for the Altar, and a collection of paintings representing saints, popes, virgins, etc., etc.

“There were various other rooms containing material necessary for the equipment of a vessel of war, but these fine arrangements were but the carcasses of what were once living things. All now is in decadence. The place resembles the kitchen of a tenant in the act of moving, when almost everything of value and interest is gone and nothing remains but the meanest articles, scattered about and in disorder.

“The basin is surrounded by stone work, where the vessels of war may lie after being completely fitted for sea. At present there are seven sail of the line and four frigates, all without masts, and dropping to pieces. Their quarter galleries are falling off, and the old cabin doors,

which had kept alive amidst this ruin, are flapping against their shattered casements.

“ In addition to these vessels there are 40 old gunboats, dropping to pieces, on land.

“ About 50 convicts with chains about their legs and waists, are employed breaking up one seventy-four with which to repair another. The smallest pieces of old wood slivered off by the hammer are carefully preserved, and, as I am told, are to be sold for firewood. Some carpenters are at work on a small boat, and after taking a plank from the large ship, are planing it into boards, by hand, for this purpose.

“ The steam engine, used to exhaust the repairing dock, had gotten out of order; the gates gave way, and the dock filled again. The only workman who had skill enough to repair it left at the very time because he had received no pay for his services, and scarcely anything to eat.

“ The entrance to the Mole is narrow and is defended by 60 pieces of cannon, not one of which can be used at present. Near this is a large yard fenced round, in which I observed thirty or forty pieces of cannon and eight thirteen-inch brass mortars.

“ Then we came to a prison built on the sides of a square, 150 feet by 200 on the inside.

“ Within the walls of the arsenal were several gardens growing figs, oranges, etc. I quit this place of magnificent ruins and went on board for dinner, for no person on shore was able to give us a decent one and Spanish pride could not stoop.

“ This city once contained eighty thousand inhabitants, but now only twelve thousand and of the very poorest class. The rich have fled to

more comfortable places and their dependents have followed. They have thus abandoned the miserable poor to want, unrelieved by the means of beggary. Only a small corner of their extensive market was occupied, and here I saw nothing but a few strings of garlic, oranges, small pears of the size of a hazel-nut, green peas, lemons and coarse bread. Toward the fountain, a few fishermen were selling bonettas and mackerel. There were other kinds of fish as well, the names of which I did not know.

“Such is the poverty of the Government that the troops have not been paid, and the Governor has requested Mr. C. to loan his majesty \$4000 with which to pay them in order to prevent a revolt. Officers with epaulettes have asked alms of us as we walked the streets. In the evening the balconies of their houses are filled with girls, soliciting the favours of everyone that passes. Almost every woman is for sale, and that too cheap.

“In the afternoon I visited the old Roman works on the hill in front of the harbour. The hill is 400 or 500 feet high and extremely rough and broken. On its top is a structure of the hardest stone, of a blackish hue, the masonry of which is excellent. The stones are all of one size, about three feet by a foot and a half. We entered an archway and came into a court, on the right of which were ways leading to cells, all arched over, and from the holes in the sides of the doorposts, and the small crevices to admit light, they were evidently used as dungeons. There were six of these rooms of different dimensions, winding about, and entirely surrounded by the huge precipices of the hill. Returning to the Court was a flight of stone steps, only half of which remain, leading to a portal, forty or fifty feet from the court. To this

place I resolved to climb and review the interior of the structure. A chimney had been built to the bottom of the portal, and as the stairs had broken down, there was no other means of ascent than up the perpendicular sides of the old brick work.

“So with one toe on the Roman masonry, and the other in the Moorish brick work, and the ends of my fingers in the crevices of the chimney, I clambered up and entered the portal.

“A piece of marble was laid over this opening — an inscription on it was in the best of preservation, and I was enabled to copy it.

“On another of the stones, inserted in the body of this structure, was an inscription with lines running perpendicular and so high as not to be legible. Above this stone, and forming the edge of one of the crevices admitting light into the upper part of the building, was a reddish stone, with a device in good preservation. It was a wreath of oak leaves, supported by olive branches. The wreath was a perfect circle, and had branches of olive on each side.

“We now entered the door, and passed along an entry with a door on the right leading to a circular stone staircase of 40 or 50 steps. This led to the top of the structure.

“After examining its interior, the difficulty was to descend the perpendicular side of the old chimney. I looked over the precipice and seeing a descent of forty feet if I fell, I hardly knew what to do. It was necessary, though, to go down; so, getting hold with my fingers above, and putting my toes into the little hollows, I cautiously let myself down about ten feet, and stood upon a narrow projection on the side of the old stone work. Then, laying myself flat against its side, I came to the old stairway, and was very glad to find myself safe once more at the bottom.

“At the top of the work, we had a bird's eye view of the harbour, the arsenal, the whole city, and the very extensive plain back of Cartagena. St. Lucia on the harbour and the large city of St. Antonio on the plain, three or four miles away, were entirely in ruins.

“Such is the scene around this once celebrated spot, and here is an emblem of the weak monarchy of Spain. Indeed, what can be expected from a fool for a king, and a Queen in the hands of a rascally priesthood? An incident happened in the royal family about a month ago, which gives an idea of this vicious and ignorant family. The king, after dinner and while heated with wine, entered the apartment of the wife of Don Carlos, his brother. He attempted designs such as one is ashamed to speak of. Her husband, alarmed by her cries, entered the room, which so enraged the king, that he ordered the guard, and imprisoned his brother and his wife. This is the conduct of a legitimate government! and these are the impious wretches who reign by ‘*Grace of God*’!

“In the course of my rambles, I entered several churches, where I saw numbers of devotees on their knees praying to the Virgin. Women are always most attentive to these public ceremonies, wherever I have been, whether among the Protestants or the Catholics of Lisbon, New Orleans, or Spain. In Catholic churches you frequently find an altar over which is placed a crucifix, surrounded with a glory, and instead of the figure of a man crucified, they have placed upon the cross, an equilateral triangle, covered with black velvet. Whether the cocked hat of the priests is copied from this triangle, or the representation on the cross is taken from the cocked hat, I am unable to say.

“We passed through whole streets in ruins,—the walls fallen down,

the wood-work taken out, and not a particle of anything valuable remaining. Whether they were torn down to prevent the payment of Government exactions or whether the poor had stripped them to find a means of living, I know not.

“Commerce is at an end. A Greek vessel touched here a few months since, with a cargo of wheat, and the people being in a state of starvation bought it with the remains of their furniture, ear-rings, etc., etc. The history of Carthagená is interesting, but I am not able to write it at present.

“It is said that a monument erected to Hannibal remains near St. Lucia.”

In their inspection of the prison one of the party was much impressed by “a portable church capable of holding 200 persons, which was moved from entry to entry, thus enabling the convicts to enjoy divine worship.”

“Saturday, May 24th. The fine weather continues, but heavy dews fall during the night. This morning the Governor of Carthagená visited us on board and sat down to table with his suite to a collation. He retired in about an hour, when a young Italian from Trieste amused the company with the fine tones of his violin. Numerous company came on board and appeared highly delighted with the Cleopatra's Barge.

“At three o'clock got underweigh with the wind ahead, and beat out of the harbour. At night the wind died away and left us upon a rough sea, which tossed us about to such a degree that we were all employed in securing our numerous furniture. Our beau-sets were

thrown into confusion, the chandelier was in danger of being shattered, the steward's room in a state of insurrection, and the crockery in the lockers, infected by the same spirit, was resolved to join in the popular disorder. However, by steady measures we got everything in subordination. In the morning a breeze sprang up and we saw the frigate *United States* to leeward of us. We set all sail, and they on board the frigate did the same. We continued the chase six hours, when the breeze increasing, the frigate was able to leave us. This brings us to Sunday, the 25th day of May.

“At Carthagená, while walking the streets in the evenings, we met a number of priests and boys with lanterns singing the Rosary. At the same time prostitutes and pimps were continually annoying us.

“The Roman work, with the exception of some of the cells, was in as perfect a state of preservation as on the day on which it was finished. It forms a wonderful contrast to the Moorish walls, battlements, and towers, which have been subsequently heaped around it. These are built of thin bricks, like all the Moorish works I have seen, and, laid in a strata of mortar as thick as the bricks themselves, are continually mouldering away. They present a rough and unsightly appearance. Even the works of the Spaniards as exemplified by their mole, their hospital, walls, &c. &c. are crumbling to dust, having been built of a free-stone, composed of clay and gravel. Even the interiors of the buildings exhibit the same marks of decay. Upon touching them with the fingers large pieces scale off, and quantities of gravel and dust fall to the floor. I, however, observed that stone near the water's edge exhibited no such marks of decay. While every work, then, of Moors and Spaniards was disappearing, the Roman works bade defiance to barbarians and the effects of age.

“A British Admiral once entered this fort to destroy the shipping of the King of Spain. He was offered a large sum of money as a ransom for the vessels which lay there, but replied: ‘he came to destroy not to ransom them,’ and was as good as his word, for, availing himself of a favourable wind, he entered the harbour, and amongst other things burnt thirty sail of ships, loaded with gold, silver, and the richest merchandise, belonging to the King. This night the frigate could just be seen.

“Monday, May 26th. The frigate in sight. At one o’clock she hove to for us, and at night was two or three miles distant.

“Tuesday, May 27th. No frigate in sight. Upon doubling the point of land which forms one side of the entrance, we saw her at anchor, in the harbour of Mahon. At ten we passed her, and entered the inner harbour, where we saw the Congress, the Peacock, and the Washington.

“Soon after, several officers of the fleet, together with my brother, came on board. The American ships of war appear in the most perfect state of preservation that can be imagined; from their trucks to the water’s edge, not a prominence, not a rough point, presents itself to the eye.”

After reading this version of their race with the frigate, who would be blamed for believing them to have been a poor second? Not so the owner, however, who then and there proved himself to be a true yachtsman by refusing to allow himself fairly beaten. This is what he wrote:

“Sunday, May 25th. At 2 a.m. the U.S., Captain Shaw, came up with us, we being under short sail. At 5 we both commenced making sail. The frigate with her numerous crew soon had on royal studding-sails

and everything that would draw going free. He gained 2 miles before we could get sail on the Brig. At 7 p.m., after sailing 14 hours at a rate of 10 knots. he was hull down from our deck, tho' the muzzles of his guns were in full sight.

"This day in the chase passed a life buoy with a white flag on it.

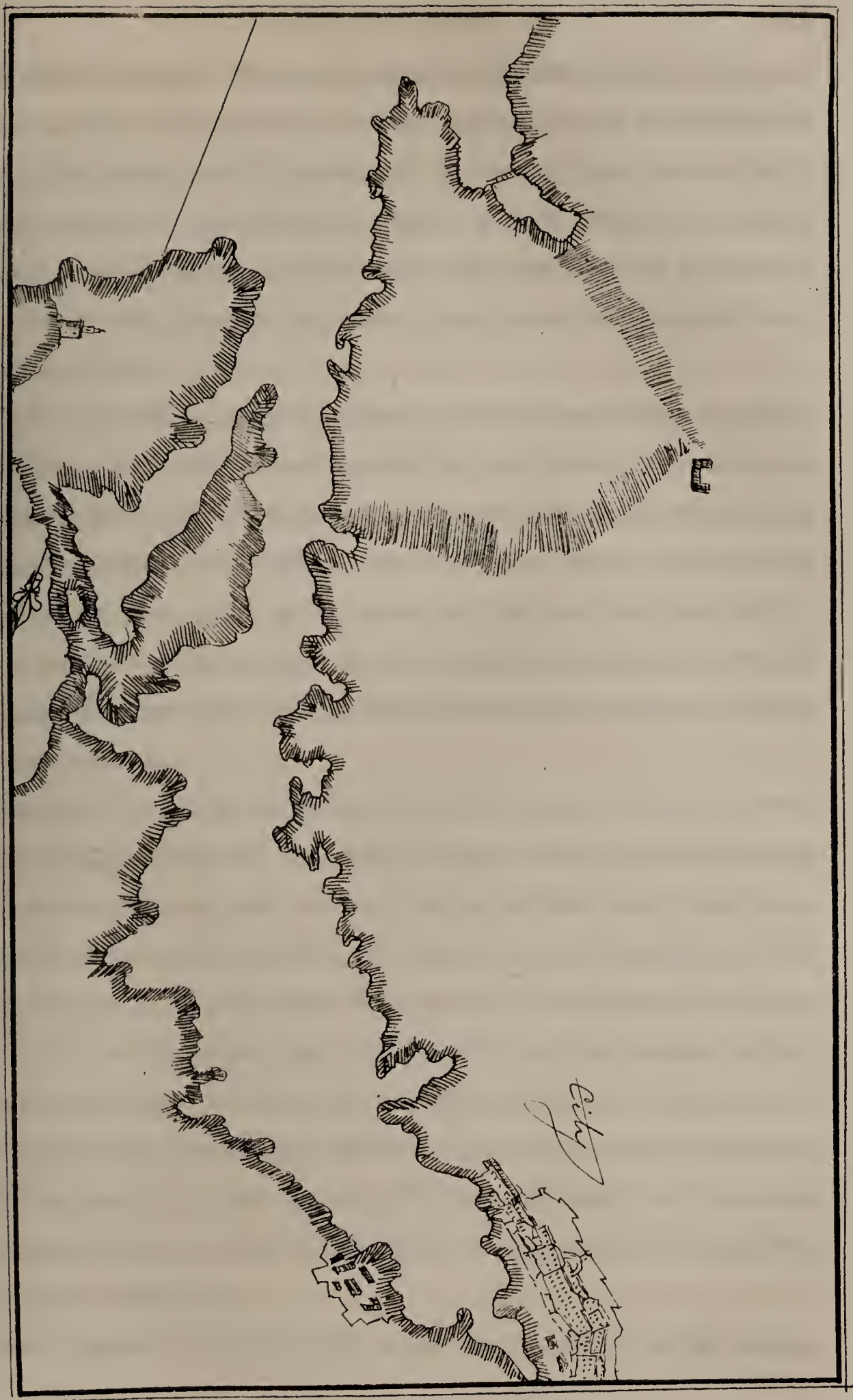
"Monday the United States still ahead. Light airs and calms alternately. At 2 came up with her, and at sunset, after making every exertion on both sides, sailing upon a wind we gained half a mile to windward and ahead. At dark shortened sail, and laid all night off the Island of Minorca. At daylight made sail again. At 8 a.m. a boat from the frigate, with a Lieutenant and 16 men, came alongside to assist us. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 came to abreast of Port Mahon in 5 fathoms of water. Here we found the American squadron: Washington 74, United States, Constellation, Peacock, and the Brig Shark. Soon after coming to anchor the Brig was crowded with inhabitants and naval officers."

It seems, therefore, to have been a question of wind and weather, for while in a strong breeze and sea the "United States" was unquestionably the faster vessel, as even Captain George admits, yet in a light or moderate wind the advantage would seem to have been with the "Cleopatra's Barge."

Captain George goes on to say:

"Friday, May 30th. The Governor and suite with many ladies visited my yacht. By invitation of the Governor I went on shore and took tea with his Excellency and family. Afterwards I was presented with a ticket and on my arrival at the theatre I was ushered into the Governor's box. At 11 I repaired on board."

Plan du Port de Mahon



“Wednesday, May 28th. The houses here are extremely neat. They have all been newly whitewashed and their corners tipped with different colours. The streets are all paved, and in the very best manner, with small, flat stones. The building material is a loose free-stone, exactly like that at Carthagera. It crumbles to clay and sand on a long exposure to the air. Stone cutters hew it with an ax with as much ease as sunburnt brick.

“In the afternoon I visited a church, in which was the most perfect organ I have ever heard. It was touched by the hand of a master, who indulged his fancy, and exhausted his strength in the expression of his endless imagination. His strains were at first so tender and delicate that the heart was melted to love and pity, the soul was lost in Elysium, it seemed to repose upon the lap of some good angel who wafted us through Elysium fields. We reposed at fountains while the Graces danced around us.

“But this Heaven could not last long. He brought us back to earth again. He inspired the soul with martial rage. It was impossible to rest for a moment. The sea was in a tempest, and a God was in the storm. He struck such notes, so sudden and loud, that the foundation of the church seemed to be torn apart. In a moment he changed the scene. The sun seemed to shine again, and Nature wear her loveliest smiles. At this another part of the organ was brought forth. It seemed as if some angelic voice was singing strains which ‘could create a soul under the ribs of death.’ He had been playing near an hour when the most impressive ceremony of the Catholic Church, the elevation of the Mass, was about to take place.

“The organist had determined to give us the power of his instru-

ment. There were then near two thousand people on their knees, and the priests had begun to ring a number of small bells. I was looking at this interesting picture of devotion, when, suddenly, my faculties were suspended. I thought the organ had tumbled to atoms, and that the whole church was falling down. It was the sound of thunder—when bursting o'er our heads. The very masonry on which we sat seemed to shake, and we heard the reverberation, amid the distant rumbling. No illusion could be more complete, no effect more sure. I could imagine that the Deity spoke thus when he thundered from Mount Sinai.

“While I was wondering I became assured that mercy was still left, and that joy, and peace, and love should forever reign. The organist continued to play — nearly three hours — and I am sure that time never passed so quickly before. All our ship's company sat as quietly as myself, and, considering the fact that they had never cultivated a musical taste, the effect on them must have been very great.

“The organist would have continued his never ending variety of modulation, and the fifty-two stops of the organ would have given an almost infinite combination, but Nature was exhausted, and he politely informed us, that if we would come when the service was not in performance, he would play for us some sonatas.

“The inhabitants are well dressed and a general attention to appearance is evident in the women. They are of pleasing form and regular features. There are many handsome ladies to be seen. Such is the general mark of prosperity among the people. Yet they have nothing to expect. The island itself produces very little. The sea abounds with lobsters, date fish, oysters, and various kinds of shell fish, of which I observed seven kinds, and as many as eight of ordinary fish.

“The commerce of this port is very considerable. They have no less than seventy vessels from 150–400 tons, employed in trade with the Black Sea. They take silver and bring a return cargo of wheat which is sent to the shores of Italy and Spain. Capital for this trade was acquired by the fleets of England making this place a rendezvous, owing to its most excellent harbour. This carrying trade, pursued with industry and spirit, has produced its usual effects upon the city and is visible in every one of the inhabitants. Their houses whitewashed, their finely paved streets, their citizens handsome, well dressed, and industrious, remind one of those years of successful and uninterrupted commerce, when Americans were the general carriers.

“As you pass their houses, you always see the family employed, or sitting round a neat and comfortable room. The distaff in the hand of a well dressed woman, while with her right she twirls the spindle, is no unpleasant sight. These effects are preceded by successful commerce. Alas that its foundation should be so fragile.

“The whole island, certainly all that adjacent to the harbour, is a solid mass of loose free-stone. The city is built by excavating this stone, and piling the materials, which are dug out, into houses. Their gardens are founded on this same stone, and their soil is nothing more than pulverized rock. They are watered from deep wells, operated by revolving wheels and buckets.

“On every eminence is a windmill. They present a very peculiar sight when in motion. I counted thirty of these machines in one view.

“The island is at present under the Spanish yoke, which rests very uneasy on the inhabitants. They wish for the Americans to take possession. The Spanish Government, unable to defend it, has laid in ruins

the extensive fort at the entrance of the harbour. Fort St. Philip presents a picture of the dilapidated family which now oppresses the famous country of Spain.

“Mount Toro is well worth visiting, at least so we were told. It is the first land seen as you approach the island, and is said to command an extensive and pleasing view of the island. There is a convent there.

“Our Consul at Port Mahon is a Minorcan, who acquired his fortune in a small privateer. He was unnoticed till this fortunate turn in his favour. I know not how he obtained the consulship, nor care, since the American Government pursues so preposterous a course of conduct. In all the places we have visited we have found Englishmen of talent and influence in the English consulates. In some instances our Consuls could not speak one word of our language, and some ragged vagabond had to be called in as interpreter. This is vexatious and disgusting.

“Thursday, May 29th. Last evening Commodore Chauncey complimented us with a serenade by his band. There were fifteen musicians, who gave us several national airs on our quarter-deck, and in the saloon. Captain Nicholson of the Shark was on board our vessel. The day was spent in entertaining our numerous guests. The French Consul, the British Consul, and a company of midshipmen dined on board, and spent the evening with us. At 12 o'clock Commodore Shaw sent his band to serenade the Cleopatra's Barge. I visited the grand organ again this afternoon. We had previously notified the organist that some gentlemen would be at church, and he was there ready to receive us. His fancy was not so highly excited as when I first heard him.

“Friday, May 30th. The wind blows from the east and its effect is

similar to the easterly winds on the coast of America. The sky is overcast, and the raw piercing air seems to touch one's very bones.

“Saturday, May 31st. Fine weather continues. Last evening we went on shore in Captain Creighton's gig. We took tea at the Spanish Governor's house with his wife and two daughters, and in the evening visited the opera. The theatre is small and without taste. The orchestra was, to an American ear, satisfactory. Indeed the music might be called excellent. The performance was in the purest Italian. Upon the whole it was the best I ever heard. Everything of the kind in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, is far below it. The story was very simple and the plot straightforward, but as I did not understand the language, I learnt the story only from incidents and circumstances. From their awkward attempt at caricature and fun, I am persuaded that the Italians are inferior to the English in this respect. We retired about twelve o'clock and having accompanied the ladies to the Governor's House, we went on board.

“This morning all the world was on board. In the afternoon we visited the church in company with several of the Commanders of our vessels of war. Captain G. is affable, social, easy of access ; Capt. C. haughty, cold, distant, gloomy and of vulgar manners. Captain N., a young commander, is yet unsettled, rather disposed to unbend, but not exactly knowing how. I hope for his own comfort that he may learn to command without making himself and others miserable. Mr. S. distant and neglectful of his duties as a gentleman.

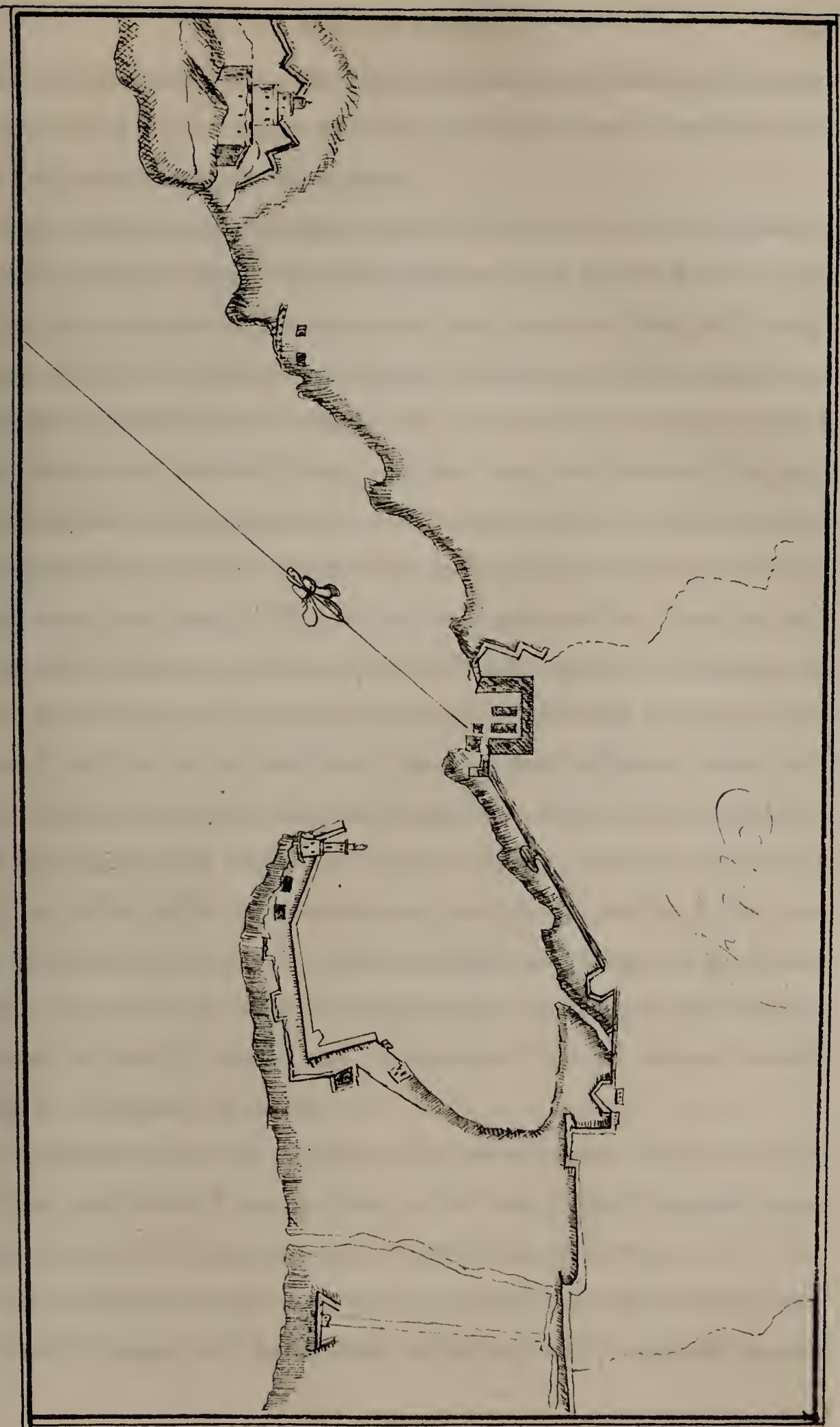
“If this is the influence on the men who command, their situation is not to be envied, and if those who associate with them must necessarily become ungenteel, their circumstances are the most hopeless.

But men commanding on a foreign station, and for a length of time unaccustomed to the influence of society, vernacular, and independent, often acquire ungenteel manners ; and a return to the bosom of their country is necessary to revive in them such manners as they may have forgotten. This theory perhaps is not true, for it must be understood that at this time the officers commanding this squadron are most unhappily at variance with a large body of those immediately below them, and each party has long been at watch to detect in the other the least slip from duty, or the slightest variation from what is deemed correct. Thus divided, they have so conducted themselves toward each other, that they have confirmed an obstinacy in hatred which will probably continue as long as they live.

“ Captain S. was more polite and affable than the others, and perhaps he is the only commander whose conduct has been uniformly that of a polished man : I mean in his manner. As to the accomplishments of these men, I can say but little, but considering their early education and the inconstant and turbulent lives they lead, not much ought to be expected from them. General information, personal accomplishment, and genteel deportment, are certainly what we have a right to expect.

“ Sunday, June 1st. This morning at 11 o'clock got underweigh, with a fair wind, and proceeded to sea, with the intention of visiting Barcelona.

“ Tuesday, June 3rd. Yesterday we had cold disagreeable weather, but this morning nothing can be finer. At ten o'clock came to anchor in the roadstead of Barcelona, and at 2 o'clock removed into the Mole. The Spaniards begin already to visit us. In the afternoon I went on shore, at the excellent Mole. This was without the walls of the city. There are several blocks of buildings of brick. This place is called Bar-



Plan du Port de Barcelone

celonetta. I passed into the city through a gate-way, standing very near another which was for those who came out. There were constant currents [of persons] passing these gates.

“After entering and turning a corner of the street, on the right hand, at a little distance was a beautiful parterre, for a public walk. It was divided into various compartments set with box and filled with every variety of flowers. Statues were placed in different positions and busts sculptured by the hand of a master. On one side was an elegant temple made of cane and painted green, in which were a collection of singing birds of different kinds, placed round in cages. On truncated columns were glass vases in which sported the golden fish. In the centre of the temple were two beautiful figures, embracing each other. Near this was a fountain, a column, surmounted with female figures, and rising out of a tuft of verdure, consisting of roses, and flowering vines, was surrounded with jets of various forms, spouting from dolphins, turtles, and swans. There were three other fountains. The whole of this delightful walk was surrounded with trees, such as willows, elms, and cypress. In addition to this public convenience was a long vista, enclosed by trees, statues, and marble seats. The whole was filled with people of all classes.

“At 11 o'clock p.m., Mr. C. and my father came on board bringing company to see the vessel and to announce that a company would breakfast on board very early.

“Wednesday, June 4th. The fine weather continues. There are from eighty to one hundred vessels lying in the Mole, mostly Spanish, some trading to Odessa. They take silver and return with wheat.

“The inhabitants begin to crowd on board, although we have not had time to dress. We never think of sitting down regularly to our

refreshment. If this journal should fall into the hands of anyone, I beg him to consider under what circumstances it was composed. With neither means nor time to go on shore, except just to land, stay for an hour and then return to a vessel crowded from morning till midnight. Entertaining company by invitation at a troublesome breakfast, dinner, and supper; and in the meantime thronged with a crowd of *canaille* attracted by the wonders of the Cleopatra's Barge.

"They must see the saloon; examine the buffet; hear a dissertation on bird's eye maple; know the price of each article in America; take some wine; and then sit down till another crowd, eager to enjoy the same privilege, presses into the room; and what with seasickness among the ladies, the strong and offensive odour of friars, beggars, and garlic, the company below is obliged to undergo a regular inquisition.

"And now a more arduous task commences, for the saloon only has been seen. The owner's stateroom must be looked into, the after cabin for the officers must be investigated, and then the whole current must be concentrated in the narrow passageway in order to examine the kitchen. Unfortunately this current from the saloon (towards the kitchen) is met in its course by a more curious company from deck, descending the stairs and rushing like a sluice of 'Fleet Ditch' upon the counter. Here is jamming, and squeezing, and turbulence. Friars with thick hoods and fat bellies, generals, colonels, etc., etc., dressed for the occasion, priests in black robes, and hats of three feet in diameter, and ladies, aye of every sort, colour, and size, under heaven.

"Never was there such a group, never such a crowd, and smell, since the days of Noah's Ark. Charybdis was not more dangerous to ancient navigators. Here the two currents separate: one enters the saloon, the

other presses on. On the right hand, they are shown the steward's room, filled with glasses, empty bottles, tinware, tiers of kegs, containing liquors, wine casks, pickle pots, etc., etc., presenting a picture of confusion not much unlike the crowd itself. From the steward's room on the right hand, they come to the 'necessary,' and then to the store-room, and lastly to the kitchen. Here Rumford himself would have had a task. For who can explain in Spanish, French, Italian, Latin, etc., the mysteries of boiling, roasting, baking, steaming, frying, etc.; and this must be done, for out of such a crowd, especially of ladies, there will be found some exceedingly curious person. From the kitchen they return through the narrow passage to the stairs, and, by constant perseverance, they arrive on deck, in the midst of a crowd that fills every point of space between the taffrel and the bowsprit. All passes off very well in a quiet sea, but when the vessel rolls, it is no uncommon sight to see 15 or 20 ladies and gentlemen, in a most miserable plight, reclining over the rail or stretched out on deck. Here is a scene which displeases every delicacy. Some gentlemen, full of love and pity for the ladies, will stand and comfort them by caresses, others with an impolite curiosity, will stare the ladies in the face, when their lovely faces are certainly not wearing their most beautiful smiles, nor is divine eloquence gushing from their lips. Alas for poor human nature! How mortifying! How shocking! What a miserable feeling is seasickness, and yet what a fine appetite it gives us when we get on shore! So this world is made by halves.

“This morning the Vice-Consul visited us and took breakfast. He is a native of Barcelona, born of Irish parents. The Consul himself is a Philadelphian, but is now absent from the town.

“This Vice-Consul informed us that about six weeks ago a Spaniard by the name of Lacy, of Irish descent, set up the standard of insurrection at a neighbouring town called Mataro. On issuing his proclamation, about one hundred men assembled, but finding out the flimsiness of the insurgents, they all abandoned the cause. The leaders were taken, but the inhabitants of Barcelona have petitioned the King in their behalf.

“The harbour of Barcelona is contained between a high point on the left, called Montjovè, crowded with works, and a mole built with great labour, and of the best masonry. It has a fort and a light-house. But, as at Malaga, the heaving of the waves continually accumulates sand and mud upon its shore. This has given rise to an opinion that the shores are encroaching upon the sea, or rather that the waters of the Mediterranean are receding. I, however, believe that these changes are merely the local effects of obstructed currents.

“One of the most disgusting sights in these countries is the loathsome and squalid friar — his head shaven and bare, a coarse woolen habit covering him, from the neck down to the heels, and tied round the waist with a cord. His fat paunch and rosy gills, with lumps of fat hanging about his jowls; and this in connection with the beastly life of lust and laziness he leads, eating the substance of the poor and industrious, dishonouring their wives, leaving children for others to maintain, seducing young girls, pimping for others, procuring abortions, and destroying infants, has been fully proven in England, and is probably the same here. They smell as strong as pole cats. They are ignorant, without manners, or any one single quality to save them from the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

“The priests are equally fat, but possess manners, taste and learn-

ing, if it deserves the name. They dress in black, are covered with an exceedingly broad hat, curled up on the side, or moulded into the triangular form. Men as they grow corpulent grow dull, fleshy and indolent. An interesting pamphlet has been written on the subject of corpulence. Dr. Fathergill termed it 'a most irregular disease.' Dr. Thomas Short considers it as a disease peculiar to Englishmen. However, I am sure, if any custom has been kept up in all its vigour on our side of the Atlantic, it is good eating and drinking. I have known beautiful and rich ladies die of this disease, and whole families render themselves useless to society, and lay the foundation of utter ruin to their fortunes. Such is the curse of riches and laziness. Such are the enchantments of Circe.

*'To have a talent base and low,
To live in a state of vegetation;
To eat and drink and nothing learn or know,
A burden to themselves and nation.'*

"This last line I have taken the liberty of adding myself.

"This mode of life appears to be the living end and aim of the friars and priests and the gentlemen of Spain.

"Such heretofore has been the unrestrained intercourse between our vessel and the shore, and such the trouble and vexation to everyone on board, and the dissatisfaction among our ship's company, that at this place new regulations have been found necessary. Genteel society has been invited through our Consul, who has been privileged to grant passes. Everything, therefore, has been quiet and calm this afternoon. It seems like Sunday morning in New England.

"This is a very considerable city, with high walls of the best masonry. The houses are good and some palaces excellent. The Custom House,

as one would call it, is a grand structure. I observed over one of the doors a sign, that within is the office of the Farmer General. This most exceptional mode of collecting a revenue continues still. It is probably a courtly means of rewarding a favourite. It undoubtedly causes the utmost vigilance in the detection of smugglers, but is the exchequer benefitted? Perhaps, such is the want of public honesty, and private faithfulness, that the feeble Government can resort to no other mode of collection.

“Thursday, June 5th. Yesterday morning I had congratulated myself on the new regulation that was to give us a respite from the turmoil of company, whose curiosity could not be repressed, and whose imagination had been excited into wonder by the marvellous accounts circulated on shore. If a supernatural being had descended from heaven to work miracles; if an archangel had lighted on this earth; such things could not have been more wonderful than the arrival of the Cleopatra's Barge at Barcelona.

“In all parts of Spain we have visited, the people have never been taught the difference between Americans and the inhabitants of Europe. We always pass as Englishmen, and it must be an enlightened man, or at least a traveller, who can make the distinction.

“Americans are universally thought to be negroes or ferocious savages. Accordingly the crowd continually asks—Was this built in America? Was the furniture made there?

“Fortunately, we were able to tell everyone the difference between European Americans and the natives of our wilderness.

“The figure of an Indian, as large as life, and in the costume of a savage holding his bow and arrows, was brought with us for an occa-

sional cover to part of the deck. The fierceness and oddity of this figure excited attention, and an explanation always astonished them. It was evident from their countenances and actions that they learnt to make the distinction in favour of us, a difference they had never known before. And this cannot be wondered at, when it is known that learning and knowledge is discouraged from policy in this miserable kingdom; that few know how to read, and fewer still how to write. I was making enquiries on this subject of some gentlemen who had a perfect knowledge on this head, and they assured me that not more than one-third of the ladies on board our vessel yesterday understood these essential requisites of genteel society. But how must my countrywomen be astonished when I inform them, that, to the company which visited us yesterday, there is no superior in Barcelona. They came by invitation, and are considered the first ladies in this city. Certainly, they are the richest. If such is the state of knowledge among the first classes, what must we think of those born the sport of fortune, and subject to untoward contingencies?

“My countrymen cultivate the arts, honour Science, and stimulate enquiry. From this spirit nations derive all their power, wealth, and renown. Ignorance, priestcraft, bad government, and misery, are diabolical spirits, that enchain a Nation in the deep abyss, from which it can never escape, can never be redeemed,—in which it suffers ‘Ages of hopeless end.’

“The ladies are all dressed in black. They wear short petticoats, trimmed with lace, and ornamented with strings of black glass beads. A lace veil is worn over the head.

“The peasantry are different. The men generally wear trousers and

short jackets of cotton velvet, with red silk sashes around their waists. This seems to be the better style of dress. Common labourers adopt the same costume but appear shabby. The covering for the head is a red liberty cap. Women are dressed in the old style of sixty or seventy years ago, when it was fashionable to wear long waisted gowns, contracted round a slender waist, and bulging at the hips.

“This afternoon we all went on shore to witness the ceremonies of the church on Corpus Christi Day. Public expectation was great, and everybody had on his best attire for the occasion. At five o'clock we went to the house of an acquaintance, where we found every window filled and ladies standing on the balconies. The windows reach from the floor to the ceiling of the room, and the balcony on the outside will accommodate from eight to ten persons. The street, through which the procession was to pass, was not more than ten feet wide, and the houses on both sides from six to seven stories high. Every balcony was crowded with ladies. They looked like beds of tulips waving to the breeze. Over the balustrade were hung large sheets of damask, which flaunted below the feet of the ladies, and thus hid them from the gaze of the multitude. In some houses they had chosen red, in others green, and sometimes yellow damask drapery. The streets for miles were thus ornamented. The whole city seemed to be hung in the air.

“On the ground the crowd was immense. On each side of the street stood a file of soldiers, to prevent the houses being attacked by the populace. Behind the soldiers were rows of women and children standing close against the walls, and filling the doors and vestibules of the houses.

“And now was heard the music which accompanied the retinue.

Then appeared the most novel exhibition, eight giants, four men, with their wives. They seemed to be another race of beings. Their heads reached the tops of the balconies, and they bowed as they passed. The female figures were dressed in richest robes of silk and fine muslin. Each carried a nosegay and fan in her right hand and a reticule of yellow silk in her left.

“They were succeeded by a company of friars, dressed in long white gowns, and shouldering a cross, richly wrought with figures, and shining with gold. They appeared to sink under the weight, and affected every beholder by their humility of mien.

“After them came another order of friars, in black robes. Like all these orders, they were without covering on the head, and their crowns were shaven. They were chanting, and made the streets resound with their voices. Each bore a lighted wax candle, as they advanced, two by two.

“2nd in order, a company of priests bearing red damask banners, suspended from horizontal sticks and attached by silken ribands to polished shafts of mahogany.

“3rd in order, a lion of monstrous dimensions enclosing two men, whose legs served to give animation to the moving figure. It was all gilt and attended on each side by four satyrs.

“4th, a procession of fifty large ensigns of the richest red damask, embossed with flowers. On the tops of the shafts, which supported the ensigns, were placed images of saints, angels, eagles, or devils, richly sculptured in silver. They were small, but as they passed within reach of the hands of the spectators on the balconies, the very countenances of these exquisite figures could be seen.

“ Each ensign was followed by some profession, the members of which bore small banners, which they waved to and fro.

“ After several orders of friars, in the habiliments of their respective convents, all carrying torches, and chanting songs in honour of the day, came a company of priests in gold and brocade, carrying the cup of the sacrament and crosses of gold. To these succeeded a line of friars with long beards, then a company of priests gorgeously arrayed in gold and velvet vestments.

“ Then came the Archbishop, with the crook of gold, preceded by a band of soft music played by priests in white robes, and intermixed with chanting by excellent voices. Before the Archbishop was borne a throne covered with red velvet.

“ Suddenly the whole street was shining with the brilliancy of torches borne by twenty boys, in white muslin robes. They preceded a splendid car, borne on the shoulders of eight priests, on which was an altar of silver. Here was the mystery—the real presence—and as the Deity was actually present, all the populace, the soldiers, and innumerable spectators, dropped on their knees, and remained there, until the sacred deposit had passed. Six priests extended a canopy of silk over the altar.

“ After this came Castanos, the celebrated Spanish general, on foot, most gorgeously dressed in gold and velvet. He headed his troops, who followed with shining arms. They went to martial airs.

“ The whole was followed by an innumerable multitude of men, women, and children, crowding the streets and pressing one on the other.

“ When it is known that this procession was composed of about one thousand priests and twice as many friars, all dependent for their riches and their splendour of living upon a people whom they have plundered

of their substance and shackled with oppression; when it is recollected that they live in a state of fornication and promiscuous intercourse with women; when we know how ignorant and beastly they are, — what a contrast is all this vice and brutality to the splendour of the exhibition.

“This is a picture of the church of Spain supporting a foolish and worthless family on the throne. This is a state of society much admired by cunning priests; so easy and comfortable to themselves. Priests, in all countries, hurry on to the same inevitable destiny all nations who trust in them. No warning will prevent it. It seems to be the natural curse with which God, in his unaccountable providence, afflicts those nations who neglect themselves in science and the arts, and who fail to encourage the pursuits of industry.

“We visited the Cathedral. It is Gothic and is certainly erected in a magnificent style. The windows are of painted glass. It contains a chapel behind a superb altar, where lies the body of a bishop, San Olegario, preserved, it seems, by drying. The face and hands only are seen. 'Tis a disgusting sight, notwithstanding the silk brocade dress, rings and jewels, with which it is adorned. When the French occupied this place, the priests gave it out that the Bishop had lifted his hand, to chastise the invaders. Many of the vulgar flocked to the church and beheld this miracle. The French General wished to see it. He went to the church, put back the hand, and told the priests that he would hold them responsible that it remained there. This put an end to the farce.

“From this chapel we went to the cloister. The enclosure contained a fountain, and some lilies growing in a pond of water. The colonnade was a delightful walk, and thousands were enjoying the pictures around it.

“How splendid and gorgeous is woman's exterior! yet how heart-

less and uninformed! How completely suitable is she to the power and influence of priests! Justice and Mercy are more acceptable by our Heavenly Father.

“ Friday, June 6th. This morning the crowd on board was immense. As we lay near the Mole everything that could move came off. The best of company will tire when not understanding the language! How can we be entertained when we hear nothing but exclamations of ‘Jesus Maria,’ ‘Carambo,’ and at the same time we are stunk to suffocation with the smell of *canaille* and the odour of garlic. Our only relief is between the hours of two and three o’clock p.m., when the Spaniards take the siesta, or after dinner nap.

“ We rise at five o’clock, and dress before strangers. We breakfast standing, then crowd among the visitors. Thus situated we continue till night. We go to rest between twelve and one o’clock, but before we have had a sound sleep, the seamen are called to wash the decks and prepare the vessel for the day.

“ Saturday, June 7th. This morning we arose at daylight and prepared for a ride into the country. We left the vessel at five o’clock, and went to the house of our Vice-Consul, who accompanied us to the house of Mr. Thorndike, where we found a carriage in waiting. It was a huge and uncouth vehicle drawn by three mules. A driver managed the reins of the two hinder beasts, and a man on foot ran by the side of the forward mule. He went on the run and travelled with the greatest ease. The day was warm, but so much used was the runner to this exercise, that he did not even perspire. When the mules were in a fair way, he mounted the seat alongside the driver. Some of these runners, I am told, travel seventy miles a day in this manner.

“After passing the gate of the city, we left the road [to France] on our right, and soon entered a narrow road, extremely rough, where we lost sight of the city. The land was cultivated on both sides and defended by hedges of aloes and dilapidated walls. The wheat fields had all been parched by the drought. We saw only two or three patches that had not been ruined. I observed that these fields had all been sown in drills. The houses of the peasants are most unsightly. Back of the city the country is an extensive plain, extending all along the coast, and reaching four or five miles inland. It is then bounded by high and irregular hills, which are cultivated as vineyards. On a general survey the scenery is pleasing, but in the neighbourhood of so large a city one would expect to see more improvement in detail. This negligence is the effect of enslaving a people. What inducement is there to invest a moment’s labour in an estate from which they may be ejected by the will of the master? A farmer who owns the soil, and who means to transmit it to his children, spends many laborious hours in improving his lands. It should be recollected that the priests and friars possess more than their share—(we were shown several fine farms belonging to them)—of the soil, and that the poor, ignorant, wretched, ragged cultivators have barely a subsistence. This was the condition in France previous to the Revolution. An English traveller who visited the country in 1786, and also after the Revolution, could not help remarking on the great difference between the small, wretched, dirty hovels, and the splendid palaces of the noblemen.

*‘The wealth which wrapt their limbs in silken cloth
Had robbed the neighbouring fields of half their worth.’*

“About an hour’s ride from the city is the celebrated country seat of the

Marquis de Lupia. This extravagant spot is almost surrounded by mountains, so that the view is only of a cultivated plain and of the sea in front.

“This place is well worth visiting. The fountains, artificial cascades, labyrinth, forest in miniature, kitchen garden, enclosure of exotic trees, flowers, gardens, statues, fish ponds, etc., etc., are all in the best of order. It was in this garden I first heard the note of the nightingale. This man has spent two hundred thousand dollars, and tho' he is seventy years of age, the works are still going on. It is certainly an amusement to himself, and a benefit to the workmen, but rather a useless expenditure of money, for I am persuaded that more money has been spent in forming an artificial cascade than would have put ten thousand of the miserable peasantry in good condition. After passing three or four hours in these gardens we returned to the city. The fatigue was so great that we all threw ourselves on beds, and slept till four o'clock, when we were called to dinner.

“At six o'clock we were called from table to witness another procession.

“A giant and giantess led the van, dancing, while some underling of the church held a cap for money. This was thrown by spectators at the windows. Next came fifty gentlemen bearing torches. These were followed by two horses carrying kettle-drums beaten by two boys. After them, and at a distance, came two young priests bearing green silk standards of the richest tapestry, figured with the representation of angels.

“A beautiful group then succeeded—young children, richly attired in white robes glittering with stars, led three lambs, as white as the driven snow and embellished with ribands and wreaths of flowers. These were followed by fifty young priests, called here 'holy chil-

dren,' all dressed in white muslin robes hung over black under-dresses and bearing large waxen torches. A band of thirty musicians made the street resound with their martial music, while at intervals was heard the chanting of priests. A company of men followed, and then another band of thirty musicians preceded by a priest. Standards, kettle-drums, musicians, priests in black, and others in white, followed after. Then another beautiful group of children, from five to seven years of age, habited in spangled robes, and having wings on their shoulders. They resembled cupids and angels. They strewed flowers in the way. Presently, the whole street was filled with the odour of incense. Eight priests, in brocaded silk dresses, were burning it in silver censers, before a most splendid altar of gold embellished with flowers. On top of this altar was a cross of gold surrounded with a glory, and beneath in a golden box was carried the sacred bread. When this mysterious thing appeared, in the windings of the streets and avenues, the multitude knelt to the ground, and the innumerable spectators fell on their knees and continued there until it had passed. This was the real presence, the very God, the body of Jesus, the Man God, the mystery of the Trinity, so much adored and so little understood. The mind of the multitude loves darkness rather than light. A cunning priesthood stands always ready to avail itself of this weakness of human nature. 'In wandering mazes lost' they lure others, and pick their pockets.

"A company of soldiers and their band closed this pageantry, which is to be repeated for eight days.

"Such is the celebration of Corpus Christi. In what manner this ceremony is related to the pagan ceremonies of religion, I know not. A dissertation on the subject would be very interesting.

“ At eight o'clock we came on board, and as soon as we could clear the vessel, went to rest. This day a woman was taken in labour on board, an officer drew his pistol and forced his way on board, and two women fell in the water alongside.

“ Mr. Thorndike, a very intelligent American merchant, gave us an iron instrument ‘ contrived to silence the mouths of heretics.’ It was taken from the Inquisition, when its recesses were opened by order of the French general commanding Barcelona. A peculiar piece of iron, large enough to cover the mouth, punched with holes to permit respiration and having a projection which entered the mouth and lay upon the tongue. This was connected to two semi-circular pieces, which passed round the neck and locked behind. Upon trying this ingenious gag I found it impossible to utter a word. This instrument, made ‘ to silence blasphemers and heretics,’ was given Mr. Thorndike by a French officer who searched the prisons. It was taken from the Hall of Judgment. We shall take it with us to America.

“ The antiquities of this place have not yet come to my notice, but I am informed that on the road to Tarragona there is the remains of a triumphal arch, a bridge said to have been built by Hannibal, and near Tarragona, the tomb of Scipio Africanus.

“ The administration of law is arbitrary. Mr. Thorndike's case is a specimen of Spanish Tribunal. Fifteen months since, a guard came to his house and told him he must go to the citadel. There he was told he must remain. In four days he was enabled to return to his house, upon giving bonds that he would remain there. No charge was preferred, and it was only by sending memorials to the court that an order was sent to the authorities of Barcelona to name the accusers and the

charge, and to give bonds for damages in case Mr. Thorndike should be innocent. Two miserable creatures were named, with other accusers, who knew nothing of him, but who were put among the other names as a device to save the bonds. Mr. Thorndike was charged with selling the French some merchandise, and for this he had been shut up in his house for fifteen months. His real accuser is a scoundrelly Jew, who probably meant to share the plunder of our countryman with the Spanish Government.

“Upon our arrival, Mr. Thorndike was liberated, and had the pleasure of congratulating his friends on board the Cleopatra's Barge.

“The amusements here are the church and opera. The climate is delightful. The air is the most agreeable I ever felt. There has, however, been no rain for some time, though at night the dews are very heavy. We have an abundance of fine strawberries, sweet cherries, and oranges. The kitchen gardens are perennial. The markets are well stocked. Purchasers suit themselves with small parts of everything. A fowl is dissected, and you may purchase a wing, a dish of livers, or a bunch of eggs in embryo.

“The mechanics are numerous. Smiths, embroiderers, tailors, shoemakers, etc., etc., they all sit at work before their doors. Whole streets are alive with various operations.

“Sunday. Got underweigh and stood out to sea with the wind ahead.”

The following entries are from the Yacht's Log:

“Barcelona, June 4th, 1817. Commences with calm, pleasant weather. At 3 a.m. unmoored & shifted our berth in with the Mole. Moored

under fours. Thousands of the inhabitants assembled on the Mole to see the vessel. Permitted none but the most respectable to come on board.

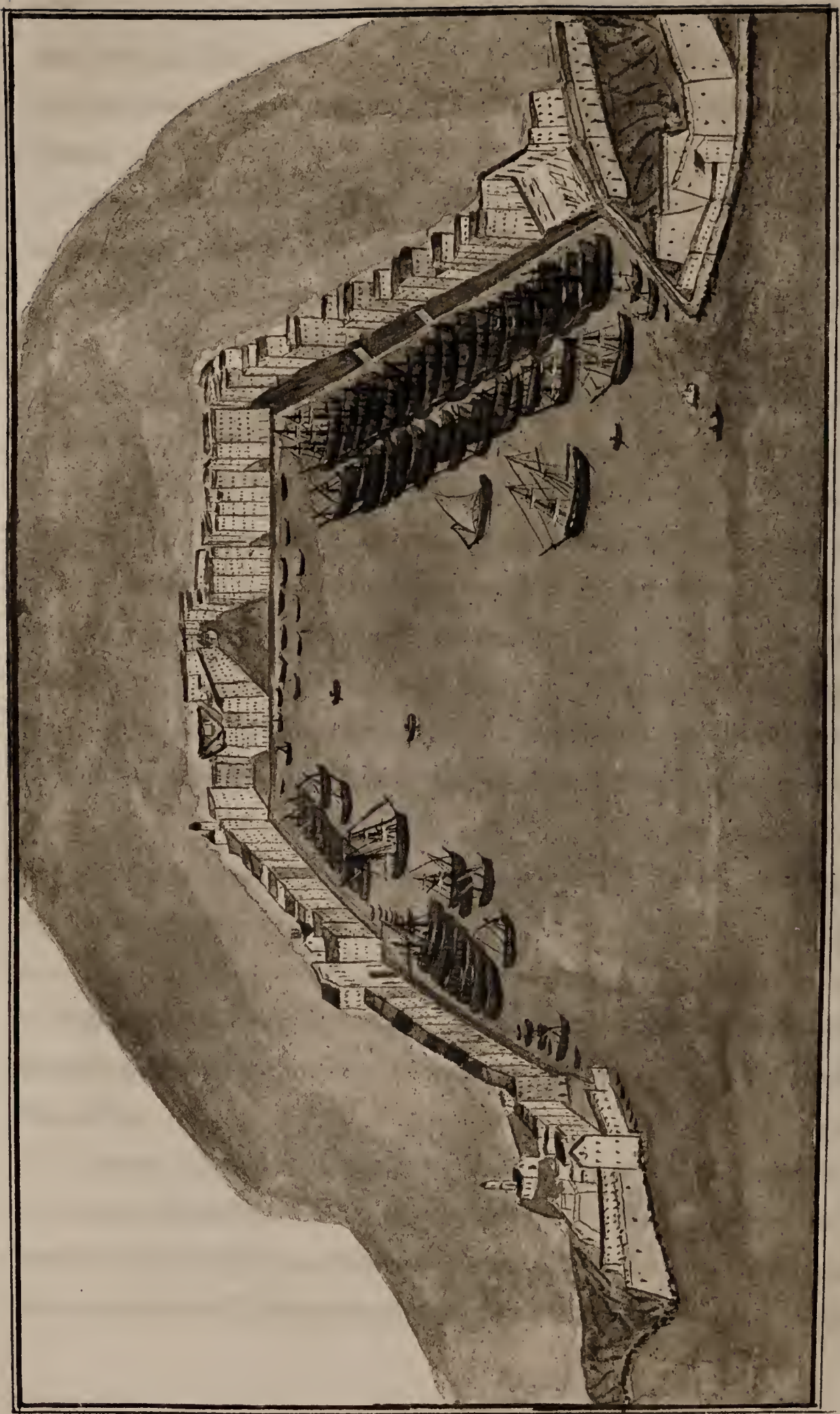
“ In the afternoon every boat in the place was taken up & the vessel continually fill'd with people. Among our visitors was the celebrated General Castanos & suite. Ends very pleasant. Nearly 3000 visitors on board to-day.

“ Saturday, June 7th. Commences & ends with fresh breezes & pleasant weather. The vessel crowded with visitors from sunrise till after dark. Several fell overboard at the foot of the ladder. The crowd to-day was greater than I ever before witnessed, although we admitted none but genteel and well dressed people. A lady far advanced in pregnancy on passing through the Cabin was so crowded that she was overtaken by the pains of labour and had to be carried on shore. By the best and most accurate calculation we could make there were 8000 people on board. We turned away from 1800 to 2000 of the ragamuffin class.

“ Mr. Crowninshield dined on shore to-day with Mr. Andrew Thorndike, formerly of Beverly, Mass.”

“ Monday, June 9th. The weather is moderate and agreeable. The wind is light and we have entered the Gulf of Lyons and are steering for Marseilles.

“ Tuesday, June 10th. Cloudy and cool. A fair but light wind wafts us toward Marseilles. At six p.m. we were boarded by four men in a boat, who put off from a fishing schooner, which lay four or five miles to leeward of us. They came alongside with great vivacity of manner,



Enceinte du Port de Marseille

and enquired if we wanted a pilot. We told them yes. '*Allons,*' said they, and jumped on board. All were extremely easy in their manners, and ready to communicate everything they knew. I notice this merely to mark the difference between French and Spanish character.

“When we were entering the harbour of Carthagera, a boat came out to show us the passage. They approached us cautiously, and with great distance and loftiness enquired if we wanted a pilot. From the diffidence of their manner we concluded they wanted free rides only. They, however, said nothing more, but rowed away and instead of giving us this most important fact — that a very dangerous rock laid in the middle of the channel — they rowed their boat in the other direction, and for the very purpose, as they afterwards told us, of drawing our attention from the breakers which just appeared over the sunken rock. The Spanish manners are distant, reserved, suspicious, and proud. They formed a most striking contrast to the frankness, life, and politeness of these uncultivated fishermen.

“Wednesday, June 11th. This morning we entered the basin which forms the harbour of Marseilles. It is oval in form and the entrance is narrow. The city is built on the margin of this receptacle. Although there is considerable wind outside the harbour, there is not a breath to disturb the smooth expanse of water within. A prodigious number of vessels lie here. A Greek lies near us. They are good-looking men and appear to be good sailors. A number of vessels are here from Odessa.

“Nothing can be more vexatious than the quarantine laws of the Mediterranean. Here we lay under the unreasonable restraints of a seven days' exclusion from the shore. A guard is placed on board, letters and packages are taken through an iron grating and immersed in vin-

egar, and then smoked with the fumes of brimstone. There are more than two hundred vessels in quarantine, and the bell of the office of the 'Administration de Santé Publique' is constantly notifying some one vessel or other to come on shore. What is all this for? It is a part of the system of espionage attached to the French police. It puts every vessel completely in the power of this vigorous inquisition.

"The United States squadron from Mahon arrived and anchored in the roads outside the harbour.

"Thursday, June 12th. Weather is fine. Still in quarantine. All communication between vessels is quarantined and that with the shore must be made through the health officer. Nothing whatever can pass without first being dipped in vinegar and fumigated.

"On the left, at the entrance, stands the high tower of a castle, with ditch and drawbridge. The Duke of Orleans was kept here as a prisoner till he was taken out and beheaded.

"On the right is a dilapidated fortification, very extensive. The hills around Marseilles, as far as one can see, are of coarse limestone, from which buildings are constructed. Like that of Carthage and Mahon, it is continually crumbling. This decay gives every old building a most unsightly appearance.

"Friday, June 13th. The charming weather is alone sufficient to induce the traveller to cross the Atlantic to enjoy it. We still lie in quarantine and amuse ourselves by gazing at the innumerable boats which continually pass our vessel. Our friends on shore, too, do not forget to send us every luxury of the place. We have pears, apricots, cherries, fine green peas, good lettuce, excellent beef, fish, fresh goats' milk, and fine wines. The best of long-cork claret is a pale red, of thin body, and lively taste.

“Saturday, June 14th. The weather is rather warmer than usual. We begin to be heartily tired of our situation. We cannot speak to anyone on shore but in the presence of some listener. All communication must be made through the health office. All provisions, letters, and money have to pass through the hands of an officer who stands in the door-way. We got some good mutton and fine flavoured strawberries.

“The regulations of the health office are very absurd. We lie in contact with a French ship destined to a probation of thirty days, and as near to a Greek vessel, with wheat from Odessa. Yet cats from these vessels actually come on board us, and we are quarantined only for seven days. Now if infection is communicated by contact only, and this is the theory on which the health office regulates the law of quarantine, what a delusion is all this parade of grated doors, ablutions in vinegar, and sulphurous fumigations. Boats too, from the whole fleet of vessels in quarantine,—though some are to go among the inhabitants, perhaps in an hour, while others are to remain under suspicion for a month longer,—are all huddled together round the doors of the health office. The conduct of the officers themselves is even more ridiculous, for while they are dipping letters and newspapers into vinegar at one door, they are passing provisions, etc., at the other door, which is within half a foot of the first; and the sailors even are allowed to go in among the crowd and handle heavy packages. But their conduct can be easily explained, when it is known that an officer, called a guard, is put on board every vessel, one-third of whose wages goes to the health office. The day has been cloudy.

“Sunday, June 15th. The police sent us notice this morning that we

would not be allowed to work on our vessel. The painting was therefore suspended. The day has been windy and cooler than any we have experienced these two months. This afternoon we were amused by the passing of a procession. It was not worthy of notice after having seen those of Barcelona. It was preceded by soldiers, followed by a long line of women dressed in white. These females formed nearly the whole line. A few boys chanted, a few friars walked behind them, and a few priests attended the host.

“Monday, June 16th. The weather is cool, the sky overcast, and we have had rain. This is the first disagreeable weather we have experienced since we left Fayal.

“This morning the American squadron under Commodore Chauncey, left this port. It was not in his power to obtain admission, except through a long quarantine. The Commodore sent them notice that he would no longer remain in so unfriendly a port.

“Tuesday, June 17th. At four o'clock a.m. the health officers visited our vessel and gave us *pratique*. The cloudy, rainy weather continues. This is, they say, unusual for Marseilles.

“Here we find, as in every port we have visited, a foreigner for Consul. The man who represents the U. S. here, is without influence or respect. What a representative for the court of Washington! Alas! what a pity that there are no native Americans capable of filling these offices! None of education, no young or meritorious officers, who having wasted their strength in the battles of the late war, have been turned adrift on society. Men too proud to beg—to dig unable—wounded and poor, they look in vain to a government which prefers strangers without character to their own flesh and blood. Let the people look to

this subject! Let them bring it to public notice and let them never cease to mention it.

“ Wednesday, June 18th. Not having been on shore, I can say nothing of the city. The weather has become fine again.

“ On shore to market. Preparing for company.

“ Friday, June 20th. Last evening I went to the theatre—comedy—good dancing, large theatre, badly lighted. The dances remind one of the figures of Bacchantes. Beef, veal, and mutton excellent—vegetables in abundance. Eight dollars will purchase twenty pounds of meat, and every vegetable, even to the dessert—also cherries, apricots, and strawberries, sufficient for twenty-five men. Wine twenty sous a bottle. Champagne sixty cents a bottle.

“ Disagreeable reports from Salem reached our vessel to-day. They were brought by a brig from Boston. We have been here four days, but such is our employment on board, that we know little or nothing of Marseilles. A considerable commerce is carried on between this place and Odessa.

“ Saturday, June 21st. I visited the health office to see a painting by David. It is intended to commemorate the history of the plague which visited Marseilles in 1720. Pope, it will be remembered, has given some lines in praise of the good bishop who with great devotion to the cause of humanity, continued in the city during its rage, administering comfort and consolation to the devoted objects of this dreadful visitation. Historians of the day have remarked three stages of the disease: the first of lassitude and grief, the second of pain and torment, and the last the spasms of exhausted strength and despair. The painter has represented these three states by a group occupying the lower left hand corner of the piece.

“The first is the full length figure of a man, reclining and resting his head on his hands. Behind him are two other figures, one crying aloud in excruciating torments, and another clenching his fists and expiring. Nothing can exceed the grief of the first of these figures.

“There are two other parts to this painting. One a full length portrait. A devout person — St. Roque — bending forward with hands clasped and uplifted, praying to the Virgin. She sits in the upper corner of the canvas, with a child in her lap. This represents the Son. His back is turned and he is amusing himself playing with his mother's chin. She points with her right hand to the suppliant, as though she wished to direct her Son to his prayers. They both sit, however, with the greatest sangfroid. The Deity appears to me to have been designed as a bitter sarcasm — an outrageous blasphemy on the dispensation of Providence. Their sport, indifference, beauty, playful expression of countenance, &c. — contrasted to the earnest prayers, the heartfelt agony of dying human nature, crucified with disease, and torment, and death, carry but too plainly the marks of impiety in the painter.

“When we remember the character of David, who can doubt but that this master-piece of painting was executed with such sentiments? It will be remembered that David received his religious impressions from a school of philosophers who exerted their great talents in that direction. In their zeal to destroy priestcraft, they destroyed the temple of religion.

“The difference between the manners of the French and Spanish is very great. Not a person has dared to come on board without first asking permission; and they never leave us without every mark of respect. How great is the contrast!

“They have not drawn pistols nor forced an entrance, as an officer did at Barcelona. They have not crowded our deck, cabin, saloon, kitchen, and staterooms, as the Spanish did. Nor have they thrown ladies in the water by trampling over their heads. The delicacy and the suavity of manner of the people of Marseilles surpasses all I have seen before.

“Sunday, June 22nd. The weather is cooler than usual. I have taken a slight cold. Captain Wyer arrived in sixty days from New Orleans.

“Although we have been six days out of quarantine we are not prepared to receive visitors. But in four or five days more the flood-gates will be opened. One naturally asks, What have we been doing? Is it possible that any additions, improvements, or embellishments can give additional elegance to the Cleopatra's Barge? Certainly. We have now on board four upholsterers making silk cushions for the small cabin; four gilders making gold leaf; three girls making curtains, tassels and cords, with the master who directs them; two carpenters altering the kitchen; a sail-maker employed in sewing canvas for an awning; our sailors all at work painting the inside, and another gilder laying gold leaf upon the mouldings outside; two tailors and a shoemaker and some dozens of mechanics.

“The vessel has been painted twice within forty days, and many parts of her upper works have never yet dried, so frequently has the paint been freshened. Our clothes of every kind have been injured, and some of them entirely ruined. Such is the employment and amusement on board, in order to prepare for the trouble and vexation of waiting on an infinite crowd. There is no other respite than what we find at sea, and here our situation is not at all enviable. There is no distinction of

days: 'E'en Sunday shines no holiday to me,' is the song of everyone on board.

"Monday, June 23rd. Cloudy, rainy, and cool. All our workmen still employed, and an additional number of carpenters and a joiner. The space between the kitchen and the stateroom has been altered twice within ten days, and now the whole is to be changed into a sleeping-room. It was first painted, then covered with a costly paper, the whole of which is to be taken off, and berths, lockers, etc., made on either side.

"Tuesday, June 24th. At five o'clock this morning I went on shore. The promenade was filled with inhabitants all in their best attire, and carrying bunches of flowers. Five or six thousand thronged the streets. Elms grew on both sides, and one end was terminated by an arch and the other by an obelisk. The whole produced an animating effect. Returned to the vessel and took breakfast. Captain Lyndsey on board.

"At ten o'clock went on shore to see the house in which Milo lived in his banishment. It is situated in the ancient part of Marseilles, on the left hand side of the harbour. The street is narrow, about fifteen feet in width. The house of Milo is situated in the street of 'des grands Carmes.' Little else than the front remains undisturbed. The government has forbidden any alteration to be made on it. It is about twenty feet in width and forty in height.

"From this ancient structure we went to the public library, in which is a collection of sarcophagi and other remains of antiquity. The library contains 33000 volumes. The literature is that of the church before the Revolution, the books having been taken from the priests and monks when these orders were ruined in France. The library contained a complete collection of the Fathers.

“Wednesday, June 25th. Cloudy. The mornings and evenings are cool. Blunt, a seaman, has asked for his discharge. The after cabin is covered with fresh paint. The kitchen is all in disorder, the sides of the vessel are painted, and a great number of touches and daubs make it impossible to move without smooching one's clothes. In every port we have entered, something or other of this kind has been going on. We have been here fifteen days, and have done nothing but alter and re-alter, change the colour of this part, retouch another; a black streak is made white, and a red one yellow, cream colour is made blue, and mahogany colour green; tassels of gold cord are taken down and others of silk substituted. Green velvet, gold tassels, silk, gold leaf, paper hangings, cushions, curtains, flower pots, clocks, musical seats, porcelain, painters, gilders, tinkers, blacksmiths, joiners, trimmers, upholsterers, ladies, gentlemen, whores, ragamuffins, etc., etc., are all on board continually; such are the materials of combination. Such is our amusement in Europe. We begin at daylight and go to bed in the middle of the night.

“In the room adjoining the library there is a large collection of paintings, two of which are by Rubens, viz., *The Hunting of the Wild Boar*, and *The Flagellation or Scourging of Jesus*. The latter is very fine. Some say they are not by Rubens. The beef, mutton and veal are very good, but the French butchers have the disgusting habit of blowing. They fill the large veins with air and beat the meat with a club till the whole is puffed.

“Thursday, June 26th. The fine weather continues. The old part of Marseilles stands on an assemblage of hills. Water runs through almost every street in small narrow gutters placed in the middle of the way.

Two inclined planes, descending from the sides of the street and meeting at this water-course, form the surface of the road. I notice this merely because it is the old part of Marseilles, and probably is the ancient mode of forming streets. It is the same in Tangier. The new streets are raised in the middle and consequently the water-courses are near the sides. This appears to be the modern way of street making. The old mode is simpler, requires less labour to construct, and throws the filth further from the doors of the houses. It admits also of narrower streets, which in warm climates are infinitely more comfortable than wide ones, as the inhabitants are continually in the shade.

“ Davis, another seaman (who had decided to leave), has concluded to stay. The true reason, as given by all the sailors, is the continual, ceaseless labour of painting, working on Sundays, etc., etc. Indeed, if we had not been the lineal descendants of Job, we should all have drowned ourselves before this time.

“ Friday, June 27th. Yesterday, I visited the Royal Observatory. It is an extensive building with many apartments for the various instruments used in astronomical observations. The three domes which surmount the structure contain each a telescope. The middle dome, which is the largest, has a Gregorian ten-foot reflector, made in London by Short. The top of the dome is so constructed as to turn round, and there are sliding shutters, opening from the horizon to the zenith of the dome, for the convenience of directing the telescope to every part of the heavens. In a room below the domes, there is a transit instrument and a mural arch, several excellent clocks, etc., etc. During the Revolution the whole was neglected. None in the U. S.

“ Carpenters and gilders still employed.

“From the Observatory you may have an extensive bird’s eye view of Marseilles and all the adjacent country. The basin, with its shipping, lies before you, and appears like a small pond in the midst of a mass of extensive masonry. The principal buildings lie to the left. Beyond the city, on all sides, gardens and villas skirt the town. The whole is surrounded with high, rocky, barren hills, which form a most extensive amphitheatre.

“An old gentleman, nearly seventy years of age, while gilding the side of the vessel, fell into the water. His son, who could not swim, set up a tremendous shrieking and some men passing in a boat picked him up in a few moments. He says he will not touch the side again. So our gilding is at an end—half done.

“Sailors think nothing of falling into the sea, but landsmen have immediate hydrophobia. Many land animals swim naturally, but Nature has been more unkind to man. She has not condescended even to clothe him.

“One of the remarkable circumstances in the climate of the Mediterranean is the copious dew which falls every night. As soon as the sun has descended, the damp air is felt, and in two or three hours water stands in drops on the painted work of the vessel. In the morning everything is quite wet.

“This afternoon we have had rain. The climate of Marseilles is very unsteady, and although the extremes are not so great as with us, yet the liability to take cold is as great.

“The churches are all of a very inferior order. The inhabitants speak contemptuously of churches and priests, yet they are more civilized, more moral, more just, and more compassionate than the Spaniards. This must prove, I think, that the extreme observance of religion is not the most favourable form nor the one in which its influence is the

greatest. In France, as in Spain, you see women only performing the externals of religious ostentation: 'When you pray, enter into your closet, shut the door, and pray to your Father in secret,' seems to me to be the only unexceptionable mode of addressing God.

"The Place Puget is a market, standing on Ionic columns. It is considered a model of architecture even in Paris. Puget was also a painter and sculptor. A painting of his is found in the museum, and a bas-relief, unfinished, in the health office. He possessed the same art as Michael Angelo, and is considered perfection. He lived about fifty years since. He was a native of Marseilles.

"Saturday, June 28th. Last night we had a heavy westerly wind with rain and lightning. The weather is cool to-day, the wind at north-west, and the air enlivening.

"This afternoon an Italian amused the company with his harp and Italian songs. The genteel French families visit us after dinner, and very few are so rude as to visit us in the morning. French politeness consists in asking very delicately, with their hats in their hands, for permission to do what nobody could refuse, and taking a most respectful leave. In justice to them it ought to be observed that they are never troublesome. They are infinitely obliged to you for every little attention, and here their politeness ends. The generous confidence and frankness of an Englishman pleases me better.

"Sunday, June 29th. Fine weather. Carpenters, gilders, painters still at work. Inhabitants of all classes now begin visiting us. Great numbers are continually on board.

"This evening I visited the theatre in the company of a young Frenchman from Aix. Though an entire stranger to me, he had the

politeness, or I should rather say the goodness, to present me with a ticket, and to treat me generously at the theatre. The comedy was by Molière. The ghost of a murdered captain visits a libertine and invites him to breakfast. While in the act of seducing a young girl, the ghost makes his reappearance, clasps his old friend on the shoulder, and both together depart in flames. The ghost performed his part very well. He was dressed in the old Roman costume.

“The ballette is a pantomime, acted by ‘dancers,’ a word which conveys no idea of the gestures and agility of these players. The piece was the ‘Birth of Venus.’ The scene opened with Neptune in his element attended by Tritons, sailing round him. From the ocean arose Venus reclining on a conch-shell. Nothing could be more splendid. While this was taking place, Mars was seen in his chariot riding through the clouds. The Graces attend Venus, who sleeps in a swinging cradle in an arbour, overhung with vines, and blooming with roses. Cupid starts from an expanded rose. Mars while passing discovers Venus and Cupid wounds him. Venus descends and dances with her new lover. The dance continues, accompanied by the Graces, Cupid, Dryads, Naiads, Satyrs, etc., etc. Mercury is seen descending from the clouds, gliding like a meteor, and dressed in the costume of that Deity. He enters the dance and delivers his message. It was a command from Jupiter to attend a feast in Heaven. Immediately a curtain is drawn up and discloses the Gods and Goddesses at a banquet of ambrosia, as depicted in Homer. Ganymede handed the cup, etc. The dresses were splendid. Suddenly the whole heavens were illuminated by an excessively brilliant light. Nothing could be more perfect. The curtain descended and the ballette was finished.

"The costumes of the dancers would not be endured in any theatre in the U. S. In appearance they were naked. They are covered with a fine flesh colored elastic cloth, from the waist to the feet. Over this the female wears a light thin gauze frock, descending half way to the thighs, and bound round the bottom with gold and silver lace, which serves to keep it in place. The men dress very much the same. Their dancing consists of an infinite variety of gesticulations; standing on one foot and whirling around, throwing the leg, even to the very toe, into a line horizontal with the body. Jumping and dancing and quivering the legs is another very common motion. All their dancing might be analyzed, but it would convey a very inadequate idea of the infinite expressions of lasciviousness which makes this amusement so fascinating to the young and soothing to the worn-out debauchee.

"Monday, June 30th. The weather fine, many visitors. Carpenters and painters at work.

"The three musicians have come on board with their books and instruments. Making preparations to sail to-morrow. The day has been fine and the inhabitants have availed themselves of it, and have crowded the Cleopatra during the day. The musicians have amused us this evening with their two guitars and some French songs.

"Tuesday, July 1st. The weather is warm. Getting ready for sea. Company continues to visit us. They say Marseilles contains 80,000 inhabitants. Many of the streets are very broad, and are ornamented with two or three rows of trees. In rambling about the city one often enters grounds occupying entire squares. They constitute a most agreeable refreshment to the weary. The fountains are ordinary.

"There are no ladies more delicate in their manners and more care-

ful of public appearance than those of Marseilles. It even borders on prudery. Their morals are good, and their private character estimable. They appear intelligent, have handsome faces, good forms, walk gracefully, and are attentive to the minutest points of politeness. A proportion are tall and large, and from the corpulence of some, they are certainly well fed. The disorder of fatness is not uncommon. In dress they wear whatever is elegant without being tawdry, whatever is graceful without being redundant. In taste they certainly excel us."

On Friday, June 27, Mr. Crowninshield writes:

"Much engaged as for many days past. Company on board to dine. In the evening at the theatre. Returned on board at 11 o'clock."

The two following letters were written from Marseilles:

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO THOMAS JEFFERSON

Marseilles, 30 June, 1817.

THOMAS JEFFERSON ESQ.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR: Stephen Cathalan Esq., the U. S. Consul for this place, having accumulated an ample Fortune, is desirous of retiring from business and resigning his office to Mr. Joshua Dodge, an established commission merchant, and one very much esteemed & beloved. This gentleman is, in my opinion, in every way well qualified for the office. Should he obtain the appointment from our Government I am persuaded he would do honour to the office. There are already many Commission merchants here, and I am very sure that no new arrival from the U. S. could obtain a living, as the commerce from the U. S. is not sufficient to support more than those already established. It

requires an acquaintance with the business and language of the place, which Mr. Dodge already possesses—having been a resident here for a long time.

Mr. Dodge is related to our family, and was educated in the counting room of the House of G. C. & Sons, of which I was one of the firm. I know him to be correct, capable & very active; & Respected Sir, permit me to refer you for further information respecting Mr. Dodge to my brother the Honourable Secretary of the Navy.

Any assistance you may please to offer will infinitely oblige one who has the honour to be with every sentiment of Respect & Esteem Sir

Your most obedient Servant

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO MESSRS. WEBB & BRACE

Marseilles, 29th June, 1817.

MESSRS. WEBB & BRACE

GENTLEMEN: I wrote you from Gibraltar, since which no favourable opportunity has offered until now.

I have visited many Ports since I wrote you, at all of which I have been received in the most flattering manner, & my vessel has been crowded with the inhabitants. She is much admired by all who have visited her, and is considered far superior to any British yachts in the Mediterranean.

I shall proceed from this port to Toulon to-morrow.

I have not been able to obtain Guns as yet, which I much want, but am in hopes of being able to purchase them at Toulon, Leghorn, or Naples.

Although my vessel sails very fast, yet there is considerable danger of Pirates, and I have some fears.

The Captain of a French Frigate, who is now on board, leaves Marseilles to-morrow for Toulon by land & will probably arrive there a few hours before me. He is ready to present me to the Admiral & Others, to whom I have letters of Introduction, by which I hope to obtain free access to the Arsenal.

I expect to be with you at the time mentioned, as I consider it imprudent to proceed to Constantinople without being well armed, & Guns are prohibited at all the Ports I have so far visited.

I am with esteem & regard Your sincere friend G. C.

July 1st I have this day drawn on you for 1189\$ 71 cents in favour of Joshua Dodge at 30 days. G. C.

The Log of July 2, 1817, runs as follows:

“Commences calm. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 a.m. got underweigh with a light air from the N^{wd}. Made all sail. At 6 took a fine breeze from the N.E. and at 11.30 anchored in the inner harbour of Toulon. At 4 up anchor & ran in close to the mouth of the Port & came to in 2 fathoms soft mud, & moored with the small bower to the N.E., a kedge and hawser to the S.W., and a hawser on shore. Received a visit from the Admiral, the Captain General, the British Consul and several other gentlemen of distinction, who expressed great admiration of our vessel.”

“Wednesday, July 2nd. Yesterday afternoon at four o'clock we hauled out of the harbour of Marseilles and were towed by boats two or three

miles from the land. There was a perfect calm and we came to anchor, where we lay, till the morning. At four o'clock a.m. got underweigh with a fine wind and directed our course toward Toulon. Brown, who came on board as a sailor at Barcelona, quitted the Cleopatra's Barge at Marseilles.

“ At twelve o'clock came to anchor in the harbour of Toulon. It is formed by a smaller bay, within a larger. The entrance to the outer bay, or road, is wide, and the hills on each side, though not high, are strongly fortified. The entrance to the inner harbour is about half a mile in width, and is defended by extensive works and Martello towers on both sides. At the bottom of this bay stands the town, behind the Mole, so as to enclose a segment of its circular form. This wall is defended by about one hundred pieces of cannon, seventy-two of which are at the water's edge, and project through the rock. These batteries are bomb proof. The town is small, and is backed by high, barren, rocky hills without a tint of verdure. Indeed, the whole coast, from Marseilles, presents nearly the same appearance. The valleys, however, and some select spots, are cultivated as gardens. The whole country, from Gibraltar, is entirely destitute of trees. Fort St. Louis on the right is the most striking object around Toulon.

“ In attempting to enter the Mole this afternoon, the Cleopatra touched the ground, and at this moment all hands are employed in carrying out an anchor in order to haul her off. So much for attempting to enter strange and unknown harbours without a pilot. Even before we came to anchor, we discovered we had missed the channel and had passed between the floating pier and the shore.

“ Our good fortune only serves to embolden us, or rather, totally unfits



Port de Toulon

us. Those precautions which, if they do not always give success, are certainly the only means to deserve it, are entirely neglected. An attention to this is the distinguishing characteristic of wise and able men. The Admiral and several French officers visited us this afternoon.

“Thursday, July 3rd. The weather is very pleasant. There are about twenty sail of the line, and ten frigates, laying in the Mole, all dismantled. A sloop of war, of twenty guns, lays in the harbour, nearly ready for sea. She is going on a voyage of discovery. Her name was formerly *La Ciotat*, which has been changed for that of the *Urania*, in French, *Uranie*. Captain's name, Louis de Freijoinet. There is more verdure interspersed with the pale olive tree, around this harbour, than I have seen since I left the U. S.

“The principal officers of the fleet, together with the Governor, visited the *Cleopatra* this afternoon.

“Friday, July 4th. The weather is fine. The day passes away unnoticed. Went on shore. Streets narrow and paved. Small place. Could not gain admittance to the Arsenal or Navy Yard without permission from Paris. The officers of the port have demanded \$1.00 (one dollar) a ton anchorage money. This amounts to \$200 on the *Cleopatra*. The British Consul was so kind as to act for the American Government on this occasion, and upon a just representation of our circumstances the Government[French] have consented to withdraw their claim. Our not being a merchantman, and having a particular pass and letters of recommendation from the Secretary of State, caused them to consider our character the same as that of a Government vessel. We ought to have been apprised of this regulation of the port of Toulon by our Consul at Marseilles, as he was aware of our intention to visit this port.

“Monsieur C. de M., Vice-Admiral Commandant of the Marine of Toulon; Monsieur Le Comte de Zessien, Major General; Le Comte Montaille, Governor de Dépot; le Baron de Belisle, Governor of Toulon; Monsieur K., the Director of the Arsenal; Monsieur Depuyne, Captain of the Bellona, were on board to-day.

“We have had every opportunity to learn the sentiments of the French officers respecting Napoleon. They whisper his name in the most expressive manner; they look at the eagles which ornament our cabin, put their hands upon them with the greatest affection, turn their eyes up to Heaven, and oftentimes breathe a sigh which melts the heart; At the sound of his name they start into enthusiasm; and if you reciprocate their assertions, they seize your hands, clap you on the shoulder, and even embrace you. At the name of Louis no gesture expressive of contempt is omitted. At sight of the portraits of Blucher, Wellington, etc., they stamp, curse, and lose all patience, and this too, undisguisedly before us. In Toulon we find soldiers, heroes, and men of honour; in Marseilles, the meaner class of mercantile citizen, men whose politics and conduct depend upon commerce.”

The owner, under date of July 3, writes:

“In the evening attended the theatre in the Admiral's box. Returned on board at 11 o'clock. There are now in this Mole six ships of three decks, twenty-eight of 74 guns, and twenty-four frigates—besides many other ships and brigs of war. Including those building, upwards of one hundred sail of ships of war, besides a vast number of gunboats.”

“Saturday, July 5th. This morning at 4 o'clock, all hands were employed

in getting the ship underweigh, and as she was swung by a small anchor ahead, and a fast run on shore, to the wall of the Mole, she was soon underweigh. At this time a heavy squall accompanied with rain obliged us to come to again. Had we been under sail our numerous articles of furniture, none of which had been secured, must inevitably have been dashed to pieces.

“Yesterday I went on shore and rambled for an hour through the streets of the town. The weather was excessively warm and the streets smelt offensively. Toulon is a small place, its only remarkable parts being the Arsenal, etc., which I was not allowed to enter. At five o'clock got underweigh amidst heavy rain and thunder, and ran into a rough sea.

“After doubling round a cluster of five or six small islands we stretched our course towards Genoa, with a strong and fair wind which drove us at the rate of eleven miles an hour. At three a.m. the wind continues fresh and hurries us on faster than this vessel ever sailed before. The sea is moderate, the wind just on the larboard quarter, and we go eleven and a half to twelve knots.

“We are now abreast of Cannes, a place memorable in the history of the Emperor Napoleon. It is a small cluster of houses on the side of a hilly country. How must the footsteps of great men ennoble a country and render a little village an object of curiosity and wonder.

“At six o'clock p.m. the wind right aft. It has increased to a gale. The sea is not remarkably high as we run within fifteen or twenty miles of the shore. The Island of Corsica lies on our right hand, over which the clouds are distinctly seen. In the course of our run we have passed a lateen rigged vessel belonging to Genoa and bound there; and a Polacca brig, scudding under bare poles.

“At seven o'clock p.m. we experienced one of those sudden changes which voyagers have spoken of as common in this sea. We had notice of the change about to take place, from observing a brig about ten or twelve miles ahead, scudding under bare poles in a direction just contrary to our own. We had only time sufficient to take in our mainsail, and to clew up the foresail when the wind took us ahead. Soon after, however, it became a perfect calm and left us tossing and rolling on the waves, opposite the town of Vintmille, and about nine miles from the shore.

“Sunday, July 6th. The weather is fine. Last night we were terribly tossed on a rough sea and baffled by a head wind. This morning we find ourselves off Cape Mele, the western cape which forms one side of the Gulf of Genoa. The most remarkable features of this cape are the innumerable little settlements along the shore, and the recesses in the mountains back of the coast. Within a distance of two to three miles, I can count twenty considerable settlements. The hills and valleys appear well cultivated. The whole of this coast is mountainous, and the distant heights, which open between the valleys, are seen white with snow. Some of these towns stand on the seashore, others crown the summits of the hills, and many are beautifully embosomed in the foliage of trees, or half hidden in some fruitful valley.

“In Toulon we found two or three thousand galley slaves. These men had forfeited their liberty by the commission of crimes. Their terms of confinement were different,—some for a year and some for life. They were confined at night in the prisons of the Arsenal, and came forth daily to do the drudgery of the Government. Every morning at sunrise, we saw boat loads, dressed in red shirts, going to different points of the harbour, to carry timber or make roads. Each has a chain

on his legs, fastened round his ankles, and tied round his waist. Sometimes two are chained together. Half fed, shiftless, hopeless, and thus encumbered, they do but little, and I doubt not but that the Government pays more for their keeping than it receives from their labours.

“This institution is similar to ours of ‘labouring prisoners’ denominated ‘State Prisoners,’ and it is well known that they cost more than they render to the State. In addition to this it should be recollected that they supply the places of good and honest men, who are thrust out of their labour to make room for the villains who are patronized by the Government. The English Government appears to have adopted the only correct mode: either to hang them or to transport them to a foreign colony, where, if they themselves are not reformed, the children which they leave behind will become members of a new society; and, as it is the law of society, and human nature, that the majority will do right, in time a colony will be instituted productive and respectable.

“Monday, July 7th. The weather is pleasant. The head wind still continues, and we are now further from the point of the cape than we were yesterday morning, having lost a mile or two. At seven o’clock the wind began to breeze fair, and continued light during the day. As we sail along the coast, towns and villages continually open to our view.”

On turning back to the Log we find these entries:

“Toulon Harbour, Saturday, July 5th, 1817. Commences with light airs from the Northward & cloudy weather. At 4 a.m. unmoored & while in the act of getting underweigh took a heavy squall from the N.W. attended with heavy thunder, lightning & rain. While drifting got 4 parts of Hawser to one end of the Channel Buoy which held us very

well. At 7 a.m. came to sail. At 10 passed Fréjus, where Bonaparte landed on his return from Egypt. At 11 more pleasant. Passed Cannes, a small town in France, rendered immortal as the place where the Emperor of France landed on his return from Elba, it being 14 miles from Fréjus, where he landed, as mentioned above.

“Numbers of vessels of all descriptions in company. Passed them all. Strong breezes through the day and all necessary sail set. Passed a number of fine towns on the coast of Piedmont. At 7.10 p.m. Cape Mele bore E. N. E. Distant $3\frac{1}{2}$ leagues. The wind changed suddenly from N. W. to S. E., the sea being of course much agitated. Shortened sail and sent down the Royal Yard. The distance accurately measured on a good chart from Toulon to the town of Onieble, $3\frac{1}{2}$ leagues to the Westward of Cape M., is 141 miles. This we ran in 12 hours & 10 minutes, giving us an average of $11\frac{3}{4}$ knots per hour. Ends calm with a short, confused, disagreeable sea running, the vessel labouring hard through the night.

“Sunday, July 6th. At 4 a.m. took a light breeze from the N. E. & made all sail. Corsica (although above 90 miles Dist.) plain in sight. At 10 a.m. calm. Several large towns in sight. A strong current sets out of the Gulf of Genoa. Ends nearly calm.

“Monday, July 7th. Light baffling airs throughout the day.

“Tuesday, July 8th. At 4 a.m. took a breeze from the Southrd. Made all sail & at 11 a.m. anchored in the harbour of Genoa in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms muddy bottom. Here we found 2 American vessels. Several hundred people came on board to see the vessel. We are surrounded by beggars & mountebanks, who play on a great variety of musical instruments, so that we do not want for music. Set up the main Rigging. Ends pleasant weather.”



Tower of Stregius

“Tuesday, July 8th. The weather cloudy and cool. The wind fair. Within twenty miles of Genoa. At half past ten o'clock we approached the entrance and at half past eleven came to anchor within the Mole. The whole of this harbour has been made by these artificial projections.

“On the right hand, as you enter, there is a promontory on which is a light-house. It stands on a rock almost detached from the main, and is exceedingly high and slender. From this natural projection, there is a Mole built of small black stones, and running at a right angle with the Main. On the opposite side there is another pier of solid masonry. This forms the principal defence of the harbour against the heaving of the waves. At the extremity of each Mole there is a light-house, both of which are smaller than the one on the point. This harbour is spacious and safe, with very little obstructions from shoals or rocks. We entered without a pilot. At the extremities of the Moles there are batteries.

“The town is built on the shore, and is backed by high and broken mountains covered with a meagre verdure. Between the town and the skirts of the hills, there is considerable cultivation. The gardens and villas, with handsome buildings on commanding sites, give the whole landscape an air of finish and elegance. Every point of view gives indication of the wealth which once centred in Genoa. The palace of Andrea Doria stands so as to overlook the principal part of the city. It, however, has little to attract notice but its size. There are many palaces which once belonged to that person.

“We had no sooner come to an anchor than beggars, singers, mountebanks, and bands of music came alongside, all of them entertaining us at the same time with their respective powers. The boat which attracted our attention most carried a girl with a fiddle. She amused

us with various English contra-dances while a boy displayed his agility in tumbling. They finished their play by singing several songs in Italian.

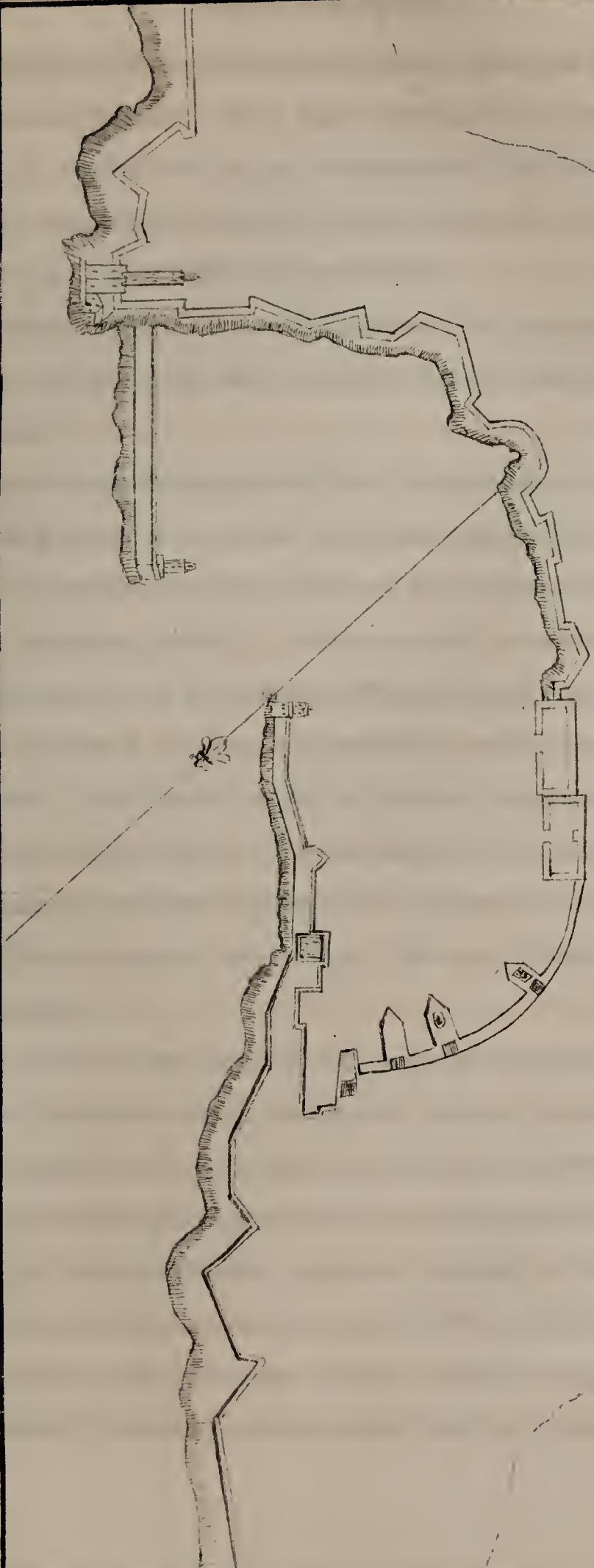
“Our French words, which we have been learning with great industry, are entirely useless in Genoa. Almost every port we enter gives us a different language. Portuguese, Arabic, English, Spanish, French, and Italian succeed each other so rapidly that before the sounds peculiar to one language have ceased to vibrate on our ears we are assailed by another. It is not uncommon to find Englishmen who have acquired a smattering of many languages, and have so far forgotten their own as to be oftentimes unintelligible in their native tongue. It is surprising to hear the dilapidated language of Englishmen and Americans who have been two or three years from home.

“This afternoon, another boat, with musicians, has been alongside playing and singing.

“The manners of the inhabitants are not so ostentatious as those of the French, but they are more yielding and sweet. A Frenchman tires one with his vivacity; a Genoese melts you with his languishing. A French lady is always vigilant and seizes every advantage to show her attractions; a Genoese lady throws herself upon your grace.

“When an Englishman contemplates the great achievements of his countrymen in the conquest of Europe, and the control of the commerce of the world, has he not reason to be proud? And what man who has a drop of English blood flowing in his heart but feels proud of his alliance? I admire them for having accomplished more than Greece or Rome ever did. I am no cold-blooded politician. Americans cannot hope to control Europe. They are at too great a distance. If, however, it is to

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Plan du Port de Gènes

be done, it must be through some controlling power on this side of the water. To accomplish this, other men must be sent here, than a few foreign consuls, and a few meagre ambassadors. Commerce admits but one sway, it cannot bear a rival. It must command or be content to take the crumbs. Follow this subject further.

“ Wednesday, July 9th. The weather is fine. The cherries, plums, pears, apricots, etc., are the very best we have eaten since we entered the Mediterranean.

“ Language is one of the most difficult attainments of man, and when spoken in its purity by a scholar constitutes one of the most elegant amusements of polished society. But how few there are who speak even their native language perfectly, and how small a number who write it correctly. Though it's by no means a difficult thing to smatter in several languages, I believe it is almost impossible to possess two languages at the same time. A mixture of words or idioms is constantly observed in the parlance of those persons who are in the habit of speaking, reading, and writing in various languages. It has been owing to the assemblage of different nations that so many shades of difference are found among languages.

“ I went on shore and rambled the narrow streets of Genoa. They are not over five feet in width, in general, and are formed by the walls of houses from six to seven stories high. Some of the streets are arched over. We passed through several wider ones almost entirely of palaces. The palace of Andrea Doria is inferior to no one in Genoa. It is now in the possession of his heirs, and may be hired with all its furniture, pictures, gardens, and fountains, for the small sum of ninety pounds sterling. Splendid palaces are to be hired here for one hundred dollars

per annum. Such is the decay and humiliation of what was once the proud seat of commerce and wealth.

“I visited the Church of the Annunciation. It is in fine style. A painting of Carlo is to be seen here. The colouring is very perfect. The ceiling is painted in fresco. There are eight twisted columns of brown variegated marble, said to have been taken from Pompeii. The columns which support the nave are of marble variegated, red and white, and fluted. The streets are paved in longitudinal lines of common pavestones and square flags. They are clean, but notwithstanding this, the jail odour, which constantly fills them, is offensive.

“There is here a small brig, formerly an American vessel, armed with carronades and two long nines. She is commanded by an Englishman. Indeed, all the vessels of war of this power are under the command of this same wonderful people.

“The Navy consists of a large and a small frigate, a brig, and six row galleys. The frigate lies in the Arsenal.

“This afternoon the Governor visited us accompanied by his wife and daughter, and family.

“A splendid country seat, containing a palace and gardens, within a mile or two of the city, can be hired for the small sum of between ninety and one hundred dollars. It is no uncommon thing to converse with a mechanic who can point you out his palace and gardens. I have been shown one which is said to have cost \$250,000, now offered for \$40,000. A merchant offers \$30,000 and will probably purchase it. Such is the uncertainty of wealth in a commercial city. When commerce deserts a people, she leaves them miserable. The owners, with their wealth, and the paraphernalia of wealth, fly to some more favourable

spot, and leave nothing behind but a mass of stones which must be inhabited by those whose poverty forces them to linger in the twilight of departed greatness.

“Thursday, July 10th. The weather is fine. Rather warm in the middle of the day.

“As we are now at Genoa, it would not be improper to write a history of commerce in the Mediterranean. Beginning at Palmyra or ‘Todmore in the Desert,’ and expatiating at Tyre, Alexandria, Constantinople, Genoa, Venice, etc. See Playfair’s ‘Inquiry,’ Anderson and McPherson, ‘The Lusiad,’ and the work on the ‘Function of Money’ (I forget the author’s name), etc., etc., etc. This subject will make an elegant digression.

“Our Consul at Genoa is an Englishman. The peculiar manners of different countries are distinctly seen on arrival there, and I am inclined to think that visiting by water is best for the purpose of observing them, for where we travel through a continent this difference is confused and blended by proximity. This applies not only to their language but to their manners and habits as well.

“The visitors were innumerable to-day. They were as troublesome as the inhabitants of Barcelona. There were oftentimes forty boats alongside at one time. They began at six o’clock a.m. and continued until eleven at night.

“The Genoese seem to possess the Spanish gravity with a mixture of French manners. We find the same enthusiastic devotion to Bonaparte among the inhabitants of Genoa as we witnessed at Toulon.

“Friday, July 11th. The weather continues very fine. Altho’ the thermometer (Fahrenheit) has stood at eighty in the shade, and on board

the vessel, yet the heat is not oppressive. The sky is clear and the air dry. It is moisture of climate, accompanied with heat, that makes one uncomfortable. During the night we continue to experience the heavy dews. The fruit of this country, particularly the cherries, is very good. Beef is good and at five cents a pound. The bread is ordinary.

“Visitors began to come on board at five o'clock. At eight the vessel was filled. One comes with watches and jewelry, another with pieces of sculpture, a third with antiques, etc., etc. All have something to say and show. We experience considerable inconvenience from swarms of fleas which are left on board by our visitors. But they are not so large nor so numerous as in Spain.

“The women of this city are handsomer than any we have seen in Europe. They are fair, regularly featured and of handsome forms. A beautiful Genoese woman is not a rarity, as is the case in the Western Islands, in Spain, and even in Marseilles; although in the latter place, there is a greater proportion of female beauty than in either of the other ones. It appears to us that all Genoa is in an uproar, such is the crowd.

“The weather is extremely warm, and the huddle in the rooms and on deck is so compact, that not a breath of air can breathe upon us.

“The inhabitants, in general, have chestnut hair, sometimes a light brown, and a few have black, but always fine. It gives the head a more graceful appearance than the coarse black hair of the inhabitants of Spain.

“Saturday, July 12th. Fine weather. Nothing can be conceived so disgusting as the crowd of visitors which daily throngs our vessel. To be among a people, without understanding their language, and with a dissimilarity of manners, forces one to be continually acting a pantomime.

The only glimpses of light amid this darkness, are a few broken English expressions, from half taught foreigners. If, however, we are so fortunate as to be visited by Englishmen in foreign places, we enjoy for a moment the comfortable ways of society.

“Franciscus Lib. Baron de Zach, Director of the Observatory at Seeburgh, near Gotha in Saxony, Member of the American Philosophical Society of the U. S., and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Massachusetts, visited the *Cleopatra* to-day. He resides at present in Genoa, and has built an Observatory for his private observations. He enquired after the American gentlemen of science, particularly Dr. Rush, Mr. Bowditch, John Adams, Mr. Jefferson, etc., etc. He asked to see our sextants, and other nautical instruments, examined an edition of the *Nautical Almanack*, printed in New York, and *Bowditch's Navigator*. He enquired particularly whether the Americans understood the Lunar Observations, and on being informed of the generality of the knowledge of that important part of navigation, expressed the greatest satisfaction. He assured me it was not understood by the French Navigators, that the Italians, and indeed all the sailors of the Mediterranean, were entirely ignorant of the existence of such improvements in the art, and that they were possessed of no other knowledge than their people knew in the time of Columbus. They navigate the Mediterranean with only the compass and log-line. He was very particular respecting our knowledge on the subject of Lunar Observations; as he afterwards informed us, he had been engaged in a dispute with some Englishmen, who denied the fact of our being acquainted with this branch of science, and in his zeal for our countrymen, had laid a bet with these same English gentlemen, respecting that fact. He was

greatly surprised on being informed that we had no Observatory in America, and could hardly believe me. I explained the nature of our Government, and of our pursuits and habits of thinking, and assured him of the growing taste for the science in America. At this he was delighted. He invited me to his house in the city, his country seat, and his Observatory. But our stay is too short to form acquaintances or gain information.

“A gentleman of Genoa, de Negro, a poet, with his family, also visited us. His manners were unostentatious and sweet. He invited us to his palace, which he pointed out, as he stood on the quarter-deck, and even insisted on our going with him. It was, however, impossible. His conversation was not like that of the Baron. He had travelled over Europe and was happy that he lived in Genoa, as the beautiful scenery and splendid palaces, and rich improvement of the country round the city had charms for him inexpressibly beautiful. He had gardens in the city, with many exotic plants, and some, he said, of America. Such are the different tastes of men.

“Saturday, July 13th. Last evening we had a strong breeze from the northward, accompanied with thunder and rain. In front of us is a large garden in which there is a colossal statue, called the Giant of Genoa, all of which belonged to Andrea Doria. This morning we are making preparations to go to sea.

“Lord Carrington visited us this morning and took breakfast. He is an aged man of middle size and at present resides at Milan.

“At twelve o'clock passed the Mole and stood towards Leghorn with a fair wind. At three o'clock the wind died away and left us tossing on a rough sea, exposed to the scorching sun on deck, without any-

thing to drink but inflaming ardent spirits, or some claret muddy with sediment."

Extracts from the Log:

"Wednesday, July 9th. Genoa Harbour. Great numbers of people came on board to see the vessel—among them the Governor of the place, the Admiral & a number of others of distinction.

"Friday, the 11th. Mr. Crowninshield dined on shore with the Russian Ambassador. We had over 4000 visitors this day."

Captain George writes:

"Genoa, Tuesday, July 8th. Prince Kosloffsky, the Russian Ambassador, visited the yacht to-day. In the evening attended the theatre. Returned on board at 12 o'clock.

"Wednesday. The Governor and General in Chief and their suites—about 40 in all—visited me and tarried over two hours.

"Friday. Dined with Prince K. He is 28 years old and very gross. His palace and treat were superb indeed.

"Saturday. By invitation, I visited Mr. Ackerman, the most eminent merchant of Genoa. I drove in his carriage to his country seat, where we dined. A most delightful spot.

"Sunday. Lord Carrington breakfasted with me on board."

The following letter introducing Mr. Casati was written from Genoa:

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Genoa, 12th July, 1817.

MY DEAR BROTHER: This will be handed you by Mr. Casati, a co-partner of the house of Fidele Boilgerard of the City of New York, whose business here is to represent that house. He is a gentleman of great respectability and was private secretary to Bonaparte and one of the Legion of Honour when Bona was ordered to the Elba, and continued with him until he, Bona, delivered himself to the British, at which time Mr. Casati was not permitted to accompany Bonaparte. He was proscribed, deprived of his fortune & cast into prison, and on his being liberated went to New York.

Any attentions or civilities you may be pleased to show him will be considered as a favour conferred on your affectionate Brother,

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

The Baron de Zach, who visited the yacht at this port, presented Captain George with this letter of introduction to the Governor of Elba. He was also the author of the following article.

LE BARON DE ZACH TO LE COMTE DE STRASOLDO

Genoa, Italy.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE: I have now taken an extraordinary occasion. The Governor's Lady at Genoa presents a thousand compliments. I write you these lines on board an American Brig Cleopatra, the proprietor of which is Mr. Crowninshield, who is going to refresh himself

at the Island of Elba. I have no business to recommend him to your protection. On seeing him you will see his merits.

Your truly humble & obedient servant

LE BARON DE ZACH.

His Excellency LE COMTE DE STRASOLDO

Lt. General & Governor of the Isle of Elba etc.

at Porto Ferrajo

(The following extract is translated from a French work published at Genoa in 1830, entitled "Correspondence Astronomique, Géographique, Hydrographique et Statistique du Baron de Zach." The author is well known as one of the first astronomers in Germany, and stands high in the literary and scientific world.)

"How does it happen that the Commanders of French vessels, with thirty-four schools of Hydrography established in the Kingdom, either know not, or do not wish to know, how to calculate the longitude of their vessels by Lunar distances, while even the cooks and negroes of American vessels understand it?

"Agreeably to my promise, p. 513 of 1st vol. of this correspondence, I will now relate what once I witnessed on board an American vessel, the Cleopatra's Barge, which arrived in the month of July, 1817, at the Port of Genoa from Salem, one of the handsomest towns in the State of Massachusetts, U. S. A. Lat. $42^{\circ} 35' 20''$ N., Long. $73^{\circ} 9' 30''$ W. All the city crowded to see this magnificent palace of Neptune; more than 20,000 persons had visited this superb floating palace, and were astonished at its beauty, luxury, and magnificence. I went among the others. The owner was on board; he is a gentleman of fortune of Salem, who had amassed great riches during the late War with Great Britain. He

was brother to the Secretary of the Navy of the United States. This elegant vessel was built for his own amusement, after his own ideas, upon a plan and model new in very many respects, and was considered the swiftest sailer in America. He had travelled or sailed for his pleasure in this costly jewel (*bijou*) that appeared more the model of a cabinet of curiosities than a real vessel. He had left America in this charming shell (*coquille*) for the purpose of visiting Europe and making the tour of the Mediterranean & had already touched at the ports of Spain, France, Italy, the Archipelago, Dardanelles, coasts of Asia, Africa, etc. We have since heard of the death of this gentleman, a short time after his return to Salem. His name was George Crowninshield — he was of German origin — his ancestor was a Saxon officer, who having the misfortune to kill his adversary in a duel, sought refuge in America. The Captain of this beautiful vessel was a lively old gentleman, a cousin to Mr. Crowninshield; his son, a young man, was also on board. I shall not here enter into detail concerning the remarkable construction of this vessel — still less her splendour — the public journals have already noticed them.

“In making some enquiries respecting my friends and correspondents in Philadelphia and Boston, among others I mentioned Dr. Bowditch. ‘He is the friend of our family, and our neighbour in Salem,’ replied the old captain. ‘My son, whom you see there, was his pupil; it is properly he and not myself that navigates this vessel; question him and see if he has profited by his instructions.’ I observed to this young man, ‘You have had so excellent a teacher in Hydrography that you cannot fail of being well acquainted with the science. In making Gibraltar what was the error in your longitude?’ The young man replied, ‘Six miles.’

‘Your calculations were then very correct; how did you keep your ship’s accounts?’ ‘By chronometers and by Lunar Observations.’ ‘Can you then ascertain your longitude by Lunar distances?’ Here my young captain, appearing to be offended with my question, replied with some warmth, ‘What, I know how to calculate Lunar distances! Our cook can do that!’ ‘Your cook!!’

“Here Mr. Crowninshield and the old Captain assured me that the cook on board could calculate longitude quite well; that his taste for it frequently led him to do it. ‘That is he,’ said the young man, pointing to a negro in the after part of the vessel, with a white apron round his waist, a fowl in one hand, and a carving knife in the other. ‘Come here, John,’ said the old Captain to him, ‘this gentleman is surprised that you understand Lunar Observations. Answer his questions.’ I asked, ‘By what method do you calculate Lunar distances?’ The cook answered, ‘It is immaterial — I use sometimes the method of Maskelyne, Lyons, Witchel, or Bowditch, but I prefer that of Dunthorne, as I am more accustomed to it.’ I could hardly express my surprise at hearing that black-face answer in such a manner, with a bloody fowl and carving knife in his hands. ‘Go,’ said Mr. Crowninshield, ‘lay aside your fowl and bring your books and journal and show your calculations to the gentleman.’ The cook returned with his books under his arms, consisting of Bowditch’s Practical Navigator, Maskelyne’s Requisite Tables, Hutton’s Logarithms, and the Nautical Almanack abridged from the Greenwich Edition. I saw all the calculations this negro had made on the passage, of latitude, longitude, apparent time, etc. He replied to all my questions with admirable precision, not merely in the phrases of a cook, but in correct nautical language.

“This cook had sailed as cabin-boy with Captain Cook in his last voyage round the world, and was acquainted with several facts relating to the assassination of that celebrated navigator at Owyhee, Feb. 1779. ‘The greatest part of the seamen on board the Barge,’ said Mr. Crowninshield, ‘can use the sextant, and make nautical calculations.’ Indeed Mr. Crowninshield had with him many instructors. At Genoa he had taken one acquainted with Italian:—he had also on board an instructor in the French language, a young man who had lost his fingers in the Russian campaign. What instruction! What order! What correctness! What magnificence! was to be observed in this Barge! I could relate many more interesting particulars concerning this true barque of Cleopatra!”

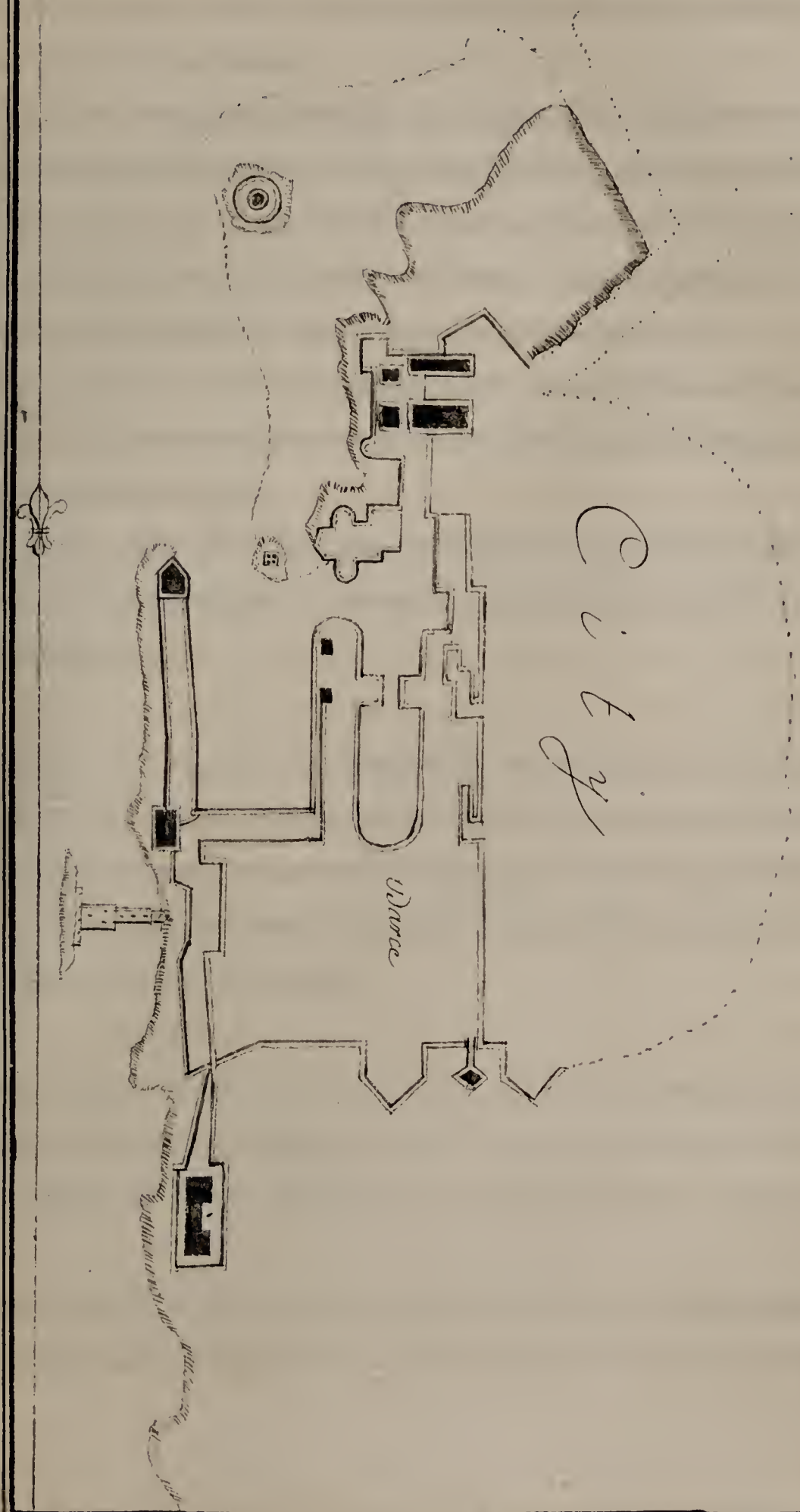
Of the trip from Genoa to Leghorn Mr. Crowninshield writes:

“Tuesday, the 15th. At one o’clock this morning there came on a violent gale from the westward, so violent in fact that we could not carry our close reefed topsail. We were therefore obliged to scud into Leghorn Roads, and come to with our best bower anchor. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 a.m commenced drifting. Let go the stern anchor which soon brought her up.

“Wednesday, the 16th. The gale still continues. Wind W.S.W. to W.N.W. Most of the merchant vessels in the outer harbour have their topmasts housed. This is the first time my brig’s top-gallant mast has been on deck since we left Salem.

“Monday, July 14th. At sea calm and warm, very uncomfortable. In the afternoon a fair wind blew us towards Leghorn, and at four o’clock

Plan du Port de Licourne



saw the Island of Gourgone. By sunset, the wind began to blow, and continued to increase, until it blew a gale. The sea was exceedingly rough and the wind on shore.

“We were all employed through the night. Our furniture was in a state of terrible insurrection. A keg of pickles was upset into a chest of tea, and a bag of rice into a barrel of pork. The wine casks all got loose, the tables and chairs and sofas and lamp all upset together. This morning we found ourselves among the American Squadron.

“Tuesday, July 15th. The wind continues to blow and the sea to toss us about. In the afternoon we were visited from the Washington by Midshipman Crowninshield.

“Wednesday, July 16th. The wind continued to blow hard during the night and in the morning increased to a considerable gale. The gale abated at sundown.”

On Thursday, July 17, Mr. Crowninshield, accompanied by Captain Ben, set out for Florence, where he remained several days. Unfortunately, the only mention he makes of this trip is “sprained my ankle.” Philosopher Ben, left on board the yacht, writes briefly and somewhat despondently of the next few days.

“Thursday, July 17th. Mr. C. and my father set out this morning with the intention of going to Florence. The weather is pleasant, but the heaving of the sea is very uncomfortable. Several officers of the fleet visited us.

“Friday, July 18th. The weather is pleasant. The Erie sailed yesterday for Genoa. The Cleopatra lays at so great a distance from the

shore that we have no communication with the city. The American Squadron sailed this morning at eleven o'clock for Civita Vecchia.

"I went on shore this forenoon for a few minutes. On the Mole stands a colossal statue, supported by four colossal figures on the four corners of the pedestal, representing the four stages of human life. Entered the city thro' a high gateway, into a broad street extremely well paved, with large square flag-stones. After taking a few turns through dirty, stinking streets, I was very glad to go on board, although our vessel is a mere prison. It is thus I pass the time in Europe.

"Saturday, July 19th. The weather foggy. In the afternoon the wind increased to a gale which tossed us about as violently as when at sea.

"Sunday, July 20th. The weather cloudy and cold, the sea rough and the vessel uneasy. In the afternoon fair weather and an unaccountably heavy sea. Nobody has yet visited us from the shore. The beef is excellent and the bread better than that of Marseilles. It is certainly the best I have ever eaten.

"Monday, July 21st. The wind is still and the sea has subsided. The day is fine. Some ladies and gentlemen from the shore visited us. The rolling of our vessel made them seasick. This evening the travellers returned from Florence.

"Tuesday, July 22nd. Fine weather. It is an old saying and a true one, that he who travels abroad to see the world, must carry the world in his head. The traveller who knows little will return with little. A man with little knowledge can see houses, streets, men, women and children; his head becomes dizzy and confused; he remembers a mass of things but nothing definitely. The traveller, too, who rushes rapidly from place to place, can have no more idea of the countries he touches upon than an

owl, flitting over a forest in the twilight, can have of the topography and natural history of the country he visits. No man can travel to advantage, without a preparatory course of study. This is an indispensable requisite. He ought to be accompanied by men of information. He must be assisted by others who have gone over the ground before him, and he must spend an adequate portion of time at such places as he means to make the object of his researches. Without these preparations and means, he but goes a wool-gathering.

“I paid another visit to the city in order to see an extensive collection of sculpture. There were some fine pieces from the chisel of Canova. The specimens in alabaster were exquisite. There was a good bust of Hamilton in marble, a bust of Washington, and an ordinary likeness of Jefferson.

“Wednesday, July 23rd. Fine weather and light wind. At three o'clock a.m. got underweigh and stood towards Elba, which lies in sight of Leghorn. We found a great trade in wheat between this port and Odessa and sometimes with Egypt. Indeed, this ancient granary of the world is as much resorted to at the present day, as it was in the time of the patriarch Jacob, when he sent his sons ‘down into Egypt to buy corn.’ The wheat is of a reddish brown color. The trade is principally carried on by the English and Greeks. The latter are good sailors and their ships beautiful models.

“The seamen of the Mediterranean appear to be extremely fond of the lateen sail. Whence it derives its name I know not. It seems to be the most convenient mode of applying canvas to spars that can be conceived of. I have seen a sail upon a yard of ninety feet, furled in ten seconds. It requires no boom, and therefore a most troublesome

machine is gotten rid of. A short mast of no definite length serves to hoist it on. If the mast should happen to be a few feet shorter, or longer, the balance of the yard can be accommodated to it, and as the yard is the principal spar used in extending the sail, the great weight of wood and canvas aloft can be taken on deck in the readiest manner. The shape of the sail, too, is certainly the best which can be set upon a vessel. The acute angle of the upper part to receive the light breezes, and the broad base near the vessel to catch the force of the wind, and apply it, causing as little careening as possible, show great science in the inventor. The yard is generally constructed of small spars lashed together, so that the largest vessel may be rigged from mere poles.

“Taking everything into consideration, this mode of rigging a vessel appears to me to be the most perfect thing in marine economy. I have never seen it, however, on vessels of more than one hundred tons. This rig is peculiarly adapted to navigate the Mediterranean.

“Paul must have been in a large vessel, as she carried 276 souls. It will be recollected that the vessel belonged in Alexandria and was carrying wheat from that place to Italy. During the voyage they encountered a heavy gale of wind, called Euroclydon, and as they were driven to the westward, it must have been the same wind they now call a Levanter. Knowing nearly the bearing of their port, and the tendency of their vessel to drift westward, they kept her on a wind, and finally hove to, or, as the expression is, ‘bore up into the wind,’ and when they could ‘bear up into the wind’ no longer, they ‘let her drive’ in on a lee-shore, namely, put her before the wind. The gale continued to increase till they could no longer carry sail, and then they scudded under bare poles. The next day they lightened the ship, probably by

throwing as much wheat into the sea as was necessary, and the third day they threw overboard the 'tackling' of the vessel. Tackling cannot mean either sail or mast, because after they had made the land, they hoisted the mainsail, and ran her ashore, after throwing all the wheat overboard. He found himself on the Island of Melita, or Malta in our times, where he stayed three months. There he found a vessel of Alexandria, which had wintered in the island, going to Syracuse, where he arrived and tarried three days. From there he sailed to Rhegium, to Puteoli and thence to Rome."

The Log observes:

"Leghorn Road, July 21st. A number of visitors from the shore, among them a Russian Admiral.

"Mr. Crowninshield and the Captain returned. The ship *Midas* of Salem, Endicott master, sailed from hence for Batavia.

"Wednesday, the 23rd. At 3 a.m. got underweigh. At 4 saw an American sloop of war anchor in the Roads. Ends with light baffling airs and very dark. Employed working in by the light-house of Porto Ferrajo in the Island of Elba.

"Thursday, the 24th. At 1 a.m. came to in 7 fathoms of water. At 8 a.m. got *pratique* and hauled into the inner harbour, which we find very commodious. The Governor's Secretary, the Captain of the Port and other gentlemen came on board and offered every assistance in their power. Cleared the Decks & washed the vessel all round with fresh water.

"At eight o'clock p.m. we approached the harbour of Ferrajo in the Island of Elba. The ocean was perfectly smooth and the gentlest breeze

scarcely moved our vessel over the expanse. The moon shone above the island, in company with a beautiful planet, and reflected her yellow light from the water.

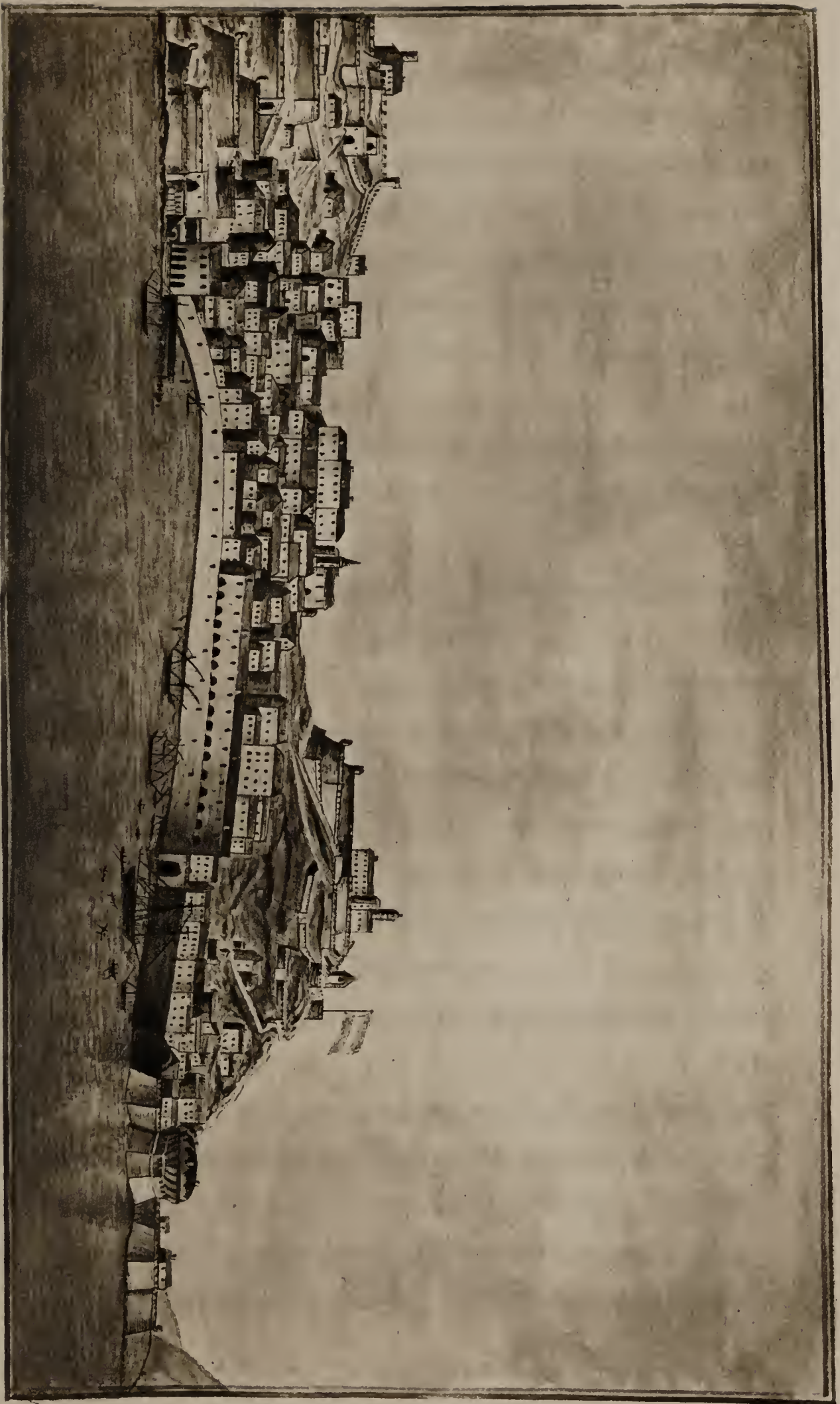
“All was tranquillity and peace. What a contrast to the same ocean wrapt in clouds and troubled with tempests! The same wind which now plays about us so pleasantly can, in a moment, produce a change that is able to strike terror into the most experienced seamen. Europe was as quiet till the master spirit of the age raised the storm, and many a high-minded hero was caught in the tempest on the field of Waterloo.

“At one o'clock we anchored in the harbour of Ferrajo.”

“Thursday, July 24th. The weather warm. The harbour of Ferrajo is formed by a deep bay, surrounded by high and irregular hills. The Mole on the right hand completely encloses the town, leaving only a narrow opening for the entrance of vessels. The town is small and well defended. The hills are naked and rocky at their summits, but the valleys are well cultivated and adorned with gardens, and the bases of the hills are planted with the vine. The inner harbour is a perfect square surrounded by high battlements. The length is about three hundred fathoms, and the depth of water alongside the quay is four fathoms. We found only a few small boats here.

“A man came on board to sell a collection of minerals. Among them I saw specimens of iron ore and loadstone, called Calamet. There is a mine, from which they procure some gold, and a quarry of alabaster near this harbour. ‘*Insula, inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.*’ Virgil, Aeneid, x, 174.

“The houses are ordinary, and even the residence of Bonaparte, which



Porto Lido

stands so as to overlook the whole town, is no more than a two-story building, the middle part of which is a cube, having its sides extended by two wings. His country residence stands on the other side of the harbour, situated in a valley surrounded by high and broken hills. The cultivation around this villa gives the whole a pleasant appearance.

“We observe many heaps of salt piled up on the beach. I am informed that they make 700,000 bags per annum. It sells for one cent per pound.

“In the evening the dew falls copiously, and the heat is thereby much moderated. A band of straggling musicians came on board and amused us till ten o'clock.

“Friday, July 25th. Pleasant weather. All hands employed in painting the vessel. She is to have a thorough covering.

“This evening the musicians returned again. During the afternoon I took a ramble through the streets of Ferrajo. They are well paved, but the houses show signs of poverty in the inhabitants. The whole place is dirty and wretched. The house of the Emperor is surrounded by a wall, and defended by some pieces of cannon. A small garden adjoins one end. From this site an entire view of the city and its environs may be had, as well as of the Mole and the harbour.

“The women are far from handsome. They dress ordinarily without any mark of delicacy or taste.

“In France dancing is the popular amusement. In Italy they delight in the effeminate pastime of music. They sit for hours listening to the tinkling of a guitar and the song of some effeminate singer. The music is certainly enchanting. The modulations are exquisite and the harmony perfect. Everybody is a performer on some instrument, or has some song

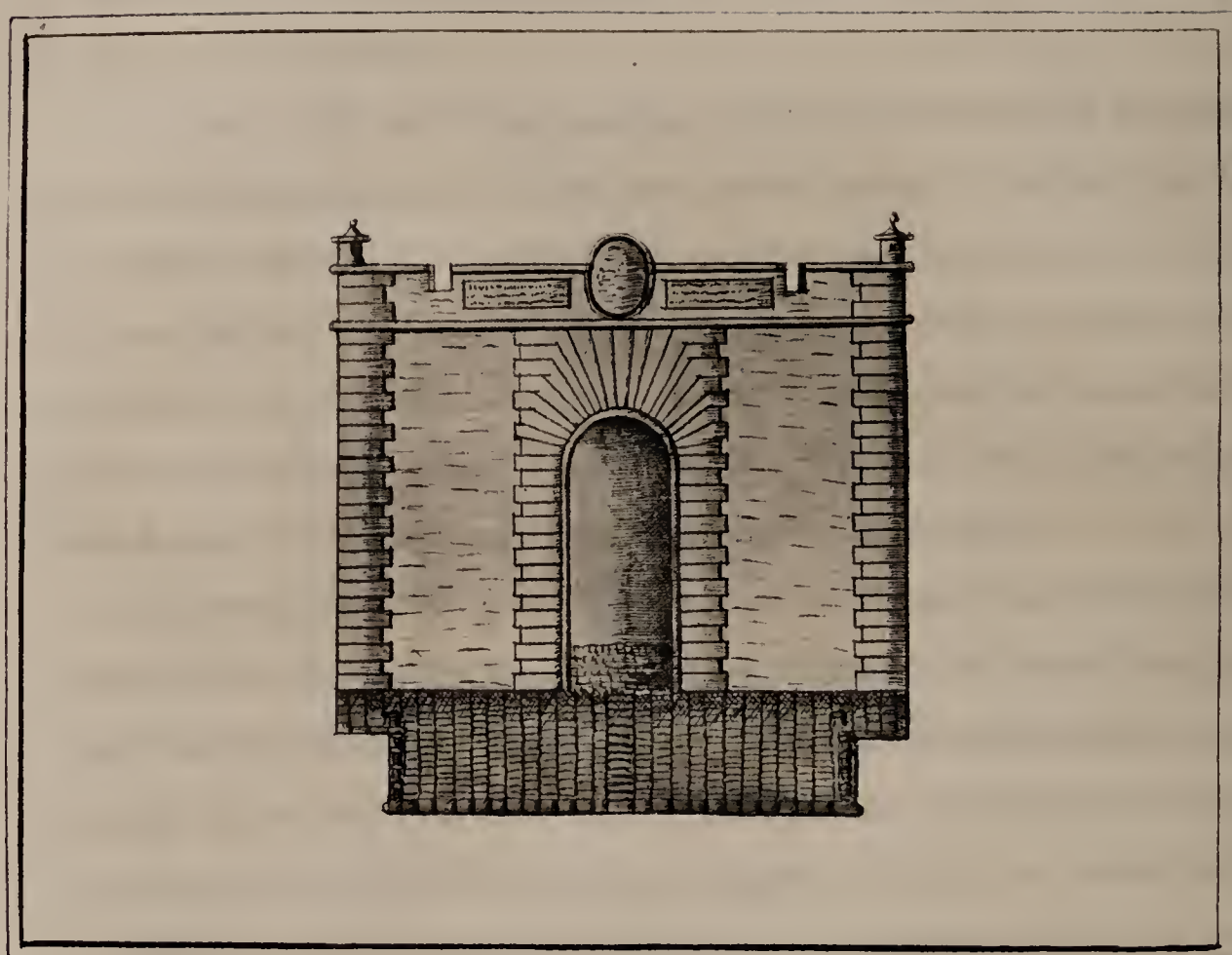
for the occasion. And these are the descendants of the proud and war-like Romans. 'How are the mighty fallen!'

"There are said to be 15,000 inhabitants in this island, 3000 of whom live in the city. They are dependent on other countries for two-thirds of their bread-stuffs. They produce about 3000 hogsheads of wine a year. I observed in the market, lobsters, crawfish, soles, the bonitos, and the denticini, or tooth fish.

"Saturday, July 26th. The weather is fine but warm. The travellers set out this morning to visit the iron mines, about six miles from the city. The inhabitants, as usual, of every grade, came on board. All hands employed, at the same time, in painting. In this part of the world they rise very early. The ladies were on the Mole as early as three o'clock, but they sleep during the heat of the day. The fleas and other vermin disturb them all night and they willingly rise at daylight.

"This afternoon I took a little excursion to view the fortifications which defend this port. There are, in all, eighteen batteries. The principal fortress stands on the left of the entrance and completely covers the high hill which overlooks the city and adjacent country. In the rear the descent of the hills is abrupt and rapid, at the foot of which, there is a ditch, broad and deep. This is filled with water from the sea. It completely cuts off the whole promontory. This is certainly a strong fortress. At the right of this, on another hill, which extends in its height into the sea, stands the house formerly occupied by Bonaparte. The whole of this hill is also strongly fortified and the works extend round the other end of the Mole.

"The travellers returned from the mines at six o'clock, bringing some specimens of iron.



Porte du Port de Porto Ferrajo

“Honour and truth are qualifications not essential in the economy of morals prevalent in Italy. These principles are found only among nations who have learnt to respect themselves and to oblige the world to do likewise.

“The musicians were again on board playing till ten o’clock.

“Sunday, July 27th. The weather extremely fine and warm. The Italian character was well drawn by Goldsmith in the lines which begin: ‘Tho’ grave yet trifling.’

“Among the troops which accompanied Aeneas from Tuscany as seamen, some were from Elba. He says thus: ‘Est Ilva trecentos Insula, inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.’* According to this, the Island of Elba furnished three hundred men. The fighting men of a nation are generally taken at one in five of the population; but it furnished Aeneas with sailors. Great Britain has in her naval employ 160,000 seamen, which have been obtained by every means of violence from other nations. She probably by herself could not have furnished more than half that number. Taking the merchant service into consideration, perhaps she has twice that number in her employ. This number from a population of 16,000,000 would give about one man in fifty.

“Taking this data for the basis of our calculations, Elba had in the time of Virgil about 15,000 inhabitants. This agrees with what we are told is the present population of the island.

“Enquire what was the number of seamen in the American service in the year 1807, etc., and what number could have been obtained for fighting men. This is a subject worth pursuing and much light might be thrown on naval affairs.

* *Aeneid*, x, 173, 174.

“This is the first port at which we have been troubled with mosquitoes. These, together with bedbugs and fleas, give us much uneasiness in the night. On shore I observed the honey-bee regaling itself on a delicate species of thistle.

“The loadstone is found by means of the compass. When the needle is brought over the place where a piece of this stone lays, it becomes affected and thereby discovers the presence of the stone. It is brought on board in pieces of from one ounce to three or four pounds in weight.

“Monday, July 28th. The weather is very fine, not a cloud to be seen.

“The inconvenience of this harbour, on account of the scarcity of water, will forever render it unfit for the resort of ships of war.

“The watering place stands at the foot of a conical hill surrounded by the remains of some old works. The ascent is very steep, and its base is a square. There are two tanks built of stone, as reservoirs, to retain the small quantity of water which trickles through a ravine.

“The whole face of the country is extremely rough, broken by cliffs, and jutting into mountains. Their summits are naked rocks, and the soil, wherever there are a few vines planted, is yellow and stony. I saw vineyards with the grapes nearly ripe. They are planted three and four feet distant [from each other], and are supported by cane-poles stuck into the ground. The Indian corn was small, but there were already ears on the stalks ripe for eating. The myrtle was scattered everywhere, and blackberry vines tangled the narrow stony paths which wound round the mountains.

“There was a profusion of wild flowers, and in a great variety. I amused myself by gathering them for my herbal. It has rained but

Elba July 28/1877



*Pressed Flowers
Gathered at Elba*

once these seven months, and that was two months ago, when it rained for three hours. But they are amply compensated by the copious dews of the night. There is an abundance of limestone on the island. I observed many kilns along the shore."

At Porto Ferrajo the owner observes:

"My ankle still very painful, but am determined to go on shore that I may visit the place of Napoleon's exile. My brig, it is said, is the first American vessel that ever anchored in Porto Ferrajo.

"In the afternoon received many visitors, among them being the Captain of the Port and his family. The ladies soon commenced dancing, which they continued for some time, appearing to enjoy themselves perfectly. My music playing. In the evening I was serenaded by a band from the shore of eleven persons. I invited them on board, where they tarried until 10 o'clock when I treated and paid them.

"Friday, the 25th. At 10 a.m. I received a visit from Mr. Vantini, who was Napoleon's chamberlain, with his lady and family, she being a very agreeable woman, and one to whom Napoleon was said to have been very attentive. I entertained them with preserves, crackers, cheese, and wine. In the afternoon took a carriage to visit Napoleon's palace, which is directly opposite the city, distant five miles by land and is situated near the bay. About a mile from the city crossed a canal — separating Porto Ferrajo from the rest of the island — thence over a fine road to the palace, which makes a handsome appearance from a distance but is in no way elegant within. The same furniture remains which Napoleon left at his departure. I entered many rooms in the house. I took a small piece of the carpet from the room in which he usually slept. The house-

keeper presented me with two pieces of tile which I saw him take from Napoleon's bathing-room. I plucked from the vines in front of the house a bunch of grapes, also a few apples, both of which I intend preserving.

"I am informed by Mr. Vantini, Jr., who accompanied me, and who was his aide-de-camp, that Napoleon never left his mansion in the city for his palace, nor his palace for the city, but he went upon the full run of the horses. His attendants could with difficulty keep up with him. The peasantry were very civil, offering us fruit at almost every gate we passed.

"I am informed by gentlemen that when Napoleon left Elba it was in a most public manner, with six hundred guards and four hundred Corsicans, in seven small ships and vessels.

"On Saturday, the 26th, set out on horseback, accompanied by Mr. Vantini, Jr., to visit the royal mines. We passed over a pleasant road with grape-vines in abundance almost all the way. On arriving there I beheld the small palace belonging to Napoleon, and a cave near by. This was his favourite walk. The man in charge is named Prosper Panaglio. He presented me with numerous curiosities. The ore of these mines is so pure that every 100 pounds produces 80 pounds of iron. There is here a circular building made from the ore, arched, and forming a dome, in the centre of which stands a small round table at which Napoleon frequently took coffee from the hands of Prosper Panaglio, before mentioned.

"Sunday, July 27th. In the afternoon I visited the forts, accompanied by Mr. Vantini. They are large and very superior, containing upwards of 200 cannon, 42 & 12 pounders. They were principally of brass. Some I observed by the marks were upwards of two hundred years old. The

Vue de la maison de Campagne de l'Empereur. Napoléon a l'Isle d'Elbe



magazines are completely bomb-proof, and bear the marks where bombs have struck them to no effect.

“Having received many favours from Colonel Mallini, I presented him with a silver tumbler with the initials of my name thereon. I was presented with letters of introduction to Madame the Mother of Napoleon, who resides at Rome. Also with a package for her. I was likewise presented with letters to Joseph Bonaparte together with a sealed letter and a package.”

COLONEL MALLINI TO ROSE MALLINI

Rio, 30 July, 1817.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER: George Crowninshield Esq. the bearer of this, who is Brother to the Minister of Marine of the United States of America, very ardently desires to visit Ajaccio in Corsica, for that Sig^e Collonna and madam the Mother will render me a great favour by giving him letters of recommendation. His Ideas are there to finish his tour of the Mediterranean. I have great pleasure in introducing this personage, who is very dear to me. Lucretia is very well; We were both on board the Cleopatra's Barge, which is a superb vessel, her largest room is very extraordinary for Elegance, a description of which I will give you in another Letter.

Your Affectionate Father,

COL. MALLINI.

MADAMO^{LLE} : ROSE MALLINI
at the Gardens of Dalbona,
the property of Madam the Mother
at Rome.*

* This and the following superscriptions in which French, Italian, and English words are indiscriminately used, are printed as they appear in the original transcript.

ANNA VANTINI TO GOANNA MATTEA SIBILLA

Porto Ferrajo, 27th July, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND: This letter will be handed you by Mr. George Crowninshield, whose dignified Personage wishes to be presented to Madam the Mother, Princess Pauline and all the family; I wish you to accomplish this that he may be gratified; let him likewise be made acquainted with Madam Ciprini; the acquaintance with this Gentleman to furnish him an opportunity to carry the news to America of the welfare of their family.

My Dear Friend, when you have made this acquaintance of my recommendation, on parting with him will give you pain; and if you are not very lazy you certainly will take passage down to visit this beautiful vessel; give us the news & make my compliments to Madam Ciprini & think me your affectionate Friend

ANNA VANTINI.

Illustrissimo Sig^{la}. Pradona Callandissimo
the Sig^a. GOANNA MATTEA SIBILLA
Spanish Quarter N^o 29 Rome.

ANNA VANTINI TO MADAME BONAPARTE

Porto Ferrajo, 27th July, 1817.

ALTEZZA IMPERIAL: Mr. George Crowninshield, one of the most estimable persons of the United States of America, penetrated with the highest veneration for our late august Emperor, has visited the Island of Elba, and passes from this to Rome with great desire to present his very humble homage to your Altezza Imperial, wishing to give pleasure on his return to his own Country.

I consider myself extremely fortunate to have met with such an

opportunity of renewing to your Altezza Imperial the expressions of the sentiments of respect & Loyal attachment which are the sentiments of all my family, in such a difficult situation.

I beg that your Altezza Imperial will receive this dignified Voyager with benignity. Permit me to have the honour of kissing your hand, and permit me to say that I am the servant of Altezza Imperial

ANNA VANTINI.

A. S. A. Imperial MADAM MADRE
Rome.

ANNA VANTINI TO PRINCESS PAULINE

Porto Ferrajo, 27th July, 1817.

ALTEZZA IMPERIAL: Mr. George Crowninshield, after visiting Elba, and examining with great pleasure all that is here, and all that belonged to our late august Sovereign, is going to Rome. I supplicate you to receive this estimable Voyager with that bounty that is peculiar to your August Imperial; pardon me for the liberty I have taken of sending you this letter; the dignified Quality of this personage, and with the desire I have to renew with all my family the sentiments of respect & attachment for your August Person, that caused me to take this liberty of profiting on this favourable opportunity.

Accept the news of the testimony of my profound respect, and permit me to kiss your hand. I have the honour to be, Altezza Imperial

Your very affectionate Servant

ANNA VANTINI.

A. S. A. Imperial LA PRINCESS PAULINE
Rome.

COLONEL MALLINI TO ROSE MALLINI

Rio, July 27th, 1817.

MY DEAR ROSE: As there now presents so fine an occasion to present an Illustrious American Personage who is George Crowninshield Esq. I recommend him to you, that you might present him to Madam the Mother, who will give her news of the Prince Joseph.

This Gentleman has done me the honor to visit me at Rio. I beg you to present him to Madam the Mother, and if she wishes to write her son, she cannot have a better opportunity.

Good bye. I now salute you with many kisses.

Give my best respects to Princess Pauline and Madam the Mother & his eminence the Cardinal.

Your very affectionate father,

COL. MALLINI.

MADAMO^{LE} ROSE MALLINI

at the Gardens of Dalbono

the property of Madam the Mother

Rome.

From Port Longon Mr. Crowninshield writes:

“ Thursday, 31st. At 1 p.m. set out on horseback accompanied by five gentlemen to visit a hermitage. On arriving there found a small building of two stories, built of stone and mortar, situated on a rock 350 feet high. This building was erected 310 years ago, at which time the Spanish had possession of this island.

“ The hermit, who now occupies this place, is named Andrew Rose. He is 44 years old and has resided here 26 years. He has no other companion than a large dog. This man told me that Napoleon had visited him twice, and that each time he refused refreshment. He said Napoleon



Débarquement de l'Empereur Napoléon au Golfe Juan, le 1^{er} Mars 1815

joked with him very familiarly about living a single life, recommending him to marry.

“ We tarried here one and a half hours, during which time we partook of two bottles of excellent Muscat wine, which was very refreshing. The furniture of this house consists of one jug, a pitcher, a tumbler, and an iron hook bended for a gridiron. This hermit promised to lock up his dwelling and visit my brig, expressing his admiration at a view of her from the mountain. By this visit I have received great pleasure.”

When he first planned his voyage George Crowninshield intended to visit Constantinople and the Black Sea, as is shown incidentally by a letter from Sir Charles Bagot,* then British Minister at Washington, written to his brother. But for one reason or another, at about this time he changed his plans. This was most unfortunate, because, apart from his not having visited these interesting places, he also discontinued his letters home. We are therefore deprived of hearing from him of his visit to Rome and of his life while there with the Bonapartes.

The Log of Monday, July 28, says:

“ Employed watering & getting ready for sea. A large party on board. In the evening, dancing, &c., until midnight.

* The letter follows.

Washington, Jan. 7th, 1817.

DEAR SIR: I have great pleasure in complying with your wishes. The enclosed letter to Bartholomew Frere, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary, &c., &c., at Constantinople, will, I have no doubt, procure for Mr. Crowninshield every facility which it may be in Mr. Frere's power to afford. If the duties are paid I do not believe that there is any difficulty in passing the Dardanelles, but I do not know whether it is the same case with the Black Sea.

I am, Dear Sir, your obedient & truly faithful servant

CHARLES BAGOT.

HONABLE B. W. CROWNINSHIELD.

“Tuesday, the 29th. At 12 a.m. came to sail, having a fine band of music playing.”

The Journal of the same date records:

“The fine weather continues. At nine o'clock began to get ready the vessel in order to sail. At twelve set sail and came to a small village on the seashore, from which immense quantities of iron ore are shipped. In the afternoon I set out on foot to view these immense deposits. I travelled over mountains and through valleys, into excavations and down abrupt precipices, all one solid mass of iron ore. I observed masses of marcasite, places where sulphur and alum had formed, and many hills of yellow and red bole, or earth. I ascended about one thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this height I had a most extensive prospect of the sea, interspersed with islands. At the foot of one of the hills is a spring strongly impregnated with alum.

“The inhabitants were poor and wretched beyond description. The houses were built of iron ore. Half a mile from the iron mountain stands a small city called Rio. It is about half as big as Ferrajo. The mountains around the shores of Elba are eleven to twelve hundred feet in height, so I should think by comparing them with the Rock of Gibraltar. The shrubbery which borders the paths, and hangs over the edges of the precipices, is principally myrtle. Its white blossoms spangled the green shining foliage of this beautiful shrub.

“While the Emperor remained at Elba, he employed himself in riding around the island. He took breakfast at nine o'clock in company with his household. After this, he rode into the country, returned, and dined at two o'clock. He generally sat at table an hour and a



View of Rio

quarter, after which his friends and officers visited him and spent the afternoon.

“Such has been the desire to possess some relic of this man, that the Englishmen, who have visited his country residence, have cut up and carried away the carpet, which was on the floor of his bedchamber. We have brought away our share of such relics. Mr. Crowninshield purchased a book of charts and maps, which came from the Library of Fontainebleau, one of them being the very book the Emperor took with him when he left Elba. When he debarked he presented it to the Captain. Upon turning to the chart, which comprised that portion of the Mediterranean between Elba and Cannes, I observed the marks of a pencil, pointing out the result of each day’s sailing. He also purchased a pair of boots,* which had been made for the Emperor, but were too small. He had worn them but twice. I obtained a leather cup, which the Emperor used to put in his pocket when riding on horseback, also a half dozen bottles, marked with his arms, and the initial of his name. These had been used at his table. Also several inconsiderable things from his house.

“Mankind has a great passion for relics of those who have excited the admiration of the world, or the remains of things which have been employed in great events. The relics of the Saints, of the Cross, of Noah’s Ark, of the bricks of the Tower of Babel, old coins, mutilated marbles, etc., etc., etc., have all their admirers.

“The mind which has been long contemplating a favourite theme finds it, as it were, a reality, upon handling such things as were connected with it. I hardly know what to say of this passion, whether it be a weakness

* In my possession. Ed.

or a virtue. How many have wept over a piece of the Cross, and have had their devotion inspired at the sight of the hills, mountains, rivers, tombs, etc., etc., of Judea. Even Mr. Clarke, a most sensible man, thus described his feelings upon entering a church called the Holy Sepulchre built over the spot where Jesus is said to have been buried: ' Yet with all our spiritual feelings thus awakened, it may prove how powerful the effect of sympathy is, if we confess that when we entered into the *sanctum sanctorum*, and beheld by the light of lamps there continually burning, the venerable figure of an aged monk, with streaming eyes, and a long white beard, pointing to the place "where the body of our Lord was," and calling upon us to "kneel and receive pardon for our sins," we knelt and participated in the feelings of the most adoring pilgrims. Captain Culverhouse, in whose mind the idea of religion and patriotism were inseparable, with fine emotion, drew from its scabbard the sword he had so often wielded in defence of his country, and placed it upon the tomb.'

" Though the wise and good are able to regulate their emotions, the great body of mankind is absolutely unable to control them. They are overwhelmed. Superstition is therefore founded on some of the strongest passions which belong to our natures. How small a portion of the world is free from this debasing passion, and how few, among even the most enlightened nations, can rise above the vulgar prejudices and superstitions of their age.

" Wednesday, July 30th. The weather fine. The most miserable objects crowded the Cleopatra this morning. At ten o'clock cleared the vessel and got ready for sea.

" I was informed by the Superintendent of the Royal Mines that the proceeds per annum are 60,000 Tuscan dollars, one-third of which



Port Longon

goes to the labourers and the other two-thirds to the Government. The sides of the mountain, which have been hewn down, consist entirely of rock of iron. They drill holes into the sides, and at the base, and by means of powder tear up its solid foundations.

“The Grand Duke of Tuscany holds the sovereignty of the Island of Elba. His whole domains include about sixteen hundred square miles, and a population of one million and a quarter. He is under the influence of the Austrian Court.

“At two o'clock came to in the harbour of Longon. This port stands on a promontory and is a strong fortress. The town is small, perhaps one thousand inhabitants. They live in wretched stone buildings. It is situated on a beach, very convenient for the small boats of fishermen. The harbour is capable of holding men-of-war, as there are four or five fathoms at a quarter of a mile from the shore. We lay within one-eighth of a mile, and have three fathoms. The face of the country is mountainous, and as there is considerable cultivation along the valleys, it has a more cheerful aspect than the broken and rusty hills around Rio.

“I could not help remarking the difference in the inhabitants of the two places. In Rio everything we saw bespoke a variety of wretchedness. The houses were in decay and of a nasty rusty colour without. Within they were mere stys. Everyone was badly clothed, the great majority in rags of various colours, patched together. The women have ugly countenances, bad forms, and clumsy feet. The habit of walking over their rugged hills has given them a singular dancing gait. The men were half fed and very ugly. At Longon one observed the difference instantly. The people are well dressed, of good features, handsome forms, and pleasing manners. This is to be explained by their different modes of life.

“At Rio they have nothing but their mines, and everyone there must be interested in the working of them, as there is no other produce or manufacture. The Government robs them of the fruits of their labour. At Longon they cultivate the soil, and each one has some share of the produce. The habits of agriculturists, too, are more favourable to personal improvement, as they have more time to apply to the mind and manners.

“We have not been able to procure any fruit for the table on this island, except some at Ferrajo, some hard choke pears. The lemons were small, thick-skinned, and half ripe. We got some grapes which were nearly ripe at Ferrajo. The wine of Elba is said to be very good. Such as I have seen was excellent. It was a present from Mr. Vantini to my father. A delicious sweetness was united with a fine flavour and a spirited taste.

“This evening the inhabitants came on board to dance. The Governor, with two or three *bon vivants*, sat in the kitchen, into which there never entered a breath of air, and involving themselves in tobacco smoke, they drank themselves into intoxication on New England rum, from wine glasses. There were not less than one hundred of the inhabitants on board, men, women and children, all dancing together crowded in the hot oven of a cabin, and on deck; capering away till twelve o'clock.

“The musicians who were on board at Porto Ferrajo, came over by land, and surprised us by coming alongside, as soon as we had dropped our anchor. Mr. Vantini, too, could not forget us. He followed us with as much interest and enthusiasm as if he had not been more than five and twenty.

“Thursday, July 31st. The weather is foggy. A very heavy dew fell last night. The middle of the day clear and warm. As I had an inclination to visit the little place, I went on shore.

“We ascended the little hill on the right hand, and inspected the strong fortress which crowns its summit. There were about one hundred men employed repairing it. The walls are from forty to eighty feet high, built of two facings of strong masonry and filled with earth. From this height we had a view of the entire town, consisting of about sixty stone houses of mostly two stories, standing among the rocks. They serve for stables as well as dwelling-houses.

“Beyond, extends a beautiful valley, covered with vines. In the midst of this vineyard you see the houses of the English and Neapolitan Consuls. The grapes are at present sour. This valley of vines was intersected by good but narrow roads, bordered with low thorn hedges, intermixed with aloes, and the cactus ficus-indica, or prickly pear, raspberry vines, and fig trees.

“Sometimes their houses stood near the hedge, but generally in the midst of the vineyard.

“At six o'clock we got underweigh and stood toward Civita Vecchia with a light wind.

“Friday, August 1st. The weather has been damp, foggy and cool, during the day. At seven o'clock p.m. we find ourselves within seven or eight miles of Civita Vecchia.

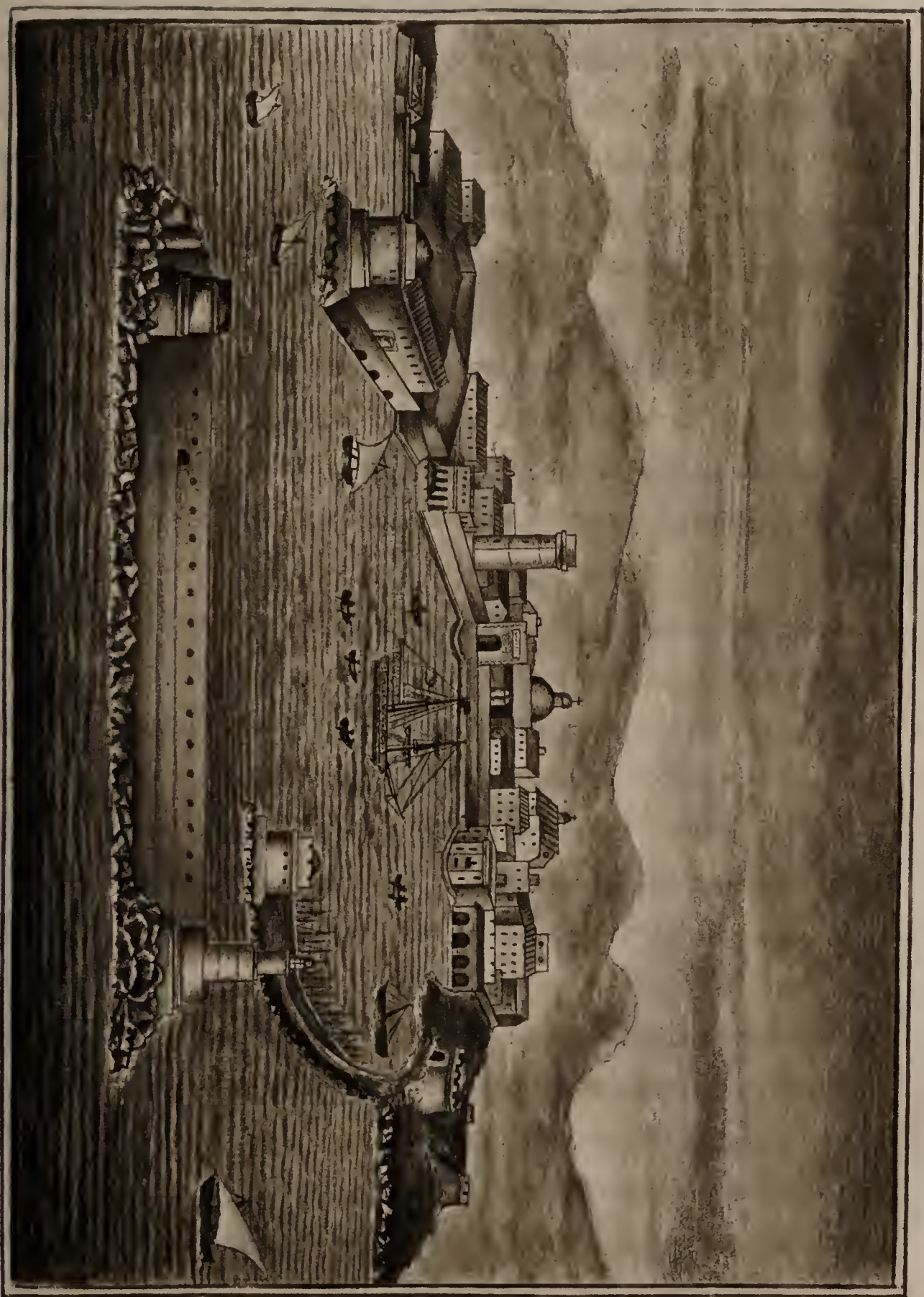
“Saturday, August 2nd. The dew was so copious last night as to wet our sails through, and even the floors of the cabins were as though they had been washed. In walking the deck until ten o'clock, my cloak was wet so as to render it quite uncomfortable. We entered the port of

Civita Vecchia at three o'clock this morning. Here we are told we must lay seven days in quarantine.

“ We are now in the Dominions of the Pope, and an old Roman seaport. One cannot help making the remark that the old Roman policy was war, for the purpose of acquiring plunder; and that the policy of the Popes was to enrich themselves by the exaction of money from all Christendom under the pretence of religion. The first accomplished their purpose by force, while the latter attained their end by fraud. Under pretence of religion they exacted money, and with money they built splendid churches and supported the paraphernalia of religion. Thus they kept the system in motion, till other Governments, wanting the benefits of the wealth of their own subjects, objected. Henry VIII plundered the monasteries, and set the Pope at defiance. This system of fraudulent exaction began to decline when the commercial spirit began to manifest itself, etc., etc. Follow the history of these three subjects further.

“ Civita Vecchia contains about seven thousand inhabitants. They ship charcoal to other parts of Italy. The Tiber is twenty-four miles from this port, and is capable of admitting vessels of seven feet draft. The mouth of the Tiber is eighteen miles in a straight line from Rome. Carriages take passengers to Rome in seven hours. The harbour of Civita Vecchia is entirely the work of art. It consists of three segments of a circle placed so as to form two sides, disconnected with the main land. The third segment is placed so as to cover the mouth, formed by the other two, and at a sufficient distance to break the heaving of the sea. Vessels are admitted at the two openings, on each side of it. These works are crowned with immense batteries.

“ On the left-hand Mole there is a line of store-houses for grain, and



Giuliae

the place is therefore the public market for that article, as well as a general depot for all kinds of merchandise. Near the centre of this market-place there is a stone house with an advertisement cut in marble over the door, giving notice that plenary indulgence is to be had there. And I must do justice to the devotion of the ladies to mention that this morning crowds of them attended this market, and with my glass I saw them on their knees before the shrines of this church. Not a man attended, except two or three officious friars. Whether they were there to take advantage of the plenary indulgence given to the ladies, or to assist them in obtaining it, I know not.

“ Sunday, August 3rd. Fine weather. This is the second day of our tedious quarantine. The morning proved to be exceedingly hot, and the evening cool.

“ Monday, August 4th. Fine weather, but a little coolish in the morning. Several vessels have arrived from the coast of Spain to get loads of charcoal. Wood is to be had in great abundance and very cheap.

“ Tuesday, August 5th. It seems hardly necessary to notice the fine weather, as it is a matter of course. The evening sky is always clear and scarcely ever a cloud intercepts the ‘ blue serene.’ The dew falls constantly, night after night, in such abundance that it stands in large drops on every part of the vessel in the morning. The mornings are so exceedingly pleasant that they may be called the most delightful part of the day. The inhabitants all seem to enjoy it and sleep during the hottest hours of two & three. At the fall of the sun they are all out again, walking and bathing in the sea. This latter amusement is most common all over the Mediterranean. In every place we have visited, we have seen hundreds in the sea, at the same time. At Genoa, Leghorn, Marseilles,

and other large cities, there were covered boats, contrived to accommodate the ladies. The men in Genoa were the best swimmers I ever saw. In Marseilles the water of the harbour is generally too dirty, and they are under the necessity of going outside the Mole.

“ In Ferrajo, Leghorn, and the Island of Elba, no crystal was ever clearer than the sea water. Upon looking over, one could see the smallest thing on the bottom, in four or five fathoms. Particularly was this so in Rio, where we first observed this transparency.

“ As we lay in harbour near the health office I observed the various buildings. The large square fort on the right hand forms a conspicuous figure. The wall is built of thin bricks, in which there is a fountain. There is a dock for the convenience of repairing vessels standing at the right of the wall. On the left hand, at the end of the wall, is another building which at present serves as a prison for the slaves.

“ Wednesday, August 6th. Fine weather. In this place we get bad beef, good bread, sweet peas, large purple plums and some peaches, rather ordinary. The grape is not yet ripe. We tasted some ordinary ones at Elba.

“ In every port of the Mediterranean we have visited, except Tangier, the priest with his long black robes and three-cornered hat, and the various orders of friars, have always appeared to distinguish the population of Europe from that of America. These numerous professors of religion, walking the streets, intermixed with a crowd of poor ragged wretches and beggars, give a stranger from America an unfavourable impression. The population presents a motley mixture of friars, priests, beggars, and *canaille*. The ringing of bells in churches all day long is another distinguishing mark. The religions of Spain and Italy

seem to consist in bell ringing. A church is nothing, without some scores of priests and half a dozen bells. As this class has nothing to do but lounge, act the pantomime of their profession, and confess the ladies, they have ample time for intrigue. They look fat and sleek, and in this place I observe some priests distinguished by a badge of nobility.

“Upon a more attentive consideration of the lateen sail, I find there is an inconvenience which did not before strike me.* Some of the yards are ninety feet in length, and consequently very heavy with the sail. In heavy weather they must be lowered. This is a work of some difficulty. In handling the sail, the men must leave the deck to clamber over the immense yard, projected almost perpendicularly. But in the horizontal yard, or the hoist of a schooner rig, the whole sail is brought on deck immediately, by merely letting go the halliards. More sailors are necessary in the lateen rigged vessels than in the modern form.

“At six o'clock a health officer came alongside and ordered us all on shore at the *pratique* office. This was for inspection. Soon after, the officers came alongside and gave us notice that our quarantine was terminated, and that we had leave to go on shore.

“The durability of materials has given us an opportunity of comparing structures and testing distant ages with modern works. Everything gives an idea of antiquity. The works of man outlive his own frame. Ages roll over the temples in which our predecessors worshipped, and the houses are still existing in which they lived. The Moles, the walls, the very pavements of the streets, have served the purposes for millions of the human race.

* Cf. pages 179, 180.

“ Thursday, August 7th. I cannot help noticing the emblems on the flags of the holy father. The keys are crossed, and surmounted with the Bishop's cap. A cord, with tassels terminating it, connects the keys. An explanation of these emblems will show the enormous power and pretensions of the Popes in the height of their power. This power has now passed away, but the means of influence, and the emblems of that power, remain as wonderful monuments to human art in governing the multitude of mankind.

“ Proprietors of land and houses pay a tax. Stamps, paper, and every receipt must be recorded like our deeds. Every bargain must be recorded, and this affords a revenue. Duties are levied upon grinding — \$1.57 upon sixteen bushels — 640 bbls. Italian, on salt, tobacco, and gunpowder, sold only by the Government. Indulgence may be had for praying one hour, which gives entire pardon. This is much cheaper than it used to be. A prelate is judge, with an appeal to the Pope.

“ The exports from Civita Vecchia are charcoal, staves, wood, oil, and wheat. But for the two past years the wheat crops have fallen short, and they have been supplied from Egypt.

“ The distance to Rome is about fifty miles. The road is level about halfway. The remainder passes over hilly tracts. The price of a passage in the stage is three dollars for an inside seat and two dollars for a seat on the box. The price of board at Rome is one dollar a day. Such is the information I have received from the inhabitants of Civita Vecchia.

“ An Englishman, who has lived here forty years, in the character of a friar, was on board. He says he is cousin-german to Mrs. Fitzherbert, the mistress of the Prince of Wales, and nephew to Lord Somebody. His

lofty and independent manners make him remarkable when on shore, they form so great a contrast to the creeping gait of the Italians. He is the Superior to a convent of Monks.

“Friday, August 8th. The weather is cloudy, damp, and cool. This is called by the Italians the most unhealthy time of the year. The malaria has no effect on those who are well fed and comfortably lodged. The *canaille*, who never appear in anything but rags, and who are never more than half fed, are subject to disease at this season of the year. We found an epidemic among the lowest of the population of Genoa, Leghorn, and Porto Ferrajo. It was a contagious disorder breaking out in sores on the face and other parts of the body.

“Stanisloro Gily, Lieutenant of Marine and Harbour Pilot, Father Fermor, Prior of the Dominican Convent, Monsignor Benvenuti, Governor of Civita Vecchia, Mr. Stephen Desplas, Vice-Consul of the U. S., Pope Pio the Seventh, his family's name Chiaramonte.*

“This morning at six o'clock the travellers set out for Rome.

“This afternoon I went on shore, and was very glad to return as soon as possible. The sickening stink of dirty streets was very offensive.

“Saturday, August 9th. Fine weather as usual, not a cloud to be seen. One may observe that Italians are never well dressed. Some part of their dress or other is always mean, dirty, or ragged. They think themselves dressed if one part of their habiliments is decent.

“Sunday, August 10th. Fine weather. Rome is said to have about seventy thousand inhabitants. They manufacture hats, gloves, mosaic work, canvas cloth, and statuary. Canova is a Venetian. He works at

* This seems to be a register of the yacht's visitors. Ed.

Rome and is about sixty-five years of age. The people of this city have large mouths, particularly the women. It is universal.

“The inhabitants of the Roman state reckon their time by the twenty-four hours in continuation. The day, or the twenty-fourth hour, terminates at half an hour after sundown, and consequently the next day commences at that epoch. Their noon, therefore, is continually varying, for it is obvious that as the sun is continually changing its time of setting, the time of the commencement of the first hour is varying.”

On Thursday, August 7, we find this entry in the Yacht's Journal:

“At 9 o'clock there came on board to breakfast the following gentlemen & ladies: The Delegato Mons^r. Benvenuti, Governor, the Director of Police, Mr. Vincent Severi, the Commissary of the Health Office Mr. Gregory Magni, Mr. Desplas, the U. States Consul, Mr. Torrente, Spanish Consul, the Swedish Consul & Lady, Mr. Clement Pucitta, M. Vincent Calabrina & Lady, Mr. Charles Nepoti & Lady, Mistress Rosa Origo and Miss Livia Ruffini, Roman Ladies, Mr. Joseph Perazzo, & Mr. Teofane Arata.

“At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 sat down to breakfast and after partaking of tea, coffee, & a variety of meats and poultry, the second course was introduced, consisting of minced and apple pies. The third course a variety of preserves. Fourth course Madeira, claret, port wines, and porter. They continued seated until noon, then repaired on shore having expressed their admiration of the yacht and acknowledged the kind and friendly treatment they had received.”

Philosopher Ben goes on to say:

“ It is impossible to tell when it is noon without knowing the time of the setting of the sun.

“ The crowd of *canaille* on board to-day has been immense. All classes fermenting together made it most uncomfortable. The thermometer must, I think, have been as high as ninety degrees Fahrenheit.

“ Monday, August 11th. Fine weather as usual. There is a light-house on one end of the outer Mole, said to have been built by the Romans in the time of Trajan. By the Parish Register there are seventy-one hundred inhabitants in Civita Vecchia.

“ I saw an old man ninety-eight years of age walking the Mole with a bunch of pipe stems for sale. It is thus he maintains himself.

“ Tuesday, August 12th. Fine weather. We have done nothing for the past two days but wait on crowds of *canaille*. The fame of the Cleopatra has reached even into the country towns, and the peasants with their shabby dresses, shoes shod with iron, and spurs large enough to ride a mammoth, with great hats and ragged jackets, the women with long waists and quilted petticoats, stayed and pinched in round the middle, bringing fleas and dirt on board, have stunk us almost to death.

“ The French Government keep four small armed schooners cruising off Civita Vecchia. One of them arrived this afternoon. For what purpose are there vessels on this station? Is it to watch the movements in Italy, where the people are dissatisfied with the new order of things?

“ Wednesday, August 13th. The same weather continues. Civita Vecchia is a free port, no duties being paid by any nation on any goods imported. There is a small transit duty on transporting them inland. As the consumer pays the duty, and as the rich are the consumers, they thus clear themselves of this mode of taxation. However, money must be

raised for purposes of government, and the Councillors of the Pope have thought proper to exact it from the bread-stuff consumed in his domains: one dollar and fifty-seven cents upon six hundred and forty pounds. As bread is the common and almost the only food in this section of Italy, the poor, which form the mass of the people, pay the taxes for the support of the government. This may be called grinding the faces of the poor. Wise governments have thought it best to lay their taxes on luxuries.

“The Pope is an old man and a devotee, a weak mind and under the control of priests. No wonder the people are ignorant and miserable. The other seaport in the dominions of the Pope is Ancona in the Adriatic.

“A song which one may often hear in the mouths of the commonalty, from Genoa to this place, which has been known for many years, excited some curiosity to know the subject of it. At this place I have found a few verses. The song commences with ‘Verano tra Sorelle, a tutti e tre d’amour, &c., &c.’

“Thursday, August 14th. Fine weather. Reports of a Spanish war. The Spanish Consul is said to have received an express to that purpose. Contradicted in an hour. The people of this country know nothing of the situation of Europe — much less of America. A very intelligent man, and one who is continually employed in commercial affairs, was so very ignorant of the state of France as to ask whether the allied armies were in France at this time. There is scarcely a man in the United States who could not have answered such a question. There is no such thing as political topics, and political discussion and information are not to be had in Italy.

“Friday, August 15th. Fine weather. Westerly winds are the most pleasant, and south winds the most disagreeable.

“The dress of the country people is similar to the fashions of our grandmothers, some eighty years since, *i.e.*, long slender waists, stays, bolsters on the hips, aprons, etc.

“The Italian peasantry take our Indian to be its Jude [*sic*]. The feathers on his head, from the clumsiness of the sculpture, look more like horns than anything else. The country women pull off their shoes and kneel and kiss the feet of this figure. In Marseilles a genteel Frenchman, so near-sighted as not clearly to distinguish what it was, pulled off his hat and made a very polite bow to it.

“It is customary for the soldiers at the large fortress to burn a bright fire for ten or fifteen minutes on the top of the walls to give notice to the garrisons of the time. The fire kindled about half after eight. This must be the remains of an ancient custom. In Virgil, ix, 160, 166.

. . . ‘*et moenia cingere flammis,
Collucent ignes*’ . .

“In the ancient religious customs we may observe the same ceremonies as at this day. Virgil, viii, 281, 285.

‘*Jamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius, ibant,
Pellibus in morem cincti, flammisque ferebant.*’

Again:

‘*Tum Salii ad cantus, incensa altaria circum
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.*’

“For want of a steward, hundreds of dollars have been wasted on board. The whole management is left to a boy of fifteen years, who is imposed upon by others.

“This evening we had a note from Rome directed to Mr. Strout. As

it enjoined secrecy, I am in great uncertainty as to our fate. However, from the movements in consequence, I suppose we are to sail for home from this place. Thirty pounds of macaroni, twelve gallons of brandy, and a barrel of flour have been ordered by Mr. Strout. We have been informed, however, that the gentlemen will return on Sunday *prochain*.

“ Saturday, August 16th. The northwest winds are fine and clear. This is probably the last day of our stay at Civita Vecchia, the town from which we must take leave of Italy. Yesterday was very warm; the thermometer (Italian) stood as high as twenty-seven. This is warmer than they have known for a long time.

“ Sunday, August 17th. Preparing for sea. The inhabitants of the neighbouring town, Tolse, have come on foot to see the vessel.

“ Last night I went on shore and walked a mile or two on the road to Rome. It was a fine road as far as I went. Upon returning to the city I entered a church brilliantly illuminated and filled with the inhabitants on their knees praying to St. Roque. This saint is the protector against the plague. His effigy stood at the head of the church, on the grand altar, and a little dog of wood, with the representation of a loaf of bread in his mouth, stood at his side. Everybody gave a small piece of money to the Collector, to feed the dog of St. Roque. It was not for St. Roque himself, but only for his little dog. Who could refuse to give something to such a pretty cur? This part of the priestcraft of the Old World reminds one of the story of ‘ Bel and the Dragon,’ related in the Apocrypha; but the priests of our day are more knowing than the priests of antiquity.

“ This is Sunday, yet there are twelve hundred slaves at work on the

Mole. Everything has been prepared for to-day. The Governor and all the authorities have gone to the place to view the great exertions on the occasion. As they have to build a foundation under water, the labourers move with great activity.

“ I am not one who believes that Sunday ought to be spent under the direction of priests, as some contend, more for their own interests than from a reverence of truth; but I am clearly of opinion that it ought to be observed as a day of rest and recreation. For this purpose I believe it was instituted and for no other. If many are willing to make it a day of instruction in religious opinions, let them do so; if others, who study during the week from necessity, choose to play at cricket, let them do so; and I am sure if a farmer thinks proper to plough his fields on that day, he does perfectly right, provided it is not done to the abuse of his beasts and the injury of his labourers.

“ At present a strict observance is a means of obtaining power, and Sunday must be abused for that purpose. The benevolent institutions of God for the purposes of his creatures are made an instrument of oppression in the hands of man.

“ One in America might ask, ‘ Is it possible that the people of Italy can be so silly as to give money to St. Roque’s dog? Who would be such a fool?’ But how much money is given to ‘ educate heathen children,’ to ‘ convert the Hindoo,’ to ‘ send missionaries ’ the Lord knows where, etc., etc.? This is giving money to ‘ St. Roque’s dog.’

“ The travellers returned this evening at six o’clock. Wrote to Jacob at Naples.”

Mr. Crowninshield writes:

“Friday, August 8th. At 8 a.m. took post chaise for Rome, 48 miles over a very rough road. Arrived there at 4 p.m.”

It is known—though principally through family tradition—that George Crowninshield, accompanied by his cousin, Captain Ben, went to Rome, that he presented his letters of introduction, as well as the other letters and packages which had been intrusted to him, to the different members of the Bonaparte family for whom they were intended, and that he was very kindly received and entertained by them, though unfortunately almost the only written evidence of this is the above mentioned entry in the Yacht's Journal. As it is in the handwriting of Ward, it would seem that Captain George himself wrote not a word about this most interesting experience. He passed nine days in Rome,—this we know,—during which he was the recipient of many courtesies and much friendly attention from the Bonapartes. However,—apart from tradition,—we also know that he brought away with him many souvenirs of the great Emperor,—the ring and the tortoise-shell snuff-box, already referred to in the Preface, cuts of which may be seen facing pages 212 and 214, and the lock of Napoleon's hair, given him by the Princess Pauline, which she is said to have cut off with her own hands, as well as a number of other interesting though less important curiosities.*

On reading the part of Philosopher Ben's Journal that was written

* John Sherman, Esq., has a very rare (framed) portrait of Napoleon, on the back of which is an inscription, saying that it was given George Crowninshield by Madame the mother of Napoleon, and that when she gave it she said that she herself considered it the best likeness of him of all the pictures she had ever seen.



*Ring presented to George Crounshield
by Pauline Bonaparte*

at Gibraltar after he had left the yacht, and was intended rather as a criticism of the owner * than as a description of the events themselves, I find this account of the visit:

“The whole object of this voyage was to get some nobleman on board and run directly back to the U. S. in order to make a talk among the vulgar. The owner therefore has been always uneasy & anxious wherever he has stopped. He left the U. S. with the sole motive of getting either the Princess of Wales to come to the U. S., and when he found it was impossible, from the circumstances in which she was placed, he determined to go to Rome to seek for Lucien Bonaparte. In this he was disappointed also. He then picked up the captain of the brig which carried Nap. over to Cannes, & a young man, a relation of the family, who, I have been told, was the ‘adopted son’ of Nap., but who he is I know not. He was recommended by the Princess Pauline. These men were never introduced to any man on board. New arrangements were made as to our table. These two men, my Lord, & the Captain took their repast together. Mr. Ward and myself were ordered to sit at another table. These two strangers strut the quarter-deck in the most imperious style and will not condescend to speak to any man on board except the Capt. My Lord, & the Frenchmen. . . .

“Instead of seeing Rome they amused themselves at the houses of the families of Cardinal Fesch, Lucien, Pauline, &c. This was all very well, but for men to amuse themselves with such contemptible vanity was only ridiculous trifling. Had this family been in power it would have been another thing with them: they would have been rather more re-

* Whom he sarcastically terms “My Lord.”

served. It must be confessed, however, that they were an object of curiosity, and as a family once great & powerful, at present rich, and having one member of it, Cardinal Fesch, still influential, it certainly was an honour to have been received by them. But the vanity of my Lord had conceived something more than he obtained. They made such use of this vanity as they thought proper. For it seems they insisted on his taking the two persons we have on board to America. This was certainly something gained, for they get their passages for nothing, tho' this consideration would be small in such a family."

Extract from the *Diario di Roma* of August, 1817:

"Soon after the visit of the fleet, anchored in our port a schooner from America, of a most beautiful construction, elegantly found, very light, and formed for fast sailing, constructed and armed like our light armed vessels. It was named the Cleopatra, belonging to a very rich traveller, George Crowninshield of Salem, who constructed her for his own use and for the voyages he had undertaken in company with Captain Benjamin Crowninshield, his cousin. Besides the extreme neatness of everything about the vessel to fit her for sea, her accommodations were surprising and wonderful. Below was a hall of uncommon extent, in which the luxury of taste, the riches and elegance of the furniture, the harmony of the drapery, and of all the ornaments inspired pleasure and gallantry. The apartment of the stern was equally rich and interesting. Five convenient Bed Chambers, displayed with the same elegance, were at the service of the Captain with an apartment for the plate of every kind, with which it was fitted. Near was another apartment, which admitted all the offices of a kitchen, and in it was a pump with three tubes which



*Snuff-box given to George Browninschild
by Pauline Bonaparte*

passed through the vessel, to supply water from the sea or discharge what they passed, with the greatest ease. The rich and distinguished owner had with him besides his family servants, several linguists, persons of high talents in music, and an excellent painter. Everything to amuse makes a part of the daily entertainment. The owner and Captain were affable, pleasing, and civil, and gave a full evidence of the talents, industry, and good taste of their nation, which yields to none in good sense and true civility. The above travellers having complied with the usual rules of the city, and having expressed the due respect to the Apostolic Delegate, upon receiving a particular invitation he visited the *Cleopatra* in company with many persons of distinction and partook of an elegant collation."

From the Journal:

"Monday, August 18th. Two passengers came on board last evening. At nine o'clock this morning got underweigh and stood toward Corsica. The wind easterly. We picked up two more Frenchmen at Civita Vecchia, so that we have an addition of four persons to our number. We have now six Frenchmen on the quarter-deck.

"Tuesday, August 19th. Head winds. In sight of Corsica. Near the Straits of Boniface.

"Wednesday, August 20th. Last night we beat through the Straits of Boniface in order to visit Againo, but just as we were about to enter the port, we discovered the French schooner which had been at the harbour of Civita Vecchia, in chase. Knowing, as we did, that her captain had orders to watch the movements of the *Cleopatra*, we immediately made all sail from her. At twelve o'clock the schooner hauled her wind

and gave over the chase. This morning we passed the Straits and stood toward Mahon with a fair wind.

“ August 21st. The sea smooth and the breeze light, but contrary. In the afternoon a strong fair wind — steering for Gibraltar.

“ August 22nd. Fair wind continues.

“ August 23rd. The fair wind continues. At six o'clock off Formentera.

“ Sunday, August 24th. The fair wind continues during the middle watch. This morning we have little wind. Mr. Strout struck a dolphin and we got it on board. Very little wind during the night.

“ August 25th. No wind. Off Cape Pallas at eight o'clock. A small wind springing up, we were off Carthagenia at six o'clock this afternoon.”

I find this verse in the Journal:

LA SEMAINE

Lundi. Pour une semaine

Partit la Mère a Suzon

Je recontraï l'inhumaine,

Et je lui dis sans façon :

Me permettez-vous, la belle,

D'aller vous voir un matin ?

Oui, monsieur, répondit elle,

Vous pouvez venir demain.

Mardi. J'y cours dès l'aurore

Je me jette a ses genoux ;

Ma Suzon, je vous adore,

Et ne veux aimer que vous.

Voulez-vous m'aimer de même ?

Quoi vous ne répondez rien !

Moi, monsieur, si je vous aime

Je vous le dirai demain.

Mercredi. Pour ma tendresse,

Quels moments délicieux !

De ma charmante maitresse,
J'eus les plus tendres aveux,
Je voulus prendre pour gage,
Bouquet placé sur son sein.
Tout beau, monsieur, soyez sage
Nous verrons cela demain.

Jeudi. Je lui dis : ma chère,
Tu m'as promis ton bouquet.
Et j'obtiens de la bergère,
De le prendre à son corset ;
Ah ! dans l'ardeur qui m'excite
Laisse-moi, baiser la main.
Monsieur, vous allez trop vite
Vous la baiserez demain.

Vendredi. Pétillant d'aise,
Je lui prends sa main je la baise,
Et la rebaise cent fois ;
Ah, permet que sur la bouche
Je passe un plus doux larcin.
Non, je défends qu'on y touche,
Nous en parlerons demain.

Samedi. Cette lutine,
Ne put me le refuser,
Et sur sa bouche divine,
Je cueillis plus d'un baiser
Dans mon amoureuse ivresse
J'allais un peu plus grand train.
Monsieur me dit la traitresse,
Songer donc au lendemain.

Dimanche. D'un air plus leste,
Par mes succès enhardi
Je demandais tout le reste,
Quand Suzon me répondit :
Pendant toute la Semaine,
Qu'on travaille, c'est fort bien ;
Mais dans l'église romaine,
Le dimanche on ne fait rien. Fin.

"Tuesday, August 26th. Head winds all last night. Strong breezes, and heavy sea. The head wind and heavy sea continue all night.

"Wednesday, August 27th. The same weather continues. About one o'clock saw the Barbary shore. Towards night saw the opposite shore of Europe.

"Thursday, August 28th. The wind left us last night and this morning we lay becalmed off Cape De Gatt. 'Off Cape De Gatt I lost my hat.' (An old song.) At two o'clock a light and fair wind sprang up and continued for two or three hours. No wind during the night.

"Friday, August 29th. This morning we lay within four or five miles of Cape De Gatt. Not a breath of wind, and the sea perfectly smooth. At four o'clock p.m. a light wind sprang up.

"Saturday, August 30th. Which continued through the night, and this morning gives us six miles an hour. The wind is exactly East, and has brought clouds and rain. The sky is entirely covered with clouds, and this is, if I recollect, the only time during three months that such a state of the weather has been experienced. At Marseilles we had rain and cloudy weather, at Genoa a little rain. These were the only occurrences of the kind. At twelve o'clock the wind failed us and came out ahead.

"It is worthy of remark that the term of Mr. Monroe's Presidency commenced with an ostentatious show contrary to the simplicity of Jefferson, who was certainly the most popular man in the Republic. In the first place, Mr. Monroe himself at his inauguration affected a magnificence nothing short of royal. In the next place, his journey through the States in an ostentatious parade has never been received by the people with satisfaction. As only the rich can partake in these public dinners and ceremonies, the popular discontent always increases in proportion

to their extravagance. In the third place, Mr. Russell's public marriage is a fact which must be taken in connection with the taste of Mr. Monroe. I hardly think that any minister or public character would have ventured on such a measure during the presidency of Mr. Jefferson; when the wily Gallatin wore his old coat patched at the elbows; when Jefferson himself wore his old red plush breeches, and tied his horse to a peg.

“Mr. Monroe's powers of mind are rather of the passive kind. He can think correctly when he is secluded, and has the assistance of books and tranquillity; but take him in an emergency, his powers of mind cannot struggle through it. He must, therefore, be at the mercy of more active and powerful minds. As Shakespeare said of Antony: ‘His genius cowers when in the company of Octavius.’

“Such a mind, knowing its weakness, endeavours to compensate itself by other devices. This is a law of the human mind. A mind that cannot depend upon itself is always timid, and, being afraid to undertake new projects, contents itself with ostentation in trifles. What can such an administration promise the people? This is a question that will require time to answer.

“The policy of all aristocratic governments is to keep as much as possible the power of governing from the hands of one man. The most unhappy governments to the people have been those when the monarch knew more than his councillors, and at the same time it must be acknowledged that the greatest blessings have resulted when the monarch was above the control of his court (Henry VIII).

“Whoever looks at the present royal families of Europe will at once perceive that they are nearly all weak and ignorant men. The King of France, the Pope, the King of Spain, etc., etc., are absolutely without

the power of directing anything themselves. Hence the government devolves upon the aristocracy. The aristocracy will always take care of its own interests and will force the monarch to grant favours and privileges which sometimes end in blessings to the people. The barons of England compelled King John to grant Magna Charta. But the aristocracy of England at the present day have contrived by their measures to swallow up all the wealth of England; and if they do not ruin the liberties of that wonderful people, it will be a new and happy proof of the energy and virtue of Englishmen.

“The aristocracy of France, consisting of the clergy and nobility, brought the king to the block and produced the Revolution. This in turn created a man who ruled by his own will and his impetuosity. His extensive schemes brought destruction to his own power.

“At present the royal family is in the power of the aristocracy. They will make every exertion to keep his successor in their power. They will either ruin his morals or keep him ignorant, or bend his pursuits to their own views. In such a state, the aristocracy will regain their power, wealth, and influence.

“Let no man think that because he lives in America these operations are not going on. They are seen flourishing in as much vigour there as in any foreign court. One can see them from the minutest town government to the grand policy of the United States.

“One of the elements of European government is a Royal Family. This machine, as it is used in the hands of an aristocracy, plays off upon the public a show and splendour which captivates and charms many of them. It serves also to force alliances with foreign courts by intermarriage, by means of which an intercourse is kept up with the secrets of

other courts and a power is held by one nation over another. It is an element without which European governments cannot exist.

“Sunday, August 31st. A fine fair wind all last night. Saw the light of Malaga at midnight. This morning light breezes.

“The Emperor of France is described to me by the captain of his brig, who commanded when he passed from Ferrajo to Cannes, and who is now on board the *Cleopatra*, thus: small in stature, broad shoulders, meagre belly, good thigh, beautiful leg, small foot, large head, large blue eyes, slender nose, small ear, large chin, and full of vigour. He had no hair on the breast, arms or legs. Bonaparte never remained at rest. He was continually walking in a short quick step, with his hands behind him, sometimes humming a tune and then breaking off and whistling another; with his head reclining on one shoulder and his eyes cast a little behind.

“At nine o'clock once more in sight of Gibraltar. Light winds all day. At nine o'clock p.m. passed Europa Point; and at one o'clock came to anchor.

“Monday, September 1st. This morning we are laying before the town in quarantine.

“Tuesday, September 2nd. Still in quarantine, and waiting for stores in order to put to sea. The Rock is covered with fog, as it was yesterday, and the weather is cold and cloudy.

“Wishing to remain at Gibraltar, I requested Mr. Butler to get an order to go on board another vessel, in order to lay out my quarantine. Mr. Butler got an order for us to go on board an Italian coaster, and at ten o'clock I left the *Cleopatra*. She sailed at four o'clock p.m. with a fair wind and was soon out of sight.”

Thus ends Philosopher Ben's account of the voyage, though not his Journal. Thinking that what befell him during the next few days—or until he was allowed to disembark at Gibraltar—would be of interest, I have inserted it here:

“September 3rd. Still in quarantine. Mr. Butler came alongside and brought me some mutton and grapes.

“September 4th. Was informed from the guard vessel that we should have *pratique* on Saturday.

“September 5th. Nothing for breakfast but boiled horse beans. Sent on shore to purchase four pounds of mutton and five pounds of grapes. The Italians live very meanly. One fowl serves for the dinner of five persons. Macaroni is put into their thin broth. Sometimes we have a mortar full of pounded mushrooms and tomatoes.

“September 6th. Captain Sweetland informed me that I must remain during the ten days for which I was quarantined on board the Cleopatra. I have now four more days to remain on board this Genoese coaster.

“Sunday, September 7th. Pleasant weather. The quarantine is rather uncomfortable, the captain very impatient, and nothing on board to eat except bread.

“Monday, September 8th. Pleasant weather. Mr. Butler came alongside and brought a piece of mutton and some grapes. On Saturday we lived on bread and water for breakfast, for dinner mushrooms and macaroni, and for supper potatoes and string beans.

“Tuesday, September 9th. Obtained *pratique* and accompanied Mr. Butler to his house. Called on Mr. Henry, the American Consul. Captain Low, Jun. sails to-day for Boston. Sent a letter.”

We must now go back to Civita Vecchia and see what the Log has to offer us:

“Friday, August 8th. The Captain, Mr. Crowninshield & Milon the Musician set out for Rome in a private carriage.

“Sunday, August 10th. Several thousand of the inhabitants of this & the neighbouring towns came on board.

“Tuesday, August 12th. Gentle sea breezes and very sultry weather. Set up the bob stays. A goodly number of Visitors on board to-day. The Gentlemen still away. A French man-of-war Schooner came in and anchored close to us.

“Sunday, August 17th. Lying all ready to go to sea at a Minute’s warning. Mr. Crowninshield, the Captain and Milon returned from Rome.

“Monday, August 18th. At 9 a.m. hove up & came to sail. Set all drawing sail, bound towards the Straits of Bonniface.

“Tuesday, August 19th. Commences with gentle breezes from the N.W. At sunrise saw the Island of Corsica, and at 11 saw Sardinia. At sunset entered the Straits of Bonniface when the wind came from the N. W. Middle part gentle breezes. Employed beating through the Straits.

“Wednesday, August 20th. Commences with light airs and pleasant. At 4 a.m. being in the narrowest part of the straits it fell Calm. At 8 took a fine breeze from the Eastward. At 9 saw the same Man-of-War schooner we left in Civita Vecchia in chase of us. Set all Studding sails, Ringtail, Water sail, & Gaff Topsail. At 10 found we beat him very much. At 11 he hauled up & gave over the Chase. Ends pleasant and a fine breeze.

“Saturday, August 23rd. At daylight saw 3 sails, being right ahead,

about 19 miles distant. Up Royal mast & yard. Beat the ships very much.

“ Sunday the 24th. Brisk Gales & pleasant. Came up with the chase which proved to be a 74 and a Frigate but could not tell to what nation they belonged. At 30 minutes past noon the 74 tacked, being abeam of us, half a mile to windward, we having gained nearly 20 miles on them since 5 o'clock. At 1 passed a Brig from Gibraltar for Rome. At 9 caught a porpoise.

“ Monday, August 25th. Gentle breezes and very pleasant. Saw a Brig to windward standing to the Eastward. A.M. A ship in sight standing to the Eastward, at 4 hailed the ship several times but got no answer. At 8 spoke a Danish Brig, informed us that the ship (which we hailed this morning, now about 9 miles distant) was American. It being calm lowered the boat and after a long pull boarded the ship *Wilhelmina*, Baxter master, from Gibraltar bound to Ivica, and on leaving her boarded the Brig *General Jackson* of Philadelphia 8 days from Leghorn for Philadelphia. He informed us that the 2 men of war we saw & beat so much yesterday were 2 Portuguese 74's having a Princess of Austria on board who is to be married to the Prince Regent of Portugal on her arrival at Brazil, whither she is going in the above Ships. The master of the Brig informed us also that his Vessel sailed very fast. At 11 got alongside and hoisted up the Boat the Brig being then $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile ahead, close haul with a fine whole Sail breeze from the S.W. and at noon she was 3 miles under our lee Quarter. The Ship we first boarded brought out Supplies for the American Squadron & discharged them at Gibraltar, & informed us that a relief squadron under Captain Stewart in the *Franklin* 74 would soon be in the Mediterranean.

“Wednesday, August 27th. Fresh breezes and Hazy. Tacked ship occasionally. At 4 saw Point Callu bearing N.W. by W. Came on to blow hard. Double reefed the Topsail, 3 reefed the Mainsail & took in the Jib. At 11 hard Gales. In main staysail. A.M. At 11.30 saw the Barbary Coast.

“Sunday, August 31st. Light airs and calms, the wind quite Variable but generally from the eastern board. Several sail of Vessels in sight. Beat them all. At daylight saw 3 sail standing to the West. 2 of them abeam and one about 7 miles astern. Notwithstanding it was nearly calm they were out of sight at noon astern. At daylight saw the Rock of Gibraltar. At noon saw the Shipping in the Bay over the neutral Ground. Caught a fine Turtle weighing about 30 pounds.

“Monday, September 1st. Light airs and Calms. At 7 passed Europa Point and directly after was becalmed the Current setting to the Southward. At 11.30 took a breeze from the Eastward. A.M. At 2 came to Anchor in $8\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms just above the Ragged staff. At 7 moved to the Quarantine Ground. The Consul came alongside. Employed him to procure us some stores we stand in need of. Found several sail of Americans here.

“Tuesday, September 2nd. Numbers of Gentlemen from the Shore came alongside & at noon received the things from the Consul. The Brig General Jackson arrived this day.

“Wednesday, September 3rd. Mr. B. Crowninshield Jun^r. went on board of a vessel in Quarantine to stay as he intends to stop here. At 3.30 got underweigh and ran out under Mainsail, Jibs and Staysails. A.M. At 7 a great many Blackfish round us.

“Saturday, September 20th. Two small Pilot fish keep close to the

Stern. They have followed us nearly 1000 miles, although at times we have gone from 10 to 11 knots per hour.

“Monday, September 22nd. Baffling winds and rainy, foggy disagreeable weather. At 9 a.m. spoke the Ship Halcyon, of and for Philadelphia 20 days from Liverpool. Saw several sail of Fishermen at Anchor & at 10 Boarded the Traveller of Boston, Genn Skipper, having on board 26,000 Fish. Gave us a fresh Hallibut, some Codfish, & some salted Fins, also about 25 sea Fowl. At 11.30 spoke the Schr. Mary of Boston, Cook skipper, having been 6 weeks on the Bank and had obtained 17,000 fish. Ends very pleasant. A great many vessels in sight of different descriptions, standing different ways.

“Thursday, October 2nd. Calm and smooth. Caught several fish in 28 fathoms gravelly bottom with small yellow stones. Four vessels in sight. At 8 saw Cape Cod. All hands employed, since 5 o'clock this morning getting the vessel in order. At noon jibed Ship & shifted the Studding sails.”

The cruise home, as we have seen, was tedious and uneventful, the wind being generally ahead and often light and baffling. This ends the yacht's voyage.

III

CONCLUSION

DEATH OF THE OWNER AND
WRECK OF CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

CONCLUSION

SHORTLY after the arrival of the "Cleopatra's Barge" at Salem (October 3, 1817), she was moored alongside Crowninshield's Wharf and her crew discharged, though the owner still made her his home and continued to live on board with his servants. He straightway commenced to plan another voyage—this time to England, the North Sea, and into the Baltic as far as St. Petersburg. But this was destined not to be, for on the 26th of November, at 9 o'clock at night, he very suddenly died of heart disease on board his yacht. A remarkable coincidence was that Samuel Curren Ward, who made the voyage with him, expired in Salem near by, at exactly the same day, hour, and minute.

The day before he died George Crowninshield wrote to his brother the following letter telling of a fire which destroyed another brother's factory. I am offering it here to show how well he then appeared to be. I also reprint letters from his friends John Dodge and Dr. William Bentley, telling of his death, and an obituary notice from the *Salem Gazette*.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD TO
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Nov. 25th, 1817.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 14th inst. I have but just received, having been out of town. I am glad to hear of your safe arrival and good health.

This morning we heard the cry of "fire in Danvers."

The thought struck me it was John's factory—I started and found it was. By the time I got to it there was nothing left but the walls—

the inside of the building and everything it contained was entirely consumed.

I found nobody belonging to it but a few wild Irishmen about the ruins. J. had gone to Hanover about some sheep. I immediately sent an express to inform him. He had in the building a large quantity of merino wool and a number of pieces finished—superfine broadcloths—loss is estimated at 25 to 30 thousand dollars—They saved nothing. I shall write again.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD.

LETTER OF JOHN DODGE TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD
ABOUT GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD'S DEATH

Salem, 6 December, 1817.

HON. B. W. CROWNINSHIELD

DEAR SIR: Yours of the first was duly received. In my letter which you acknowledge I had not time to give you any particulars of the death of your brother, & before this reaches you probably some friend or relative will have written particulars. Perhaps, however, they have not. So I will inform you that on the day of his death I took dinner with him. He was apparently perfectly well, although there was something about him that indicated to me that all was not right. When I first went into his after cabin he had a small open stove of coals & was seated near it, his head resting on his hands directly over the coals. The cabin being small, the gas was very uncomfortable & I advised his getting a small brass stove that would carry off the smoak and be an ornament. He concluded to procure one.

We dined & during the dinner he was, as usual, very interesting, giving an account of his voyage, &c., &c.; but the moment we were done,

he proposed adjourning to his kitchen, as he called it, and take seats around the fire. This to me was somewhat surprising, knowing that the cold usually had but little effect on the iron constitution of your brother & this was not a cold day. We however adjourned. In a few minutes a message was brought that there were ladies & gentlemen who wished to see the Barge. They were admitted below & I never saw Capt. George in better spirits. A short time after their departure I left him. Then about 4 o'clock. I learnt afterwards that he took his tea as usual, took a short walk out, returned, and told Hanson he did not feel particularly well but would take a short turn & be back. At $\frac{1}{4}$ past nine he returned, and immediately went below & seated himself by the fire. He told Hanson he felt very badly and wished for something to take. The servant had not proceeded six steps for the purpose, when he heard a movement, & turning he saw Mr. C. on the floor. He had not time to save the fall, and not a struggle nor a groan was made, for death had seized its victim. In 15 minutes I was on the spot with Doct. Barstow, where I found your brother John, Mr. Townsend, and many others—doing what they could to revive him. Soon after Dr. Oliver arrived and both physicians decided that nothing could be done.

Every attention was then paid to the body & the next day it was removed to your brother John's, from whose house the funeral procession moved on Saturday. It was the best attended I ever saw excepting that of the heroes Laurence and Ludlow.

If I can be of any service to you in any way I beg you to command me.

Yours obediently,

JOHN DODGE.

LETTER OF WILLIAM BENTLEY TO BENJAMIN WILLIAMS CROWNINSHIELD
ON DEATH OF GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD

Salem, Nov. 28th.

SIR: As you have already received notice of some painful events in Salem I conceive my letter will find you prepared for everything I may write. It is my design to express my sympathy & to dwell upon the circumstances which sympathy can render interesting. Your brother was in New Hampshire upon the subject of wintering his sheep. On Tuesday morning, at sunrise, Nov. 25, we were alarmed by the cry of fire. The discovery was that it was of C.'s factory. From the family I learnt that the usual work had been done on the preceding day, the usual fires made. Not a circumstance could I find for suspicion.

The destruction was as total as it could become. Even the walls were injured so as to be beyond repair. George went up & expressed the most generous purpose to help his brother. I went up and visited the family. The loss of such an establishment all Essex felt.

But our sorrows did not end here. Your brother George, ever since his return in the Cleopatra, has felt the miserable ills of the Angina Pectoris. On Wednesday he complained very much but was cheerful. Mr. Ward, my barber, told me that he sat long at shaving & being alone with him Mr. C. observed that he dared not complain because the appearance of great health appeared to contradict all he could say of his feelings or sufferings. Hanson tells me he breakfasted as usual & our friend John Dodge dined with him. He repeated all the conversation, which was sufficiently cheerful and happy. Capt. D. found him sitting

over a fire, and in the closed room with coals only, & Mr. D. recommended to remove them.

In the evening your brother referred to this conversation, and told Hanson his servant, that perhaps his disagreeable feelings might arise from that cause. But Dr. T, said they could not, as the affections from the charcoal would have been partial only. After taking his usual supper and amusing himself in the afternoon with your children he said in the evening he would go upon the wharf and see if it would not help him. He soon returned and told Hanson he had been a long time getting from the head of the wharf, & did not know whether he should have been able to reach the vessel. All this day no person suspected anything but they to whom he complained. In the street, on the wharf, in the vessel, and at table, he had his usual manners, and no person from his conversation suspected only his fears. His servant told him he was not accustomed to any complaint and must not be disheartened.

As soon as he was seated at the kitchen fire he repeated, I feel dreadfully, Hanson. The servant replied, What can I get for you? He said a little gin and water may help me. The servant rose and had barely turned himself, when he heard a sound as if he was falling, for he had both feet upon the stove. He looked back and saw him prostrate. He attempted to help him, supposing he had fainted, but life had gone forever. Not a groan or a sigh, or the least motion, discovered the least breath in him. The servant, after he found he could not arouse him, gave instant alarm. It was now past nine o'clock. Few persons were abroad, & the physicians were at the assembly. His friends were assembled and the physicians came as soon as possible, but told that they had given him notice of his danger and thought all attempts to revive him were in

vain, so evidently was life gone from him. I was in bed when notice was brought to me. I arose & went down to him. The body was then prepared for the grave & lodged for the night in the elegant apartment of the Cleopatra. What an awful contrast when I sat with a shimmering taper by the body of my friend in the place which once gave him so much pleasure and now had become his tomb! What a contradiction between the gayest apartment I ever beheld & death!

At the Ceremonial I had to give an opinion & of that only. Three persons were designated to give advice: Captain M. Townsend, J. Ropes, & John Dodge. Nothing was touched. Everything locked up, & Saturday is designated for interment. The delay is for the return of Richard. The body was on Thursday evening conveyed to John's by unanimous advice.

At the moment he quitted life died the companion of his voyage, S. C. Ward, after a long and debilitating sickness. For this death we were all prepared, but our citizens having heard nothing of the complaint of your brother, having seen him in the morning of Tuesday—at the fire in Danvers, & many of them having conversed with him in the course of the day—listening to his account of the affairs of his brother—no person was willing to give any attention to the report of his death. The surprise was great, but the expectations from his charity at the season of Thanksgiving had been so often enjoyed & never disappointed, that nothing can exceed the lamentations of the poor. Our sympathy is universal. Death is always with us, but we regard it only when it enters by surprise and sends not the diseases, which are its angels, to warn us of its approach.

A good name is the best embalming, & a good man's death in a life

of suffering is going home. My affectionate regards to Mrs. C. and family.

With affection

Yours

WILLIAM BENTLEY.

HON. B. W. C., Sec. of the Navy
Washington.

[*Salem Gazette, December 2, 1817*]

OBITUARY NOTICE

FROM LAST SATURDAY'S REGISTER

ON Wednesday evening, Captain George Crowninshield, aged 51, the late Navigator of the *Cleopatra's Barge*, and eldest son of the late Merchant of Salem of the same name. He was born in Salem on the 28th May, 1766. To a very robust constitution, he united a very active temper, and he was from his youth the first in every enterprise, the most fearless of danger and never sparing of himself in any labour he undertook. The employments of the sea were among his first cares, and no man earlier or better knew what belonged to practical seamanship. He was in early youth at sea, and had command of vessels, first in the West Indies and then in the East. He was a commander in the West India trade as early as in 1790, and in 1794 sailed for India in the *Belisarius*, a well-known ship of this port. With a band of brothers, all of whom possessed a full share of industry, with a variety of talent, he soon possessed the competence of wealth, and has ever since supported the character of generous charity, of a man ready in every danger, and of boundless resource at the moment, while he has expressed the most firm attachment to the Naval reputation of his Country. His zeal for the Navy displayed itself in the transportation, at his own expence, of the remains of Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, of the *Chesapeake*, from the Brit-

ish Dominions to Salem, that they might be interred in the land of their nativity, and be embalmed by the tears of their Country. After the late War, he determined to visit Europe, to which his employments at sea had never led him. He resolved to make the object of his voyage a display of our naval architecture, and of our ability to combine in the Ship not only all the conveniences, but all the luxuries of home. Without any other model than his own mind supplied, he produced the celebrated "Cleopatra's Barge," which has been admired in both hemispheres, and accomplished in her all he wished, and after a visit to Rome, he returned to the place of his nativity. Upon his return his iron constitution seemed to have lost its strength, and he had such affections of the breast as obliged him to put himself under the care of his physician. He still retained all his cheerfulness, and apparently his ability, but his complaints returned oftener than before. On the day he died, he enjoyed himself at every meal, and received his friends at his table in the Barge, and had his usual frugal supper in her. Just before he expired, he complained not of pain, but of fainting, and in an instant fell, without one sign of remaining life. Few men were more generous, and very few had a greater share of confidence. No man knew the practice of his profession better, and no one who knew him denied that he had great virtues. Every citizen recollects him with affection.

In the summer of 1818 the yacht was dismantled, sold at auction,* and fitted up as a merchant vessel. Her first voyage was to Rio in command of Captain Israel Williams of Salem, who took with him Dudley G. Woodbridge as passenger. They cleared from Rio January 31, 1819,

* See note, page 26.

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Rev. Joseph
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HOUSE.

United States
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, Collector.

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ly dressed.

On Saturday, 25th inst. at 10 o'clock,
Will be sold at Auction;



A new SCHOONER, about
70 tons burthen, built of oak,
high deck and well calculated
for the southern business. She
now lies at Briggs' wharf, South Salem, where
she may be inspected. For further particulars
inquire of JOSEPH HOWARD,

WHO HAS FOR SALE,

A few bags white Sugar, of
good quality, and 30 bags Coffee.

Brig Cleopatra's Barge.

On Monday, the 27th inst. at 12 o'clock,

AT INDIA WHARF,

Will be sold at Auction, per order of the
administrators to the estate of the late
Geo. Crowninshield, deceased,



The elegant, well built
and fast sailing brig Cleopa-
tra's Barge, burthen about 200
tons. As this vessel has been
so frequently viewed by the people of this vi-
cinity and strangers in general, a more partic-
ular description is unnecessary.

—ALSO—



One half of the ship A-
merica, armament and appur-
tenances. This Ship was a
successful cruiser in the last
war with Britain.

—ALSO—

One half of sloop Jefferson, and appur-
tenances.

These vessels, with their inventories, may
be examined at any time previous to the sale.

T. DELAND, Auct.

Salem, July 14, 1818.

Next MONDAY, at 9 o'clock,

At Thordike Deland's Office,

FRANKLIN PLACE,

(Per order of the adminiatrators to the estate
of Geo. Crowninshield, deceased)

\$39,566 64 in the United States

Six Per Cent Stock.

26 Shares Union Marine Insurance Company.

11 do. Salem Marine do.

DAY, the 14th
o'clock in the

So much of
IEL REYNOL
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(Martell's B

Sherry Wine

Malaga, and

London Port

*Facsimile of Advertisement
in Salem Gazette July 21st 1818*

and arrived in Boston April 2 with a cargo of hides, sugar, coffee, and tapioca.* Shortly afterwards she was sold again, and was used for a while as a packet-ship between Boston and Charleston, South Carolina. After that she made the passage round Cape Horn to the Sandwich Islands,† where she was sold to King Kamehameha I, who used her for a yacht. She was shortly after run on a reef and wrecked. Thus it happened that, having shaken off the bar sinister of commercialism, she ended her career as she had commenced it—a yacht.

* There are two Log-Books of this cruise in the collection of the Essex Institute at Salem, one of them kept by "the master" and the other by Mr. Woodbridge.

† Her Log-Book for this cruise can also be seen in the same collection. The following extracts are taken from it:

"Brig Cleopatra's Barge, toward the Sandwich Islands, John Suter Master. Sunday, June 18th, 1820 (Boston). Sailed Thursday, June 22nd.

"Sunday, November 5th. Moderate breezes from N.E. at sun setting the land being covered could not ascertain the Distance, but Judge it to be 15 Leagues. At 8 p.m. in Royal Steering Sails & flying jib & the foresail running under easy sail toward the Land. At Day-light abreast the Island. Distant off shore 3 Leagues. At 12 off Tirnah Bay. Several of the natives came alongside with sugar cane, Potatoes, &c. Distance off shore 4 miles.

"Tuesday, November 7th. Received the visit of the King & his attendants. The vessel's Decks full of the Natives.

"Sunday, November 12th. Fresh breezes from the N.E. Received on Board a large Boat for the King and a number of Passengers. At 2 p.m. got underweigh & proceeded toward the Island of Monee.

"Monday, November 13th. Moderate Breezes. At 1 p.m. anchored in Monee Road. Bride house Bearing N.E. by N. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile.

"Wednesday, November 15th. The King & Suit came on board to Dinner. Fired 5 guns as a salute to His Majesty.

"Thursday, November 16th. The King & family came on board, examined the Vessel & cargo & purchased the Brig, payable in Sandelwood in 1820 & 1821.

"Tuesday, 19th December, 1820. Employed in hoisting the Cargo on Deck for inspection. Crimacoo, or the prime Minister on board overhauling it. At Sun Setting finished it."

IV

ACCOUNT OF THE "JEFFERSON"

THE FIRST AMERICAN YACHT, WHEN SHE WAS A PRIVATEER

ACCOUNT OF THE "JEFFERSON"

IN my search through family papers of various kinds for information concerning the "Cleopatra's Barge," I came across some of the books of George Crowninshield & Sons. Several of them were very interesting, especially one relating to the privateers* sent out by that firm in 1812 and the two succeeding years. Here I found not only the "letters of instruction" to the captains, and the lists of the crews, with the share or shares that each man of them was entitled to, but also a description of the prizes taken, and in many instances the names of the officers and men of the prize crews put on board, and the latitude and longitude where the capture took place.

In the case of the "America" these cruises amounted to five; in that of the "Jefferson," one only,—for while her unusual speed enabled her to make that one highly successful, she proved far too small for such work.

At that time privateering was conducted in very much the way that men of the present day "go fishing." The vessel herself, with her armament and stores, was supplied by the owners. In return the men put in their time, and it was agreed that whatever profits might arise—the expenses of the cruise having first been deducted—were to be divided equally between them. As concerns the "Jefferson," we find all these arrangements, and in addition, accounts of the auctions where her prizes and their cargoes were sold, and lists of the purchasers, and prices; a complete record, in short, of her career as a privateer. As she was the first American yacht, and the property of George Crowninshield, and inasmuch as this record is not only unique, but instructive as well, I have thought fit to incorporate it in this book.

* These were the "Jefferson," "John," and "America."

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD, JR., TO CAPTAIN JOHN KEHEW

Salem, July 1st, 1812.

CAPT. JOHN KEHEW

Commander of the Private Armed Sloop Jefferson.

SIR: You are now appointed Capt. of the Privateer Jefferson and have this day obtained Commission from the President of the United States against G. Britain and her Dependencies & now ready for a cruise. You may put to sea immediately and proceed to the Coast of Nova Scotia, and capture in the ports, bays, and harbours any English vessel that is worth taking and send them along into any harbours of the U. S. A. nearest to Salem: minding to obey your instructions from the Government and the Laws of War, always conducting yourself like a Gentleman with prudence and humanity, and see that your Officers & Men do the same: and as soon as your men are put out, return to Salem as fast as possible: minding not to stay too long in one place at a time, but change your Cruising Ground frequently.

If you take a prize put on board a copy of your Commission always, and order the prizemaster, on his arrival in any port in the U. S. A. to write to me at Salem for advice and Instructions.

Be prudent, careful, and attentive: and wishing you a good cruise,

I am Your friend, &c., &c.

GEORGE CROWNINSHIELD JR.

I acknowledge the above to be a true copy of my Instructions and will obey them.

JOHN KEHEW.

SLOOP JEFFERSON'S 1ST CRUISE SAIL'D JULY 1ST, 1812*Agreement annexed to the Shipping Paper*

John Kehew	<i>Master</i>	<i>Six Shares</i>
John Downie	<i>First Lieut.</i>	<i>Five Shares</i>
James Veil	<i>Second Do.</i>	<i>Four Shares</i>
John C. Burke	<i>Prize Master</i>	<i>Two Shares</i>
Edw. Durant	<i>Seaman</i>	<i>One Share</i>
Samuel Valpey	"	<i>Do</i>
Wm. Glading	"	"
Chas. Harvey	"	"
Saml. Gardner	"	"
Jos. Cloutman	"	"
Daniel Neale	"	"
Jon. Millet	"	"
Nath. Weston, Sr.	"	"
John Jackson	"	"
James Crepps	"	"
Edw. Lee	"	"
Obed Thomas	"	"
Chas. Holden	"	"
David Brown	"	"
John Rindge	"	"
Henry Archer	"	"
Saml. Leach	"	"
Tho. Lewes	"	"
James Howell	"	"
Benj. Pike	"	"
Lytze Howard	"	"
John Trask	"	"
Robt. Keen	"	"
John Sitchell	"	"
John Davis	"	"
		<hr/> <i>43 Shares</i>
Thos. Cook		<i>1</i>
		<hr/> <i>44 Shares</i>

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

INVENTORY OF A CAPTURE, MADE BY THE PRIVATE ARM'D SLOOP JEFFERSON
JOHN KEHEW MASTER

viz.

Schooner NYMPH, appertenances and Cargo
consisting of

Tons cwt. qr. (Fifty-two tons, seventeen hundred
52 17 2 and two quarters) of Plaister

Salem, September 16th, 1812.

SAMUEL WEBB *junr.*

Agent for Owner &c of private arm'd Sloop Jefferson

INVENTORY OF A CAPTURE, MADE BY THE PRIVATE ARM'D SLOOP JEFFERSON
JOHN KEHEW MASTER

viz.

Schooner BRITANNIA, appertenances and Cargo
consisting of

108 (one hundred and eight) bushels of Corn
4 (four) Grindstones
 $5\frac{3}{20}$ (five and three-twentieths) tons of Plaister

Salem, September 16th, 1812.

SAMUEL WEBB *junr.*

Agent for Owner &c of the private arm'd Sloop Jefferson

INVENTORY OF A CAPTURE MADE BY THE PRIVATE ARM'D SLOOP JEFFERSON
JOHN KEHEW MASTER

viz.

Schooner PHOEBE, appertenances and Cargo
consisting of

150 (one hundred and fifty) bushels of Corn
5,316 (fifty-three hundred and sixteen) feet of Oars
27,443 (twenty-seven thousand four hundred
and forty-three feet) of Lumber

44 (forty-four) pieces of	Heading
30 (thirty)	Shooks
23 $\frac{1}{4}$ (twenty-three and one-fourth) thousand of	Shingles
46 (forty-six) barrels of	Tar

Salem, September 16th, 1812.

SAMUEL WEBB *jnr.*

Agent for Owner &c of the private arm'd Sloop Jefferson

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE

SALES AT AUCTION PER ORDER OF THE AGENT OF THE PRIVATE ARM'D SLOOP JEFFERSON

<i>Purchasers</i>	<i>Name of Goods</i>	<i>bushels</i>	<i>feet</i>	<i>feet</i>	<i>pieces</i>	<i>shooks</i>	<i>shingles</i>	<i>bbls.</i>	<i>price</i>	<i>Amot. Dolls.cts.</i>
Lemuel Peirce	Corn	30							87	26 10
Jos. Gardner	Do.	10							84	8 40
K. Martin	"	20							85	17
J. Downie	"	10							87	8 70
Geo. Crowninshield	"	2							87	1 74
J. Brown	"	2							87	1 74
J. Shays	"	2							50	1
Alden & Ames	"	60½							86	52 3
Geo. Crowninshield & Co.	Oars		4,637						\$16	74 19
N. Ridout	Lumber			986					\$ 6¼	6 16
W. Fabens	do.			2,840					" 7¼	20 59
W. W. Little	"			5,035					" 5½	27 69
R. Stone, Jr.	"			11,350					" 5	56 75
W. W. Little	"			4,060					" 5½	22 33
R. Pedrick	"			1,086					" 5½	6 4
B. W. Crowninshield	"			2,086					" 5¼	10 95
D. Saunderson	Heading				44					1 10
R. Stone, Jr.	Shooks					30			30c	9
Wm. Sage	Shingles						4 m		1.80	7 20
B. Newcomb	do.						9¼		1.70	15 72
Jno. Hathorne	"						10		1.75	17 50
W. Stickney	Tar							10		14
J. Webb	Do.							10	1.40	14
B. W. Crowninshield	"							10	"	14
El. Tappen	"							16	1.51	24 16
Benj ⁿ . Carrico	Schooner Phoebe & appertenances									810
		136½	4,637	27,443	44	30	23¼	46		\$1,268 9
Charges, Adv. & crying									\$3.50	
Commissions									3.17	6 67
										\$1,261 42

Errors Excepted

Salem, Sept. 16th, 1812

JOHN JAYNS

Sales at Auction per Order of the Agent of the private armed Sloop Jefferson —

Wm Fabens 52 " 17 " 2. Plaister at \$10.50
 per Ton . . . 8 555.19

Wm Patterson Sch^r & Nymph and
 appurtenances . . . 8 395. —

Charged Commissions . . . \$ 950.19
 2.38.

Dollars - 947.81
 Errors Accepted Salem Sept. 24. 1812 (sig) John Jayne -

Sales of Sundry Merchandise, being part of the cargo of the prize Schooners Phoebe for account of the Consul, Officers and crew of the private armed Sloop Jefferson lately commanded by Capt John Kew.

When Sold	To whom Sold	Name of goods	price	Amot
1812				
Aug ^r 24	Owners of Ship America	13 1/2 bush corn	87 cts	6. 74 1/2
31	do do	359 fut, Oars.	5. —	17. 95
Sept 1	Owners of Ship John	134 " do	" . .	6. 70
12	Owners " Sch ^r Yankee.	92 " "	" . .	4. 60
"	Geo Cronin & Co Jr.	30 " "	" . .	1. 50
"	J Downie . . .	64 " "	" . .	3. 20
				\$ 40. 69

Errors Accepted Salem Sept^r 16. 1812 —

(sig) Samuel Webb Jr Agent
 for the Consul &c of the
 Private armed Sloop
 Jeffersons. —

Dr. THE OWNER, OFFICERS & CREW OF THE PRIVATE ARM'D SLOOP JEFFERSON IN A/C WITH SAMUEL WEBB JR. AGENT. *Cr.*

1812 <i>Sept. 1</i>			1812 <i>Sept.</i>		
To Marshall & Commissioners fees		\$62 30	By sales p ^r . a/c		\$40 69
“ p ^d for locks &c per acc ^t	\$4.19		“ <i>Do</i> “		912
“ drink for labourers	.61		“ “ “		1,261 42
“ Sundry passages to & from Boston	17.		“ “ “		947 81
“ Unloading Sch ^r Nymph	10. 3				
“ Expences to Gloucester to obtain de-positions <i>v</i> ^s . Brig Sally	10.				
“ Carting Scales & W ^{ts} for Nymph	.25	42 8			
“ India Wharf for Wh ^{fe} &c exclusive of Brig Sally		35 66			
“ Carting Corn		3			
“ Geo. Crowninshield & C ^o . a/c expences p ^d for the Prizes		142 57			
“ Entry bond & permit Custom House		16 13			
“ Duties		52 39			
“ Two per Centum on Sales agreeable to Law		53 75			
“ Proctors fees		120			
“ p ^d advertising		1 50			
“ Commission on Sales \$3,161.92 a 2½ p ^r c ^t		79 03			
“ Balance due { the Owner of Priv. Jefferson Capt. Officers & Crew of do.	\$1,276.75½ 2,553 51 1,276.75½				
		\$3,161 92			\$3,161 92

Salem, 17th Sep^r, 1812

Errors Excepted

SAMUEL WEBB, Jun^r, Agent

In following the career of the "Jefferson" we find that she was sold out of the Crowninshield family in 1815 "to Gloucester parties for a fisherman." She later belonged to Captain John Crowninshield Very, and subsequently to Caleb Johnson of Nahant.



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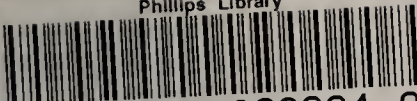
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